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RED, WHITE, AND BLUE;

SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE.

VOL. I.

"Arma Virumque Cano."

"* * * My opinion is that France and England at peace, respecting each other, and each the rights of the other, are strong enough to preserve the general peace and to prevent the oppression of the weak of this world by the strong. But if it be endeavoured to carry further the intercourse between these rivals for everything interesting to the prosperity, the ambition, and the vanity of a nation, they must quarrel, and their quarrel must deluge the world with blood."

Duke of Wellington.

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NAPOLEON III. REVIEWING THE TROOPS.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE:

SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE.

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BY

THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE Camp and the Barrack—those consecrated precincts of military life—may be said to form a world of their own; for their population constitutes a community within itself, recognizing its own peculiar conventionalities, and regulated by its own code. They present to us much that is interesting, much that is picturesque, and also much that is suggestive; and if, in the following pages, we have confined ourselves chiefly to the army of France, it is not that there would be any difficulty in finding incidents as stirring, or details as striking within our own, but that, leaving those to other writers, or perhaps to another opportunity, we propose, for the present, directing our attention to the investigation of facts and circumstances with which we surmise our readers are less familiar.

Whether, then, we raise an unfastened corner of the canvas here, or gaze within, through an indiscreet casement there, we may possess ourselves of many facts which (until, with curious eye, we penetrated into the privacy of those sanctuaries) were to

our unsophisticated minds, unknown and unfathomed mysteries.

The result of our observation, we present to our readers, diversified by a selection of military incidents and anecdotes, the introduction of which is justified by the subjects they are intended to illustrate. These are, besides, not only interesting in themselves, but for the most part (while bearing on our own) eminently characteristic of the military system of our allies and neighbours, at the present day occupying the attention of all Europe, and contributing so important a share to the pages of contemporary history.

Our endeavour will be to render this work congenial to the taste of the reading public generally; for although the subject of which it treats might be expected to confine it within the limits of a class book, we hope to succeed not only in engaging the interest of civil as well as of military perusers, but in affording matter no less for reflection than for entertainment to the fair sex, whose influence on society is so powerful, and whose cooperation in improving its existing condition, in whatever phase of life, so indispensable.

INTRODUCTION.

The French army is a mighty—nay, a formidable institution, but if its magnitude serve to excite the apprehension and the terror of neighbouring nations, the perfect discipline and undeviating consistency of action which characterize it, command the respect and admiration, while they provoke the rivalry and emulation of its foes.

"The Emperor," it was lately said—by no less a voice than that of the *Times*—"intends to make his army a model for the rest of the world;" and we suppose John Bull experiences no mortification when he is informed of this fact; for we have not observed a single expression of derision at the attempt, or of dissatisfaction at the announcement. In the first place, there is no doubt it is true; and as therefore it would be perfectly useless to resist the Imperial intention, or to take umbrage at any insinuation which the assertion of it may imply, it is perhaps the wisest policy to pocket the affront, if it be one, and to learn what we can, from its results.

France *is* a martial nation—there is no gainsaying the fact. England must seek—nay, she may *claim* her superiority in other qualifications, but however brave her sons, however ready at the call—even the self-imposed call — of duty; however liberal in voting army supplies, and in organizing her national defences, England is perfectly well aware that she has fallen behind France in her military attributes and attainments, by far too long an interval, to hope —at all events, for some generations—to overtake her and regain the ground, recklessly perhaps, but not irretrievably, lost. For, whatever we may think as to the "tardum opperior," we ought not to adopt the poet's indifference when he adds—"si strenuus anteis . . . . nec precedentibus insto."

All nations must have noted, and will have appreciated the noble and generous impulse of self-defence which at once animated our country at the bare possibility of invasion by a foreign foe, and again at the recent insult offered to our flag; but we must not mistake the sentiment, nor draw thence the conclusion that we are an essentially warlike people, or that we are inspired by an ardent, "indomitable," and uncompromising military spirit.

Valiant and dauntless, and proudly determined to resent interference, injustice, or insult, no doubt we are, but at the same time sobered by a prudence which would forbid the rash sacrifice of interests—political, scientific, agricultural, social, and, above all, com-

mercial — to the fascinations of glory—we had almost said the *phantom* glory—for it certainly appears a shadowy prize beside our more substantial objects of pursuit. But, after all, if glory be an illusion, it is not the only one which courts the pursuit of man: and we may ask, What are politics? What is science? What is agriculture? What is social order, or even commerce itself? Are they not *all* phantoms?—more or less evanescent perhaps—more or less beneficial—more or less conducive to the advancement of the world—but still phantoms. To-day we possess, we enjoy, we contemplate them, whether with individual or national pride; we exhibit their results as trophies of our foresight and our superiority. . . . . To-morrow, where is the fairy fabric?—It has served to make others envious, and soon their turn will come to behold *our* humiliation.

All great nations, whether distinguished for their prowess, their civilization or their wealth, have alike risen, culminated and fallen to decay and utter nothingness. What more—and, indeed, what less—can be said of any human structure? Why, then, should we affect to treat as a quixotic aspirant, the man who sets up glory in the place of gain, as the goal of his ambitious desires?

"The *glory* of France" is, we know, an expression ever on a Frenchman's lips; but is it more frequently thrust forward, or more nauseous in the repetition,

than the corresponding phrase, embodying our own correlative idea—"the *interests* of England?" The aspirations after the former may be sneered at as a chivalrous flight of fancy; the attractions of the latter might be despised as offering a mean and grovelling incentive:

Who has constituted one man the judge of another, whose tastes and longings, if not more elevating, are at least as real as his own?

Our warlike aspirations have given place to ambition of another description, and we are great in other ways. Commerce, manufacture and wealth, at all events, give us the pre-eminence over the other nations of Europe, and these afford to our population, occupations sufficiently numerous and sufficiently exciting to absorb the energies and moral resources of the nation. These objects of pursuit are so entirely justified by the natural advantages of our country, and the extent and variety of our colonies, whilst the perfection to which we have brought them is so intimately associated with, and eminently characteristic of, our national idiosyncracy, that we should do well to accept the superiority conceded to us in social improvement, and contentedly abandon our title to military greatness. Who knows but the "*Interests of England*" and the "*Glory of France*" may become amicably blended, and both best promoted by such a course?

England has gradually forsaken the bellicose

propensities of her early ancestors, to pursue the arts of peace and the advancement of civilization. We have grown too matter-of-fact to retain any vestige even of chivalry, which to a nineteenth century mind, levelled to the busy actualities of our present occupations, and regulated by the severe laws of the desk (when not by those scarcely less stern of the liberal professions), savours too much of mediæval knight-errantry, of by-gone romance, and dreamy euphuism. We have become, for the most part, men of business . . . . . a few amongst us men of science and letters, but a greater number, men of pleasure; and when of pleasure, it is earnest, substantial, *serious* pleasure, solid and satisfying as our own national fare. Our pursuits are, thus, marked out, and John Bull is not a man to turn his back upon his purpose—to shut up shop, forsake the counting-house or the club, or even relinquish the fascinations of science, literature, art, or social improvement, in order to become a warrior once more. No, peace is the watchword of England; and however favourable to her *glory*, war would certainly be destructive of her *interests*.

Young England has, it is true, been of late inoculated with warlike instincts, and it must be conceded that the fact of our being able to call so readily into existence a brave, costless, and numerous army, "as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand," confers a proud and honourable prestige upon our

nation and our times; but we must remember it is only an amateur army, and our really available military force does not, and will never, exceed a moderate proportion of the population.

In France, on the other hand, every man is a soldier; for besides the policy of his government, nature, and not occasion, has made him one. A soldier he is from his birth; not only venturesome and brave, and as ready to fall at his post as the most courageous Englishman, but if pressed into the service in the first instance, frequently remaining under arms from inclination, and always entertaining for his profession that enthusiastic ardour which renders him capable of every personal sacrifice.

Desertion—unhappily so common with us—is truly rare in the French service, although, if there could be any excuse for the crime, it would be more reasonable to expect it under their system of levying men than our own; but we maintain they love their profession, and have no desire to forsake it.

There is, notwithstanding, we have reason to believe, an idea in England, which, though not entertained by a great many, it may yet be as well to notice here, that "the French are only soldiers because they cannot help themselves; and that they would desert as often as our own men, if the game were not so desperate."

We can assure those who hold this notion, that

they are altogether mistaken in their hypothesis, and we refer them to our subsequent pages for facts and arguments emphatically denying it. We proceed further to remind (or inform them, as the case may be) that besides the troops raised by that bugbear of an English mind—the "conscription"—there are in the ranks a considerable proportion of men enlisting of their own accord; and that, at the present day, there exists, besides these again, in the French army, a class distinguished, perhaps beyond the rest, for zeal and valour, consisting of men engaging themselves solely from motives of patriotism and thirst for glory.

Neither urged by necessity, nor impelled by vanity, their only incentive is a noble ambition, which leads them to prefer the career of arms to any other, however lucrative or alluring.

If an example be needed, we point to that of the young Marquis de Villeneuve Trans, whose biography, from the pen of M. le Comte de Ségur, forms a volume of considerable interest.

This high-spirited young nobleman engaged himself as a volunteer, entering the ranks as a common soldier, choosing the fatigues of the camp, the discomforts of garrison life, and the perils of war, in preference to the ease, luxury, and consideration to which his rank, fortune, and position had entitled him. His name, held in honourable distinction since the days of St. Louis, he did not fear to disgrace by fighting in the ranks, and he fell glo-

riously before the Malakoff tower, having attained but the modest grade of a Sergeant of Zouaves, into whose ranks he had enlisted.

These volunteers are easily recognised by the cheerful endurance with which they support the fatigues and privations of the life they have chosen. They are never heard to murmur at the discomforts and hardships occasioned by the chances and disasters of war. They are found to acknowledge more readily than others their ignorance and inexperience, and are always ready to seek and receive instruction. Mean jealousy never enters their hearts; on the contrary, they strive to second each other by mutual good offices, having but one object in view—the advantage of their country. For themselves they seek *nothing* but the honour of serving with zeal and fidelity their Sovereign and their *patrie*.

But if nature has done much for the French soldier, art—if we may use the expression—has effected more, and to the wise policy of her rulers the state may consider she owes much of the efficiency of her army. The whole system is calculated infallibly to arouse and encourage sentiments of honour and deeds of heroism.

The scheme of reward by promotion, as carried out in France, is doubtless one of the great motive powers of that mighty engine, the French army. The hope of obtaining military rank is the goal of every *fantassin*, and forms the object of his wildest

day-dream. It is his guiding-star through the dark hour of toil and trial; and while inspiring him with a power of endurance almost beyond human nature, it lures him on to many an act of heroism.

The French soldier has this security and this advantage over his insular rivals; his reward once fairly earned, no tardy "preliminaries" or legal formalities rise up to mock and weary him, and no bumptious officials nor aristocratic interlopers are suffered to defraud him of his well-merited recompense. For instance, were it a question of prize-money, the *Ministre de la Guerre* knows too well the interests of the nation to suffer the men to complain and languish, much less to die, without obtaining their just rights. Such disastrous impolicy would never have been suffered to prevail in the French army; there, rewards are appointed to encourage the soldier who fights for them, not to be misappropriated by those who are trusted to dispense them.

Ambition is an ignoble passion when its views are confined to the narrow limits of individual advancement, but it becomes a lofty incentive when it manifests itself in behalf of the common weal, and a Frenchman's idea of magnanimity is incomplete unless it can find scope in the chances and opportunities of a martial career. The aspiration after military distinctions, and the hope of illustrating his name by some brilliant exploit or daring feat, is

one—whether openly or secretly—cherished within the heart of every French soldier. What is it that reconciles him to all the toils and hardships, the vexations and vicissitudes of his arduous service, but the hope of one day becoming a distinguished officer? He sees in his—sometimes, alas! delusive, but always hopeful—dreams, first the modest *galons de laine*, then the *galons d'or*, and finally, to crown all, the coveted object of his most ardent desires, the glittering epaulette of the officer!

Who can picture to himself the eager ambition of the simple *piéton* as he contemplates the probability of acquiring his special share of that glory which casts its lustre upon his regiment, which will illustrate the name he bears, and which posterity will read in the pages of history?

We need not, however, in these introductory remarks, enter more deeply into subjects which are treated at large in the course of these volumes. The object we have proposed to ourselves therein, is by collecting and placing in juxtaposition those points of difference which form a striking contrast in the armies of England and France, to offer such remarks as will recommend themselves to the good sense of our readers, and we hope, that instead of feeling mortified in their national vanity, at finding they must sometimes admit the inferiority of our military laws and regulations, they will rather ponder the improvements which suggest themselves, and prove

that they really love their country, by striving to bring about an amendment of all that is defective.

It is always more agreeable to praise than to censure; but, praise, to be of any value, must be merited; for surely, to a noble and generous mind, nothing can be more distasteful or more degrading than flattery. But England is above this, and her greatness is perhaps most felt by those who are most alive to her failings; and most respected, by those who boldly point them out to her. She has attained undisputed pre-eminence in so many particulars, that there is no reason why she should not *strive* to reach it in all; and, that her army may one day shake off whatever now disfigures and cripples it, is the hope of one who would gladly hear every voice unite in saying of our country, "SURELY THIS GREAT NATION IS A WISE AND UNDERSTANDING PEOPLE."

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CHAPTER I.

SOLDIER AND SOLDIER.

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SKETCHES

OF

MILITARY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

SOLDIER AND SOLDIER.

"Never to desert his standard, to submit his own will to the commands of his leaders, and to sacrifice his life for the safety of the emperor and the empire."—GIBBON.

"Erit inter eos etiam qui nascentur, sicut inter nos fuit magna dissensio, cum alii laudibus ad cœlum res gestas efferent, alii fortasse aliquid requirent."—CICERO.

"This was the morn, when issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file, they stood prepared,
Of serving arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to get drunk—the business of the day."

DRYDEN.

WE are beginning now—perhaps for the first time—to study and to understand the French soldier; the national prejudices we entertained towards him are gradually disappearing under the influences of modern civilization and facilitated intercourse, and the

French army, its organisation, and the elements which compose it, are among the chief objects of which we are taking more enlarged and rational views.

Many of us have hitherto been under the delusion that a soldier is a soldier, find him where you will, and have fancied that the French word "*troupier*" and the English word "private" are synonymous terms.

There are would-be linguists who imagine that one tongue translated becomes another; but the most moderately experienced philologist knows that there cannot be a more fatal error in the appreciation of languages. To confine ourselves to two, we may affirm that that "diamond-like language," the French, has its own consecrated expressions, which can never be adequately rendered in English; whilst, in return, our vocabulary can boast many terse and concise and expressive terms which we seek in vain in the French répertoire.

Precisely on this principle is it that the preconceived idea an Englishman has of the "soldier" by no means corresponds with that which a Frenchman entertains of the "soldat" of his native country: we avoid all *comparison*, we are only establishing a *difference*.

We may analyse the matter. Let us fix our attention on the word "soldier," and close our eyes: what is the image which the word evokes? So strong is the power of association, that most of us will be-

hold walking before our mind's eye, with martial step and pliant cane, a tall, well-proportioned, stalwart and yet agile figure, trimly accoutred, and, to all appearance, smartly drilled: his cap set jauntily on one side, shows his well-clipped hair; he wears the round, close-fitting, full-padded, bright scarlet jacket, and tight black nether garment, with broad scarlet stripe, which distinguished the "soldier" of our early recollections—the first, perhaps, we ever took notice of—as he was pointed out to our infant admiration in Hyde Park by the nursemaids, who looked upon him as the most perfect form into which human nature could be buttoned; and for a long time after, we called him, as we had been taught, "*pretty* soldier." As we grew older and dropped the adjective, we were nevertheless still instructed to believe in the "British soldier" as *the* type, *par excellence*, of strength, bravery, and honour—as victorious wherever he fought, as vindicating his nation's rights *proprio motu*, and as carrying everything before him without an effort; and our veneration for these moral attributes was grafted on our childish estimate of the external man.

Later in life, alas! our early illusions on this, as on most other matters, rolled away as the morning mist, and we learned that other characteristics were mixed up with those of our military beau ideal; in fact, that the British private, however he may turn out on the field, is altogether a different being in

the barrack. That he is too often before—and sometimes also after—he enters the ranks, an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and that so far from honour and glory being the aim of his ambition, and the goal to attain which he became a fighting man, he is there, alas! too often, only because he has been found too dissipated, too idle, or too unintelligent to succeed in any industrious occupation. That he often *'lists* from flattered vanity and overpersuaded weakness; often for the sake of wearing a red coat; often out of mere recklessness; often because he was drunk, and did not know what he did; often because he looks upon the life he is about to enter as indolent and easy, and admitting of his doing very much as he pleases; often with the intention to desert, that he may enlist afresh and get more money, without working for it, to spend in drink; often to escape from the salutary control of parents; often to be revenged upon them for thwarting his vicious inclinations; often from jealous pique; often to shirk the responsibility of supporting a family; and often to avoid the clutches of the police.

"*Often,*" we say, but do not let our readers suppose we mean *always;* by no means; there are, we not only hope, but feel sure, many noble examples to the contrary of all this; many honest, warm-hearted, ingenuous fellows, who are an honour to their profession and a glory to their country; capable not only of heroic deeds on the field of battle, but of great and

brave actions in the obscurer paths of private life, inspired alone by their sense of honour and by the impulse of a magnanimous disposition; for the British *private*, be it remembered, *has not the inducements held out to the French soldier* to distinguish himself by deeds of valour, and to elevate himself in the social scale by the cultivation of the finer qualities of his nature; and who knows whether without these lures so many French officers would have raised themselves from the ranks?

It is our painful duty, however, to turn from the bright side of this picture, so flattering to our national vanity, and in the hope that we may thereby contribute to remove evils which are a stain upon the army of the "first nation in the world," to point out how very often our soldiers are found offending against the laws not only of discipline, but of society. These things ought not to be, and it would be well if the system which admits of their continuance were investigated, in order to ascertain what steps could be adopted for its amelioration.

Twice within a year has Mr. Justice Byles been called upon to speak very strongly upon the subject of the morality of our troops. We content ourselves with quoting the milder of his charges—that called forth at the last Maidstone Winter Assizes, when one half the prisoners for trial were found to be soldiers; and "it would seem," says the report, "that their principal object for the commission of the crimes with which

they respectively stood charged was *that they might obtain their discharge from the military service.*" We call attention to these words because we have more to say on this subject when we come to consider the *causes* of delinquency among our soldiers.

The learned judge, after adverting to the nature of the calendar, added that he was grieved to observe that the offences laid to the charge of the military prisoners were of the deepest dye. The circumstances of so many soldiers being in this disgraceful position naturally led to the question—"How could this be? Some, it was true, were set down in the calendar as imperfectly educated, but others were stated as being able to read and write, and some as being able to read and write well. Time was, when education was looked upon as some security against crime, but recent experience would seem to show that this was a very ineffectual preventive. What, then, were the special reasons for this amount of crime in the present calendar? It occurred to him—and it was a remark that he should not have made but for the large number of soldiers about to be brought before the jury, and which he would even now refrain from making if he did not think that to gentlemen of their weight and position it would not be thrown away—it occurred to him that these crimes by soldiers arose simply from want of employment, and that it was from this cause that soldiers wandered about and committed crimes. It had passed, indeed, into a proverb, that employ-

ment was but another name for happiness. Indeed, a celebrated writer, less remarkable, perhaps, for his brilliancy than his soundness, said that 'Employment is the happiness of nine-tenths of the human race, who thus have not leisure to consider and to know how unhappy they really are.' It was unnecessary to remind them of what they had learnt as schoolboys, that the greatest military Power that ever existed, and that he hoped ever would exist, one that held the world in subjection for twelve centuries, always took care in times of peace to employ its army in works of physical exertion, which made the soldiers stronger, sounder, hardier, and better men when war again made its appearance. The memorials of these peaceful labours of soldiers remained until the present day, in those solid walls and streets, and admirable Roman roads, which extended and radiated from the metropolis to the extremities of the then known earth. It was therefore a very serious question whether in a frontier country like this the superfluous energy of the soldier might not be employed in erecting works of defence; so that if the fears which still existed in some quarters, that the blasts of war, silent on these shores for so many centuries, would be again heard, were realised, they would be in a firm position to meet the foe."

There are several points worthy of note in this speech; and first as regards the commission of crimes for the sake of getting out of the army: it is lament-

able to think that men should be compelled to have recourse to such measures, or, indeed, that—under a system which professes voluntary enlistment—they should, when once engaged, desire to withdraw from a service which ought to be as desirable as honourable.

How is it, we naturally ask, that our ranks teem with men who think so little of perjuring themselves, and so little of disgracing their uniform and their country? for what can be more dastardly in the eyes of a true soldier than desertion, and what more abject than this aggravation of the crime?

The learned Judge does not, we think, dwell sufficiently upon the fact that men who prefer crime and disgrace to the name and duties of their calling must have acquired, somehow or other, a strong detestation of that calling, which begins to demand inquiry; but he proceeds to suggest that idleness, or "want of employment," may be one of the causes of this morbid and demoralised state of the army.

We have no doubt he is right; and had he added to idleness its twin-brother and its consequence, drunkenness, his hypothesis would have been yet more complete. There are indeed a vast variety of resources to which recourse might be had, not only to occupy, but to instruct, interest, and, which is more important still, to elevate the men.

In fact, the question of occupation, recreation, and moral cultivation is one holding an important place, and exercising a vital influence on the mind, man-

ners, and tendencies of the soldier; it is, moreover, one daily becoming not only interesting to, but imperative upon all in a position to introduce salutary reforms into that important and sadly deteriorating body—the army. Agricultural pursuits would be in every way desirable, and we shall see further on with what success they are being introduced into the French army. Again, music is invaluable, whether in camp or in campaign, and might be studied in time of peace and in hours of idleness, which are always hours of temptation, in order to be turned to account in time of war. It was observed during the Crimean war that the English had entirely overlooked the utility of this adjunct. It is all very well for the stiff, brave, dignified Britisher to smile superciliously at the vivacious Frenchman, who needs such stimulants to give tone to his moral temperament; nevertheless, it would be better for him if he contented himself with this harmless and, we might say, comparatively speaking, refining kind of excitement, instead of accustoming himself to the desperate expedients of the pipe, the bottle, and the loose conversation and dangerous intercourse of those already lost to a sense of right, who generally end by making him that which they have become themselves—an outcast of society.

Our musicians were, it appears, employed in the East to do odd jobs, carry stretchers, and, in fact, to make themselves generally useful; for, as to a band

in time of bloodshed, and when men were dying in hospital, it was considered as much out of character and nearly as ridiculous as is public worship on week-days in the eyes of the world. The French military, and especially the medical authorities, partake of the sentiments of Mr. Justice Byles, and are of quite another mind. They consider that in time of action every interval should be filled up with music. If the dead and the sick do not require it, the living and those as yet sound do; and, moreover, it is asserted that before Sebastopol, as the patients lay tossing on their weary couches in our English *ambulances*, they might be seen brightening up as they stretched themselves to catch the music of the French bands, who, out of compliment to the alliance, would frequently play the homely strains of our national airs.

We shall, in our chapter on Camp Life, speak of the Imperial Tivoli and of the theatrical representations which take place there—under authority—and in which the soldiers, and especially the Zouaves, took part. During the Crimean and subsequent campaigns this diversion was found of the greatest use; and, indeed, it is well known that our soldiers—for they never indulged in such pastimes, though their officers occasionally did—whose temperament required a certain amount of excitement, but whose talent did not lie in that direction, and who had not the initiative or the ingenuity to get up similar entertainments, were glad enough to borrow a little hilarity

from their allies, whose exhaustless spirits and love of fun and mischief thus served for both.

We are perfectly aware that this mode of unbending the bow, which, all will allow, cannot be for ever strained, is open to objections; but we would ask—"what is not?" Allowing it to be a choice of evils, we still think it most wise and politic to encourage it.

Although, therefore, these recreations may to a phlegmatic gentleman of England—especially to one "who lives at home at ease"—appear childish, frivolous, nay, perhaps superfluous; this is not, and never will be the opinion of those who study the question with a liberal, unprejudiced mind, and consider it in all its bearings. *Délassements* of this and other kinds—gardening, carpentering, agricultural, and other manual employments, including even tailoring and shoemaking—have been found, not only desirable, but necessary in the French army, while in our own, strange to say, such occupations are not merely discouraged, but virtually prohibited; yet there is little doubt that if a similar system were introduced among our men we should very shortly find them considerably the gainers in a moral point of view; and the result of the experiment would be a taste and an appetite for healthy exercise, both bodily and mental, in the place of those vicious propensities and criminal tendencies which have brought disgrace on a profession which ought to be so honourable.

The French army, when in Spain, appears to have been actuated by the same spirit which now characterises it, of adapting itself to whatever circumstances surrounded it. Thus we find it stated in the report of a British Officer during the campaign of 1809, that "on entering their various hutted camps across the river, these little temporary dwellings were found to be arranged with comfort and taste. The army on arriving from the line of the Tagus had thatched, and, indeed, made whole huts of the corn they had found standing. They had also built with the boughs of trees an immense *salle de spectacle*, leading to which they had formed a long avenue of trees, cut down and stuck into the ground."

Dramatic performances, indeed, appear to form the staple amusement of the French army, whenever they are stationed anywhere long enough to require recreation, and find their spare time hang heavy on their hands. Not but our English soldiers likewise indulge in these entertainments, and when they do get them up, carry them through with considerable pluck and success; but with them it is more of an affair; and though we hear of occasions on which, like the Zouaves, they have gratified the inhabitants of a country-town through which they may have been passing, or near which they may have been quartered, by borrowing the theatre and giving an entertainment—occasionally, too, in aid of a charity—yet it does not occur to them to start the

idea with the same readiness, and it takes them longer to think about it. In the notes of a Hussar in the British service, dated Devies, March 1814, we find terrible complaints of the dulness of campaign life; and although he allows that various devices are resorted to, to enliven it, it does not seem to occur, either to officers or men, to have recourse to the expedient so readily adopted by the French under similar circumstances.

"A country-town in England," he says, "offers but few resources, but a town in Spain still fewer; and though Tafalla could boast a billiard-table, and even a small fives-court, we found some difficulty in passing our time. During the stay of our army for so many winters in the Peninsula, you will suppose some dull hours must have been experienced, particularly when I inform you that, with the exception of Viseu in 1809, even head-quarters were generally cantooned in miserable villages. Some occupation was offered on our first arrival by the arrangement of the officers' domiciles, as their houses gave little accommodation. They had seldom chimneys but in their kitchens, and our officers, with or without the patrons' leave, considerably, at least to their own ideas, improved them by adding this *sine quâ non* to an Englishman's comfort. The windows, few of which had any medium to exclude the weather but shutters, put on quite a new appearance; their closings being perforated and the sashes filled with oiled

paper instead of glass. Useful articles of furniture were often required, particularly in villages where the enemy had expelled the population, and the handicraftsmen in the regiment were in great requisition.

"The number of all kinds of workmen who 'turned out,' to use a military term, on these occasions was truly wonderful, consisting not only of carpenters, masons, smiths, &c., but also of individuals pursuing callings little to be expected in military life.

"When it was wished to make some portable telegraphs, a doubt was expressed if men could be found to arrange the pulleys and cords. However, the attempt was made by 'calling these spirits,' and to the astonishment of all, they not only came, but in such numbers, that one regiment, I think in the fourth division, produced fifteen sailmakers and eighteen riggers. The astonishment of the owners on returning to their houses—*i. e.*, such as we had occupied between the retreat of the enemy and their arrival—was considerable; they hardly knew their improved tenements, from these little additions to the comforts of their guests of another climate.

"The officers have done their best to relieve themselves from their tedious inactivity, by various amusements. Lord Wellington had, during the two last winters he passed on the Portuguese frontier, a good pack of hounds; and the light division turned a barn at Gallegos into a tolerable theatre; but racing, shooting, trout-fishing, coursing, cricket, smoking,

and whist (the last, by the by, a favourite game at head-quarters) aided still more materially in driving away care.

"The arrival of a suttler was in these times an event of deep importance; news of his approach reached us when he was still several marches distant, and his stores seldom remained long unsold. We of course looked forward to letters and news from England, which we received very regularly free of expense. I remember once our having newspapers from London at Celorico, three hundred miles from Lisbon, on the tenth day from their being printed in London. They arrived in series of a week or ten days at a time, and their contents were speedily devoured. They served to furnish us with conversation, and the critiques of the editors in commenting on our operations and movements, supplied a fund of amusement.

"Little change was offered as to society, beyond our corps of officers, or the brigade, although we occasionally fell in with other regiments.

"I have passed some very pleasant days in Spanish houses, where the evenings have been enlivened by the *bolero*, danced by the *enfans de la maison*, and *en costume*, fully as well, if not with more character, than I have seen it on the stage.

"The sonorous, high-sounding Spanish has not found more admirers among our officers than the less attractive nasal Portuguese; though most of the officers have what is called a smattering of both,

few of them have studied it grammatically. A language of the camp, a sort of *lingua Franca*, has been formed, which passes current between the army and its followers. This horrible jargon has, however, from habit been admitted even between two of the same nation; and I have been told by a Portuguese officer attached to head-quarters, who speaks English fluently, that he has caught himself using, to his compatriots, expressions utterly devoid of grammar or sense, but which, from being employed by us, have become habitual even to him. A German officer was overheard, soon after our arrival in Spain, addressing a market-girl in a notable mélange, formed out of all the languages with which he was acquainted —'*Haben sie eine gallina à vendre, my dear?*'

"You cannot, with the most lively imagination, conceive a more absurd failure than the attempts of our soldiers as linguists. I doubt if many of them ever thought, before their arrival at Lisbon, that there was any other language than English. Though they make but little progress, beyond the names of a few necessaries of life, they are highly enraged at the peasantry if they do not understand a whole sentence of English, in which a single word of Spanish or Portuguese is introduced, and in such cases damn them roundly for 'not knowing their own language!'"

We find a confirmation of our views on the subject of recreation, in the remarks of an English officer

of experience. In a communication addressed to the War Office on the National Defences, in 1857, for which the writer received the thanks of the Secretary of War; he says—"Every military man must have observed the greater readiness, ease, and willingness, with which the French and Russian soldier uses the shovel and pickaxe; and I believe a more general impression now exists, that our troops are not entirely the self-dependent, useful, hardy men they might be made for every kind of work in the field; and this, from being so little used to manual labour and fatigue in time of peace."

A system of regular, reasonable, hardening manual labour in our army would not only increase its efficiency in war, but would save the state much expense in the long run, be the means of the construction of many grand national works, and eventually prove of very great advantage to each individual soldier when discharged from the service.

"As an old military man, I may add that I am convinced one of the greatest causes of the dire mortality among even our finest and best cared for troops, is a gross fulness of eating and drinking, accompanied by an insufficiency of work for the head and hands beyond the mere irksome, unamusing, monotonous routine of military duties in time of peace."

Another, deploring the absence of energetic superintendence, speaks thus of the character of the

British soldier under his present management:—"Improvident to a proverbial degree, and accustomed to a minute and scrupulous attention to every detail connected with his daily life, the English soldier expects to find everything ready to his hand, and—though perhaps there is no army in the world whose officers and men possess so many resources within themselves—the feeling of habitual dependence upon the care of others becomes too deeply rooted to permit of their being brought fairly into action. This can only be remedied by a thorough reform in the daily habits of the soldier."

Condemning the rage for *routine* alone, for which some commanders are notoriously sticklers, he affirms that he has seen men in the Crimea dying of cold, hunger, and fatigue when there was plenty within their reach, and when energetic action alone was required to lighten them of a portion of the load of misery which bore them down to their graves, the victims of a hollow and delusive system. Equally severe upon another school, whose bane consists in an exclusive attention to externals, he reminds us how the "well-appointed soldier," of whose appearance England is so proud, was seen reduced by a few days' rain to a state of rags and wretchedness;* and as to a third class

* We all remember—and shudder as we remember—the dreadful privations resulting in the miserable death of numbers of our unfortunate troops during that trying campaign; still, the following description, by an eye-witness, which we happened to meet

of theorists, which would have soldiers marksmen and nothing more, he simply reminds us that even a campaign is not a perpetual skirmish, neither will strength and courage alone carry all before them: witness the Peiho.*

We have said enough, perhaps, for the present on causes; we will now turn to the dire effects of those causes, and if we have dwelt upon the remarks of Mr. Justice Byles, on the formidable military element contributing to the calendar of the Maidstone Winter with recently, brings some of the details of their hardships, and the degrees by which they sunk, so vividly before us that we transcribe it:—"He wore a soiled coat which might have been red; its ragged worsted tags were the reverse of ornamental *now*, and its open collar showed neither stock nor shirt. His rusty black trousers gaped vainly here and there for buttons, and were tucked up unceremoniously at the heels to keep dry. His boots were the colour of the dust he trod on; so were his Saxon locks and sunburnt face."

* In England, where no precaution is adopted in the selection of soldiers, the risk is naturally great; for the antecedents of the men who fill our ranks are often the reverse of favourable to their fitness for their profession.

Gibbon tells us that among the Romans—

"The race of men destined to the exercise of arms was sought for in the country rather than in the cities; and it was very reasonably presumed that the hardy occupations of smiths, carpenters, and huntsmen would supply more vigour and resolution than the sedentary trades employed in the service of luxury."

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"The peasant or mechanic thus imbibed the useful prejudice that he was advanced to the more dignified profession of arms, in which his rank and reputation would depend on his own valour."

Assizes, it is only to express our entire concurrence with them. We now proceed reluctantly to add that unhappily the men reserved for his adjudication, and whose presence called forth observations we hope to see duly appreciated and effectually pondered, are far from being the major part of the culprits in Her Majesty's service; so far from this, we fear that throughout the British army the case is the same, and side by side with the brave, the generous, the manly, and the loyal, are found offenders against every law, human and divine!

We attach them to no county, to no country, and to no religious denomination: we find Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Welshmen—Protestant, Catholic, and Infidel—variously charged with every imaginable misdemeanor. Some have even condescended to pick pockets, and have been as adroit at the light-fingered profession as the trained swell-mobsman. Others, and these form the bulk, have distinguished themselves in more lucrative, more audacious, and more desperate attempts—swindling, shop-lifting, passing base coin, forgery, rioting and braving the civil authorities, whom it is their duty to support, assaulting defenceless women, robbing with violence, perpetrating outrages, burglaries, manslaughters, and murders; the cause and foundation of all of which is generally *drunkenness,* to which vice the soldier is lamentably addicted. We might add to this catalogue, offences giving evidence of a deplorable laxity of

morals, such as disgraces scarcely any other class of men. Unhappily the prevalence of offences among soldiers has now become a matter of notoriety—a matter of course—and when, on a recent occasion, a young fellow of two-and-twenty was tried at Maidstone for the horrible crime of setting fire to his own father's house, his father and sister being in bed at the time, the best defence that could be adduced was that he had been in the army; a circumstance which was expected to account for any misdemeanor.

It appears by the evidence given at the recent trial at Exeter of a low fellow who goes by the name of "Iconoclast," and delivers ribald lectures in the fields and pot-houses for the purpose of disseminating infidel principles among the rabble, that he was lately a private in the British Army! Alas! what does not that army include!

We are prepared to be told that we make a sorry excuse, it is nevertheless a fact that the men do not get the best possible example from their officers; we forbear as much as possible from particularizing or giving names, but instances sufficiently striking are not wanting to justify the observation.

Honesty does not appear to be one of the virtues of the British soldier. We are told that one day in September last the ceremony of "crying down" was performed at Brighton by the 18th Hussars. The form consists in two members going round on horseback, announcing at intervals that the officers of the

regiment are not responsible for any debts contracted by the soldiers.

Perhaps the mildest form of offence of which our red-coats are guilty, is robbery, and that in all its various degrees; we will therefore open our illustration with the case of Charles Albert Davis, aged twenty-one, a private in the service of his country, and wearing the Queen's livery, whom we find resorting to high-way robbery and turning foot-pad. Mr. Roupell, a gentleman well known in Brighton, was returning home at one o'clock on the morning of the 14th February, when he stopped to light a cigar, and the prisoner having asked him "the time of day," or rather, the time of night, the gentleman, with more good nature than prudence, but inspired perhaps with confidence at sight of the uniform, took out his watch to oblige him with the answer, when the prisoner most ungratefully returned his kindness by snatching the watch out of his hands, leaving him looking uncommonly foolish at the broken chain!

George Gillard, a military servant to Ensign Freemantle, also took a fancy to possess a watch, and fixed upon that belonging to a fellow servant; but he further appropriated an overcoat of his master's worth £5, which he with great liberality pawned for 25s.

A young private in the Royal Artillery, described on this occasion as James Connor, but rejoicing in several *aliases*, was committed for trial from the Thames Police Court in July last, for a very impudent

robbery of jewelry; we must do him the justice to add that the artifice he displayed in carrying out his scheme betrayed considerable professional experience, and is worth recording for the benefit of those less practised in this branch of art.

It appeared that on the morning of the 15th the prisoner entered the shop of Mr. Corker, jeweller, of Langley Place, Commercial Road, wearing the uniform of the Royal Artillery, and asked to see some watches and chains. Being requested to return, he called again between three and four the same day. He selected a watch and chain and left the shop, returning a third time between six and seven in the evening. He then looked over and decided on purchasing some more goods, saying he would call for them and bring the money at eight o'clock. He led Mr. Corker to believe that he had received a considerable sum for his services in the army.

At the hour appointed Connor visited the shop for the fourth time, and requested the prosecutor to make up into one parcel the articles he had selected. Mr. Corker was in the act of making up the parcel, and had merely turned round to get paste to fix it, when the prisoner snatched it up and darted out of the shop. Mr. Corker went in pursuit, but lost sight of the prisoner. Immediate information was given to the police. On the following morning, at an early hour, Sergeant Prior found the prisoner secreted behind the door, in a room of a house of bad repute

in Frederick Street, about 300 yards from Ellen Street.

This neighbourhood, we must inform our readers, is known as "Tiger Bay," a cognomen it has acquired from the desperate character of the inhabitants, and the outrages and robberies daily perpetrated within its precincts.

There was a large ring on one of the prisoner's fingers, and a sovereign in his pocket. The prisoner wore the Artillery uniform when he was taken into custody. On being charged with the robbery, he said he knew nothing about it. He was asked by Prior whence he obtained the gold ring, to which he replied that he bought it of a jeweller in High Street, Woolwich. Prior had made inquiries, and ascertained that no jeweller in Woolwich had sold the ring to the prisoner; that he was a man of very bad character, and that he had only been a short time in the army.

Mr. Corker identified the ring produced by the police sergeant. The prisoner put it on his finger before he ran out of the shop, and said he intended to wear it and did not wish it to be deposited in the ward.

John Ray, a discharged soldier, wearing three medals—Chinese, Crimean, and Turkish—and Mary Ray, his wife, were indicted for stealing several skeins of silk, and some pieces of serge, value £2, the property of the Queen.

John Gatehouse, a private in the 1st battalion of the Fusileer Guards, was charged with assisting George Owen, butler to Mr. Lightfoot of Gloster Gardens, in purloining and removing a quantity of plate belonging to that gentleman. Gatehouse was also charged with deserting.

William Williams, a pensioner from the Grenadier Guards, was charged with stealing an undress military jacket, an unmade shako, and a number of pieces of leather, from the Government stores, Grosvenor Row. The accused has been twenty-one years in the Guards, and had been all through the Crimean war. He wore medals, and as many clasps.

Joseph Fouch, a private in the Royal Artillery, a powerful-looking man, was charged with wilfully breaking a large square of glass, in the shop window of Mr. Hughes, goldsmith and jeweller, High Street, Southwark, and stealing therefrom eleven valuable gold chains. How little we know ourselves! *Iron* chains would have suited him so much better. Nothing, however, comes amiss to the English soldier, for we find a private named John Skelton, a gunner of the depôt Brigade, Royal Artillery, robbing the mail-bag which he was employed to carry from the barracks to the chief office.

Joseph Diagree, William Bartlett, and John Harris were convicted of a burglary at Portsea. These prisoners were young soldiers. Such an exhibition was never seen in a Court of Justice. The prisoners,

throughout the trial, conducted themselves in the most extraordinary and indecent manner, making use of the very worst language, abusing the witnesses, and taunting the jury, challenging them to find a verdict of "guilty," and telling the judge they advised him to give them twenty-one years. They then threw their caps at the judge, and were only removed with great difficulty from the dock. Diagree and Harris, having been before convicted of felony, were sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and Bartlett to eighteen months' imprisonment. They refused to go with such a sentence, and declared they would murder the first person they met, and would have the judge's life.

David Donald, aged twenty-seven, was a desperate character, although attenuated by disease, and when tried last March Assizes, at Lewes, for coining, was leniently sentenced to two months' imprisonment, which it was not expected he would live out; he was now charged with a daring burglary, entering a house in Brighton, by a window, in the middle of the night.

But the Brighton Barracks supply a continual stream of cases which alone are startling. So usual, however, are the outrages committed there, that we regret to observe such scenes as the following delicately designated by reporters as "freaks," and so facetiously defended that they seem to be considered excusable on the plea that, if soldiers are disorderly and profligate at Brighton, they are more disorderly

and more profligate at York! This is carrying out with a vengeance the principle "that a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn." Here are some of these "MIDNIGHT FREAKS AT THE BARRACKS."—Mary Ann Harman, a showily dressed young woman, was placed at the bar on the following charge.

Sergeant-Major Bentley deposed, that in consequence of the irregularities which had occurred at the Barracks, owing to females making their way in, strict orders were issued to the sentries, not to allow any female to pass. Disobedience to this order was met by severe punishment, but, notwithstanding, the women could not be kept out. (*Laughter.*) This morning, about six o'clock, witness found prisoner in the Barrack yard, and he asked her how she came there? First she said that the sentry allowed her to come in; but afterwards she admitted having got over the wall.

Mr. Bigge: "Can any one get over the wall?"—"Yes; with a little assistance. These women come and disturb the whole barrack room for some one or other. On finding prisoner I gave her into custody."

Prisoner said, one of the soldiers persuaded her to get over the wall, and helped her, as she did not want to go.

Mr. Bigge: "What time was it when you got over?"—"Half-past twelve, Sir."

"Had you any difficulty in getting over the wall?"—"No. There was another girl with me."

Mr. Allfree said prisoner could not have much objection to go over.

Prisoner said the soldier took her over. She had never been there before. The soldier, she thought, was drunk.

Mr. Stent: "Were you drunk too?"—"Yes." (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Superintendent Crowhurst, in answer to a question, said the wall was not more than four or five feet high. It separated some gardens from the Barrack yard, and access could be got to it by getting through some premises in North Lane.

Mr. Hollis: "I suppose if the women don't go in, the soldiers will come out."

Mr. Crowhurst said that was so.

The Sergeant-Major said there was no wish to punish prisoner; but she must know she could not come to the Barracks.

Mr. Bigge said he did not know what the magistrates could do in the matter. He thought the Barracks ought to keep order within walls.

Mr. Allfree said that was the Barrack-master's duty, and he ought to see that the wall was made high enough to prevent these persons coming in.

The Sergeant-Major: "If you were to build it three times as high, Sir, they would find means to come over. I know they do it at York barracks, and there the wall is six times this height." (*Laughter.*)

The prisoner was then allowed to depart, with sundry admonitions as to her future behaviour at the Barracks at night.

Although the annals of this fashionable watering-place are rife with tales of scandal similar to the above, shewing each regiment that succeeds another to be its counterpart and fac-simile, we shall quote but two more; the first an instance of brutality and heartlessness, and proving the depraved tone of men who can thus conduct themselves, while the second will form the first of the series we produce of assaults on the police, such as are continually committed all over the country. It would be needless to fatigue our readers with all the tedious repetitions contained in the evidence of the several witnesses called to give testimony in the case, it will be sufficient to quote the account given by the injured party, as reported in the "Brighton Guardian." The prisoner is Frank Ward, *alias* Esau Grover, a mere boy of nineteen, a private in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and he stands charged with a savage assault on Teresa Hynes, a delicate looking woman about thirty.

"Teresa Hynes—the poor woman who had been ill-treated—was called into the box, and her appearance elicited strong expressions of sympathy from every person in the court. Her eyes were fearfully swollen, and her whole face, all bloody, looked like a piece of liver, and was scarcely recognisable as a human

countenance. Being sworn, she said: "I am a single woman, and have been for several years a housemaid in a gentleman's house in ——— Square. Last night I was making my way home to my lodging in Chesterfield Street, when near the Old Steine, the prisoner came up to me and said, 'Mother, have you seen a comrade of mine?' I answered him as politely as I could, that I had not. He then raised his clenched fist, and gave me two violent blows on the nose and left eye, accompanying them with these words, 'You —— ——! take that. I must vent my passion on some one.' He used all his strength in directing these blows, and while I was falling to the ground, he made another thrust at me, and also gave me an awful kick in the chest. The blood flowed profusely from the wounds he inflicted on me, and these gashes now on my face were caused by him. He kicked me several times while I was lying helpless and prostrate on the ground. Previously to his kicking me, an Irish soldier came up and said to the prisoner that he ought to be ashamed of himself, to treat a woman in that way. The prisoner called him 'an Irish ——,' and the two commenced to fight, when the Irishman knocked him on the ground, and gave the prisoner what every person standing by said he richly deserved—a good beating. The prisoner cried out 'murder' and 'police,' and I believe a police-constable came up. There are bruises on several parts of my

body, and I feel pains all over me. I was going to my lodging when I met him. I never saw the prisoner before, to the best of my knowledge. I forgot also to mention, that after he had kicked me, he fell on me, and treated me in a very improper manner; but, weak and hurt as I was, I resisted these advances. He then struck me several times about the face."

The Mayor: "Did you call for the police?"

Witness: "I called for them as well as I could."

Mr. Hollis: "For such an unmanly and savage assault, what have you to say to the bench in extenuation?"

Prisoner: "I have nothing at all to say. I was a *little intoxicated* at the time. A comrade had been 'chaffing' me, and only for that I would not have struck the woman. I was drinking with a friend, and perhaps I took more ale than I should have done."

The Mayor: "And because a comrade 'chaffed' you, you go out in the public streets and abuse that poor delicate creature in the manner she has described. Do you call that soldierly or manly conduct?"

Prisoner: "If I were not drunk I should not have done it."

The Mayor: "And do you imagine that because you were drunk, you were justified in knocking people, especially poor helpless women, about in this manner?"

Prisoner: "I had been drinking with a friend, and——"

The Mayor: "Oh, you told us that story before. Without exception, this is one of the most aggravated, brutal, dastardly, and shameful cases which I have ever heard in this court, since I first occupied this chair. It is most disgraceful, and I don't know anything that ever came before this bench to offer a parallel to it in point of brutality and unmanly savageness; nor do I know of a case ever tried in this court that can admit of less excuse. Your conduct, sir, is a disgrace to human nature; and how you could have the audacity to hold up your head after maltreating a poor, helpless woman in so rascally a manner is surprising to me. *But, although the law empowers us to commit you for six months with hard labour, we shall sentence you to only three months with hard labour.*" (!)

[Why this leniency?—Ed. *B. G.*]

We confess we are as curious as the "Ed. *B. G.*" to know why this ruffian should be let off so gently, unless it be "*pour encourager les autres:*" we must add that we consider the speech of the worshipful Mayor about as fine a specimen of bathos as ever fell under our eye.

The "civil" arm is *too* civil by half; a little severe martial law would be more to the purpose; and here is a case in which—since flogging is still awarded to military offenders—it would be very properly applied.

On the very same day Mr. Mayor was again called upon to judge a breach of the peace, on the part of Joseph Fernley, a private in the 5th Dragoons, aged twenty-two; the said private having got drunk, and assaulted a police officer in the execution of his duty. One would have thought that the habit of military discipline would have induced more orderly conduct towards an official in the exercise of his duty; however, fourteen days' imprisonment was considered sufficient compensation for the outrage.

This is an offence of such frequent occurrence, that it would seem these very mild punishments have not the effect that could be desired. It would occupy more space than we can spare to quote all the cases of the kind we have observed during the last few months; we will only instance a few of the most remarkable.

On the 5th of February two powerful young Guardsmen—for Guardsmen, be it observed, are as often in disgrace as others—George Hales and Charles Humphreys, were guilty of one of these dastardly outrages, inflicting serious bodily injury on two policemen in the execution of their duty. "They were quite drunk," it is true, but still they were self-possessed enough not only to strike with their belts, but to kick their antagonists, for whom, though supported by a gallant "Lieutenant who happened to be passing," and "another gentle-

man, who had his chin cut open," they were decidedly too many.

The assistant Judge very properly reminded them that "they wore the Queen's uniform, and ought rather to be the first to preserve order than—*as they usually were*—the first to break it, by attacking the police."

On the same day James Murray was convicted of an assault on a police-officer in the execution of his duty. This fellow was lying drunk on a door-step, when the constable desired him to rise and go home; he "turned suddenly upon him, threw him down and dashed his head upon the curbstone, cutting open his skull."

Michael Lawler, a young fellow of two-and-twenty, was charged with assaulting Mr. Inspector Mott and two police-constables. Law*less* would have been a fitter name for this young desperado, who is described as an infant Hercules, and certainly a dangerous character to let loose in the public streets.

The next case is of a party of four strong; to wit, John Moore, William Brown, William Murray, and George Turpin, privates of the Royal Artillery, charged at Greenwich with drunken and riotous conduct, and assaulting the police; about one hundred other soldiers belonging to the Artillery and Marines were engaged in the fray.

Not wearing belts, these warriors, it appears, assailed their antagonists with stones, and the police

sergeant and four constables, who came under their displeasure, appeared in Court to give their testimony with five several bandages on their five contused heads.

There is a story of Beau Brummel's valet being met on the stairs one day—by a visitor going up to see that exquisite—bearing a heap of snow-white but slightly creased neck-cloths over his arm. On being asked what he carried, he simply replied—"Sir, they're master's failures."

The reverse would have been the proper answer here, and the formidable array of broken-headed "individuals in blue" would rather have answered the description of "master's *successes*;" at all events, they formed a *stunning* mass of evidence against the prisoners.

Mr. Secker, in inflicting a fine of forty shillings, observed that the prisoners had been guilty of "disgraceful, cowardly, and unsoldier-like conduct;" but we doubt whether the last of these epithets does not rather savour of a figure of speech. Was it not bitter irony?

James Huggan, a private in the Scots Fusileers, was charged at Westminster with assaulting, while drunk, *two* police-constables, to his own share . . but *with* the assistance of his belt. This also was a bad case.

Thomas Probert, a private in the same corps, was charged at Southwark with "committing a savage assault on David Millbourne, a police-constable, by

cutting him across the forehead with his belt, and injuring him severely. He also was drunk, but that did not prevent his mastering the policeman and cutting open his head.

John Woodhouse was brought before the Marylebone magistrate, charged with riotous conduct and drunkenness at the Crown Tavern, Bayswater, where he put himself in a fighting attitude, and attacked policeman Jones, by whom he was, however, ultimately secured.

William Taylor, private in the Grenadier Guards, and Alexander Young, private in the Coldstreams, were charged at Marlboro' Street with assaulting the police for presuming to interfere with them when drunk. This was a case of the belt again, the blows being occasionally varied by the administration of kicks.

Hurne, 303, said a perfect riot was caused in the Haymarket, a considerable party having sided with the soldiers, and having done their best to rescue them.

Mr. Beadon said "it was really sad that men whose bounden duty it was to assist the civil powers, should themselves assault, and do all they could to originate confusion, and sad, too, that, despite the frequent cautions given, the soldier's belt should continue to be used in this way."

As regarded those who came to the rescue, the worthy Magistrate—not very logically, we presume

to think—told them "*if they had not been drunk* (!) he should have committed them all for fourteen days to prison."

Thomas Quilter, a private in the Royal Artillery, was charged at Southwark with riotous conduct and assaulting the railway police on the platform of the London-bridge station on Sunday evening. He was abusive as well as brutal in his attack—but then, poor fellow!—he was drunk.

William Railton, an Artilleryman, was brought up on a similar charge, and excused himself on a similar plea.

John Woodcock and George Penn, privates in the Coldstream Guards, surrendered to take their trial upon a charge of unlawfully assaulting and beating Joseph Butcher, a police-constable, with his belt, also kicking him savagely.

Samuel Ball, John Morley, and Samuel Low, privates in the Grenadier Guards—all powerful men—were charged at Lambeth with a violent outrage, and severely assaulting the police.

The prisoners, as usual, had been drinking, and having sallied forth into the streets, where they grossly insulted several persons, the police came to their rescue, and a desperate conflict ensued. The soldiers slipped off their belts and slashed at every one indiscriminately. Three constables got severely injured, cut, and kicked. The fray lasted half-an hour!

We read of the Leeds police-force being attacked in a body, by a party of the 18th Hussars stationed at the Barracks. Several of the police received cuts and bruises, and one had even to be taken to the Infirmary.

The windows of the Bridge Street station-house were smashed by the military, and other damage was done, says the report; but the disturbance was ultimately quelled by a picquet sent from the Barracks.

Three privates, Richard Graham, Thomas Comby, and William Fitzsimmon, were charged at Greenwich with committing a violent assault on William Leceby, a shipwright, and wounding him severely in the head.

The injury, which was serious, was inflicted with the belts, which were produced, and the buckle-ends of which were covered with blood. They were besides armed with thick, heavy sticks.

Another case in which the belt was deliberately and savagely used was communicated to the *Times* in a letter from the party injured, an officer in Her Majesty's service, named Gilbert.

At Plymouth, in the beginning of the year, one of these frays brought on by drunkenness ended fatally, the sergeant who committed the deed of blood attacking a defenceless youth, not with his belt, but with his bayonet, with which he stabbed him to the heart.

At Westminster, a short time subsequently, John

Lack and James Chapman, privates in the Grenadier Guards, were charged with violently assaulting and seriously injuring two labouring men. They had received dangerous wounds about the head and eyes from the belts of these ruffians. Drunkenness, as usual, was the primary cause..

The magistrate again complained that the use of so dangerous an article should be left in the power of those who abused it so gratuitously.

Four private soldiers of the Coldstream Guards, named Smith, Mason, Hall, and M'Grath, were charged as ringleaders in a serious riot at Knightsbridge—so serious that, on account of the confusion, it was impossible to say how many were engaged in the fray, and how many had their belts off; belts, however, and swords, too, were used pretty freely, and several policemen were seriously injured. The magistrate declined disposing of the case summarily, and committed the prisoners for trial.

Martin Darsy, a private of the 1st battalion 6th regiment, aged only twenty-four, was charged in July last with feloniously wounding John Jurd. The attack seems to have been very unprovoked; the prosecutor hearing a noise in the street, came out to see what was the matter, when he met the prisoner running towards him, who, without any preliminary, struck him two or three heavy blows upon the head with his belt. Jurd fell senseless to the ground, bleeding profusely from the head. The prisoner was found

guilty, and the judge in summing up remarked that it had become quite necessary to protect the public "from that deadly *weapon*, the soldier's belt," and he hoped that the sentence, which was imprisonment with hard labour for six years, would prove a caution to the military, and that they would henceforth use their belts only for the purposes for which they were destined.

On the same day, Andrew Boland, aged twenty, Frederick Andrews, twenty, and Charles Howell, twenty-two, gunners of the Marine Artillery, were charged with a ferocious assault on John Bunn, and forcibly stealing from him two pounds; two of the men holding him while the third ransacked and rifled his pockets. A verdict of guilty having been returned, Andrews remarked, "he hoped his lordship would give him fourteen years; for by so doing he would save himself and the country trouble and expense, as otherwise he should certainly stand there some day for the crime of murder or some other equally heavy offence!"

Four privates of the 1st battalion 11th regiment were charged with a felonious assault on Robert Deans, and stealing from him various articles. The prosecutor was a sailor who had just come ashore, and therefore an excellent mark for them. A sharp lad seeing the soldiers following their victim, kept them in sight, and at length gave the alarm, so that when the police came up they were just in time to

rescue the unfortunate man, whom they found on his back, with one of the prisoners kneeling on his chest, and another rifling his pockets. On the police attempting to capture the prisoners they attacked them savagely with their belts. The jury in giving their verdict of guilty, recommended the youngest of the prisoners to mercy, and a somewhat lenient sentence was passed on all.

The case of Charles Knight, murdered by his comrades, is fresh in the public memory; also the murderous assault of four privates on an unfortunate marine, O'Brien, who was entrapped by them into a dark alley and cruelly assassinated, his skull being completely beaten in.

Henry Gilman and W. Rolph, two powerful fellows, privates of the Coldstream Guards, were charged at Westminster, on the 19th December, with a brutal assault on a lad of slight make and short stature, named Charles Barron. It appears that these ruffians had been drinking hard at several public-houses in succession, and were at length turned out of "The Bag of Nails," for riotous and disorderly conduct; at this moment they caught sight of the lad Barron, and without any provocation felled him to the ground, kicking and abusing him with bad language while he lay defenceless on the pavement. The result of this treatment was a fortnight in the hospital. The surgeon's evidence went to show that the complainant had been seriously injured, and when brought in, was

suffering from concussion of the brain, and that the lacerations on his face were caused by repeated kicks with the heel of a boot.

Whenever we read accounts of this nature, we confess it is with surprise that soldiers should so continually and so generally adopt these modes of attack which are considered the most cowardly and unmanly.

Robert Addy, 19, a soldier in the 5th Dragoon Guards, was charged at Brighton with being drunk, knocking at doors, and assaulting the police; biting and kicking were among this brave warrior's means of attack and defence, and he severely lacerated the policeman's finger with his teeth.

Later still, in May, 1861, William Sheldon, a private of the 1st Life Guards, was summoned at the instance of the Commissioners of Police, for an assault on Richard Osmond, 159 B.

John Cramphorne was charged on the 4th February last, with being drunk and disorderly, and assaulting a police-officer. This was an aggravated case, but the prisoner was only fined five shillings. George Reeve, aged twenty-two, in the 5th Dragoon Guards, was similarly charged, having first been exceedingly troublesome to the passengers in the railway carriage in which he was travelling, and having assaulted the officers at the terminus. The head porter at the Brighton station deposed that he found the prisoner at six o'clock on Saturday night in the cloak-room drunk and annoying persons who were

there to book articles. He endeavoured to remove him, when the prisoner drew a whip from behind him and attempted to strike him; being prevented in this, he bit the officer in the arm through his coat. After he was got outside the gates, he came back with the crowd, and he was afterwards seen creating a disturbance.

The police-constable on duty at the station gave similar evidence, and he was similarly ill-used; he stated that prisoner was very violent, that he had a third-class ticket for London, but got into a first-class carriage.

The magistrates said the police must be protected in the execution of their duty, and fined the prisoner ten shillings for each assault.

Isaac Townsend, a powerful young fellow, belonging to the Coldstream Guards, but who perverted that power from the service of his country to gratify his propensity to use it as brute force, was charged with a similarly cowardly and unprovoked assault with his belt again. This ruffian got a good character from his sergeant (!), and would probably have been let off, but another charge equally unmanly was brought against him, and he was—we venture to consider very inadequately—punished with twenty days' imprisonment.

These attacks upon the civil authority are, it will be seen, of tolerably frequent occurrence; rebellion against military superiors is scarcely less so.

John Ackley has just been awarded fourteen days' imprisonment for an assault on Joseph Merriman, a sergeant.

Johnson, a private of the 41st, stationed at Aldershott, shot dead a lance-sergeant named Chipp, who had complained of his insubordination.

George Smith, a private of the 58th, stationed at Sheffield, was charged with shooting, with intent to murder, Sergeant William Austin, of the same regiment: the attack was prompted by revenge for a punishment inflicted by the sergeant, and was made in a treacherous and cowardly manner; the prisoner rushing into the room where Austin and his wife were at tea, and pointing his rifle at him, fired. The man was severely wounded, and Smith expressed his regret that he had not finished the job. *The defence was drunkenness*, but his sobriety at the time having been proved, he was committed for trial.

While we write, the unfortunate young man, George Smith, lies under sentence of death for this crime. The prisoner was stated to have been "sober throughout the transaction." This is a very unusual circumstance doubtless; and—however great an aggravation, morally speaking, had it been otherwise—a satisfactorily-proved state of intoxication would in all probability have been regarded by law as an extenuation: however, that consideration is in this case beyond the question, and if the unhappy convict be pardoned, it must be upon some other plea.

John Butler, a private in the Royal Artillery, aged seventeen, affords us an instance of the advantage taken of this loop-hole by the men. On the strength of the defence that "he was drunk" we find him committing a savage and barbarous outrage with his belt on a peaceable passer-by, and with knocking down a police-constable, kicking him in the mouth and head with his spurs, and altogether conducting himself with so much violence, that he could not be controlled by fewer than four constables.

To this tremendous charge it is that he coolly pleads "drunkenness!" Mr. Corrie, however, although he very properly refused to listen to such an excuse, appears virtually to have accepted it, in giving him fourteen days.

The unhappy man, Peter Masterson, gunner of the Royal Artillery, whose savage and fatal attack upon his sergeant, Martin Murphy, of the same corps, created so mournful a sensation at Woolwich last July, must have been a desperate character to begin with, and his whole conduct in this lamentable affair appears to have been characterized by the coolest deliberation; indeed, he admitted that he had long had the dastardly crime under contemplation. He was already a deserter from the 11th Foot.

These gentlemen's frays, however, are not confined to attacks on their superior officers, nor yet on the police; for it will be found, so warlike are our soldiers, that, not content with fighting their country's foes,

they sometimes—doubtless by way of practice—look at home, and fight one another.

One fine Monday morning at the end of May last, two furious fracas occurred simultaneously, the one on the east, and the other on the west, coast, the conflict in both cases being between artillerymen and militiamen.

In the more serious instance, the 7th Lancashire Artillery Volunteers were attacked by the Denbighshire Militia at Wrexham, and, failing more deadly weapons, sticks and stones were used with such effect that the list of "seriously wounded" turned out to be rather heavy when the skirmish was brought to a close. The other riotous demonstration had Yarmouth for its scene, the actors being the Royal Artillery on one side, and on the other, that most quarrelsome body of fellows, the East Norfolk Militia. "There is," adds the report, "every prospect of a repetition of this discreditable conduct, if prompt and vigorous measures be not adopted to prevent it."

Further examples would be but a repetition of these disgraceful scenes, which we forbear pursuing, and now take another and yet more abject phase of military misconduct. We will glance retrospectively over about the same period, and note a few of the more striking instances which have come under our notice of brutal and unmanly attacks on the weaker and more defenceless of their fellow-beings, for at-

tacks on women are, we regret to say, as frequent as any other misdemeanor; a fact hardly credible on the part of men boasting themselves Englishmen, and piquing themselves on their bravery.

George Moore, a private in the 5th Dragoons, aged 33, was charged with an aggravated assault on the wife of a publican named Moore, whose leg had been broken in a fray with some other riotous and disorderly soldiers, a week or two previously. Not content with assailing Mrs. Moore, from whom he received no provocation, with foul names and bad language, he proceeded to violence, beat and ill-used her, and finally set all the taps running.

A further outrage was committed by this fellow on the constable called in to take him into custody. The prisoner, it appeared, had just been discharged for bad conduct in his regiment, but without effect.

The case of Teresa Haynes, with some of its sickening details, we have already quoted; we give another very similar, out of many before us.

John Jackson and John Davenport, privates in the Grenadier Guards, (again) were charged with a gross outrage upon a young girl who was returning home with her parents on Sunday night, when, her father having remained behind to assist his wife in putting on her cloak, the daughter was pursued and insulted by these fellows, who, on her calling to her father for assistance, knocked her down as well as her mother, kicked them into the kennel, and then at-

tacked the father, who was stooping to pick up his hat, which they had knocked off.

Cornelius Ford, in the 1st battalion of the Scots Fusileer Guards, was charged with cutting and wounding Elizabeth Smith, a woman of bad character, by stabbing her with his bayonet. His conduct was very barbarous, and although the provocation was slight, he spitefully wounded the poor woman in the eye with his formidable weapon.

"Another military ruffian" was George Eagle, a private in the Coldstream Guards, wearing two Crimean medals and clasps, who had been already charged at Marylebone with drinking to excess, after which he entered a coffee-shop in Praed Street, and began flinging the furniture about. When required to desist, he took off his belt, and would have struck the landlady, but for her spirited resistance. His conduct was so violent it required four policemen to take him to the station.

A precisely similar attack on the landlady of the Angel and Crown, New Street, St. Martin's Lane, was perpetrated by Niel M'Cullum, a drunken private in the Coldstream Guards, similarly decorated. Mr. Henry animadverted on the custom of allowing the men to wear belts at all, since they made such an improper use of them.

Alas! even distinctions fail in elevating the character of the British soldier, and in raising him in his own esteem above the level at which drunken and

disorderly habits are natural to him; and men decorated with the Crimean medal—sometimes with these badges pluralized upon their breast—fail to respect the *æs triplex*, and, consulting only their own inclination, give way to temptation as if they had no dignity to uphold.

The offence of disposing of medals granted as an honourable distinction, and generally supposed to be valued as such, is not, happily, of very frequent occurrence; still, it does sometimes happen, and it is not very long since a master gold and silver refiner of Clerkenwell was summoned before the magistrate for having unlawfully and knowingly purchased from John Harris, a soldier in the Scots Fusileers, two medals granted to him for his services as a soldier.

In defence, he maintained that the medals had been purchased under the belief that the owner of them was dead. This plea was, however, not allowed, and the conspiracy was considered fully proved.

Dennis Dempsey, decorated with two medals, and boasting a Victoria Cross, was indicted for fraudulently obtaining ten shillings from Lord Monteagle. He must have found some one who possessed this badge to lend it to him, as it appears he presented himself to his lordship wearing it; but on a subsequent occasion accounted for its absence by stating he had sent it to his family to be taken care of. This story proved to be altogether untrue.

David Robinson and Richard Salt, two gunners of

the Royal Artillery, were charged with burglary. On the verdict of guilty being brought in, they were sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

Daniel Hall, private of the 19th Regiment, was tried for breaking into a dwelling-house and stealing goods therefrom.

William Smith with breaking several squares of glass in a shop window, and stealing therefrom a quantity of wearing apparel. The prisoner was a private in the 18th Hussars.

James Macrec, a soldier, aged 24, in the 75th, was indicted for a robbery with violence upon Helen Patterson, a respectable young woman, as she was walking across Chatham Lines with her father, who was a little way before her. The fellow came up to her, and with an oath desired her to give him her purse, or he would take it, and then using violence he robbed her of all she had about her. She gave an alarm, her father turned back, and the prisoner ran away, but was afterwards caught.

When sentence was being pronounced, condemning him to two years' hard labour, the prisoner became very outrageous, and was with difficulty removed by the gaolers.

Hugh Neville, Captain in the 2nd Foot Guards (an officer this time), and Francis Cole, were charged with being drunk and disorderly, and assaulting the wife of a publican who had found it necessary to have some women expelled from the public parlour,

on account of their conduct. The defence was that the complainant called them "asses!" No one relishes the truth plainly told, and certainly the remark was not in good taste. One month's imprisonment was the punishment.

On the 27th of February, W. Eldridge, private in the 5th Dragoon Guards, was charged with being drunk and doing wilful damage. He began by drinking more rum than he could pay for; called for more, and when it was refused, broke five glasses, four plates, a decanter of sherry, and knocked down a bird in a cage. The prisoner interrupted the evidence, to observe that this must have been a "lark" (laughter). Indeed, he seemed quite unabashed, and when sentenced to a month's imprisonment, he remarked he should now be *inside* the cage. The sergeant gave him a very bad character.

James Casey, a blind soldier, wearing two medals, was charged with assaulting William Ireland; and Catherine Casey, his wife, with drunkenness and begging. The prisoner had been very violent, and, in spite of his blindness, Casey had got the better of his adversary, and had succeeded in throwing him on his back.

John Mooney, an old soldier, was complained of as having gone to the house of a respectable married woman, named Ann Hill, and finding her husband not at home, after using indecent and abusive language, he deliberately spat in her face.

The next—a scene from the Worship Street Police Court—is as heartless as can well be imagined.

Thomas Grout, a powerful fellow of about twenty-four, formerly in the 54th Regiment of Foot, but drummed out of the regiment as a disgrace to it, was charged with the following robbery and assaults :—

The prisoner's mother, a widow, had been formerly in very respectable circumstances, but had for some time fallen into such distress as to be wholly dependent on the kindness of her friends, who contrived to keep a lodging in one of the by-streets of Mile End. Poor as both she and her place were, however, the prisoner, as soon as he was turned out of the army, returned to her, and, in spite of her remonstrances, insisted upon her keeping him. As her means did not satisfy the sort of life he had been used to, he made away with everything belonging to her that would fetch money, ill-used her when she complained of this, and on the night before he was now given into custody, he stole three of her chairs, which constituted the robbery she charged him with, and on her resisting him, he broke all the crockery in her place, and a number of other articles. Young and Cross, two constables of the H division, were fetched to take him into custody; but on their attempting to sieze him, he twice struck down Young with his fist, and seriously hurt him, and so ill-used Cross, by kicking him, that he was obliged to release him, and the prisoner was not taken for some time afterwards.

The mother, a miserable, attenuated woman, was placed in the witness-box to depose to the fact of the robbery, but was in such a dreadful state of excitement and fear of her son, although several officers stood between them, that, notwithstanding the magistrate took considerable pains to elicit the facts from her, it was found impossible to do so, she uttering nothing but general assertions of his unkind and unfilial conduct, so that the charge of robbery was necessarily abandoned. Fairall, the warrant-officer, gave this character of the prisoner:—"This man, your worship, I know very well, and I can say of him that he is decidedly one of the greatest villains in London; he has been, I believe, more than once convicted of assaults upon his poor mother, who has been much better off than she is now, and I happen to know that he has actually taken the very last piece of bread there was in the place from her. He has been drummed out of the army, and is altogether a most scandalous character."

The prisoner offered no refutation of what the officer said of him, but declared that he was so drunk at the time he did not know what had happened, though he had certainly not taken the chairs.

Mr. Mansfield said there could be no doubt the prisoner had been a very bad son, and a terror to his mother; the charge of robbery, however, could not be supported, and, as that was the case, he should deal with him for the assaults upon the police, for

which he must pay penalties amounting to four pounds, or two months' hard labour in default, and when he came out the police must carefully look after the mother, to see that she was properly protected from a renewal of such brutality.

Robert Penrose, George Cooke, and William Satchell, privates in the Coldstream Guards, were charged at Marylebone Court, a few days since, with brutal and cowardly assaults; and Joseph Hawes, with attempting to rescue them from custody. One of the women, Mary Chaides, who had received a most unprovoked injury, was reported to have died; this was not exactly the case, but her life was despaired of, and she could not, of course, appear to give evidence. She was fearfully contused about the head and face, and was in a state of complete prostration.

Charles Brooks, 12, Broughton Street, Marylebone, said that on the previous night he, his wife, daughter, and the young woman Chaides and Thomas Chiles, supped at Mr. Harris's, of Notting Hill, and between eleven and twelve o'clock they were accompanied towards home by Mr. Harris and his family. Whilst walking they were met by three soldiers (the prisoners), one of whom put his arm round Mrs. Harris's neck. Witness and his friends then crossed over in order to avoid altercation. The soldiers followed, overtook them at the railway bridge, Paddington, and one of them knocked witness down with a tremendous blow, which stunned him. On

getting up he saw two females lying down, having been knocked down by the soldiers. The women were in great pain, and calling for assistance. Witness could not identify the men.—Thomas Chiles corroborated the above, and said that he also was knocked down, and saw a young woman lying on the ground and bleeding profusely. The soldiers tried to get away, and two of them escaped, but were afterwards locked up.—Mrs. Priscilla Harris, wife of John Harris, at whose house the parties supped, was the next witness. Her appearance excited much commiseration. Her cheeks were swollen, her eyes blackened, and her head bandaged. She said that one of the soldiers threw his arms round her neck, and her husband said, "That is my wife, your conduct is very improper." Witness and her friends then crossed over, and when they came to the bridge a soldier knocked Brooks down, and when witness turned round the same soldier struck witness violently on the eyes, throat, and head. Her throat is still so sore that she can swallow nothing but liquid.—Louisa Harris, daughter of John Harris, said the soldier attacked her mother in a brutal way, and when witness attempted to pick her mother up, the soldier kicked witness.—John Harris said, that when he remonstrated with the soldiers for their conduct to his wife, one of them gave him a blow on the head with his fist.—George Bowley said he saw one of the soldiers, whom he believed to be Satchell,

knock down one of the women.—Mr. Long: Then you are not sure it was Satchell?—Witness: Yes, sir, I can swear that when I went to pick her up, he is the man who struck me, and I saw him knock down Mrs. Harris and the young woman Chaides. —Stanton, D 306, said he heard cries of "Murder" near the bridge. He hastened there, and saw a crowd. He saw Satchell strike a woman severely with his fist, and as she was falling he gave her a violent kick. He also struck Mrs. Harris on the eye. The prisoners were all worse for drink, and were striking out in all directions at any person within reach. Witness was then struck by Satchell, who ran off.—Niven, 220 D, said he saw Penrose strike the young woman Chaides violently with his military cap. Witness came up and said, "I must take you into custody," on which Penrose exclaimed, "I've been fighting for my country, and I'll have a fight with you before I'll be taken by you."—Lester, 146 D, said he went to assist the constables, and was kicked by Penrose. The prisoners, after a determined resistance, were taken to the station-house. Satchell said, "I'll serve you out if it be twenty years to come."—A person here said it was the prisoner Cooke who put his arm round Mrs. Harris's neck, and also about the neck of his (witness's) wife. —Evidence was then given that Hawes invited the crowd to rescue the soldiers, and caused much difficulty to the police in obtaining assistance.—Mr.

Long said the case was of so grave a character, that in all probability he must send it to a jury. He should take time to consider whether the conduct of the prisoners was alike in the eye of the law as to the guilt of the assault, as they were together at the period of the outrage for one common purpose. He remanded them till Monday next, with leave to give bail for each prisoner in forty pounds, and two sureties of twenty pounds each to appear.

Two soldiers of the Scots Fusileer Guards, named William Frith, twenty-four, and John Bryan, twenty-one, were charged at the Mansion House with being drunk and assaulting two respectable young women, sisters, named Outram, walking quietly along Thames Street, under the protection of the husband of one of the complainants. This case was almost as bad as the last.

An outrage of very nearly the same description was perpetrated in the Mile End Road by Benjamin Hutchinson, a private in the same corps, on Eliza Harper. The particulars detailed at Worship Street, whither the prisoner was conducted, went to show that the young woman injured gave him no cause for his brutality, and further, that he had severely and dangerously kicked the police constable Martin, who came to her rescue.

Perhaps a more heartless case still is the following :—

WESTMINSTER.—Isaac Hudson, a private of the

Grenadier Guards, was charged with a most unprovoked and wanton outrage upon a poor aged woman, named Mary Miles.

It appeared, from the testimony of several witnesses, that the complainant, who is upwards of seventy years of age, and who obtains a living by hawking small articles about the streets, went into the Cock public house, Tothill Street, Westminster, on Monday evening, and inquired of the defendant, who was in the taproom, intoxicated, whether he would buy any of her wares. He replied in the negative, at the same time asking whether she would have a drop of beer out of his pot, which he handed to her. She had scarcely drunk when he felled her to the ground, and, on her regaining her legs, continued to attack her in the most violent way. He struck her repeatedly with his fist, and having again brought her to the ground, kicked her in the back and side, and, taking off his belt, also maltreated her with that. He asked some comrades who were with him for a knife, declaring if he had one he would cut her —— head off, adding, that he had "skewered many a better woman than her." Nor was he content with this violent attack upon the poor woman in the taproom, for, after she had been rescued from his hands there, he followed her into the street, and again felled her to the ground by a blow on the head from his stick. It was stated that his conduct was so ferocious, while in the house, that his own

comrades were afraid to interfere with him, and that but for timely aid he would probably have killed the poor old woman, who was suffering so severely from the effects of the injuries she had received, that she was helped to a chair to give her evidence.

The following certificate was handed in:

"Westminster Hospital, Nov. 29, 1858.

"This is to certify that Mary Miles is an out-patient, and is at this time afflicted with a punctured wound of the head, a severe abrasion of the right arm, and a slight wound of the back.

"PONSONBY KELLY ADAIR, House Surgeon.

"To the Magistrate, Westminster Police Court."

Defendant said that she was drunk, and took up a quart pot to strike him, which was the cause of the row. He never took his belt off, and she fell about through intoxication. She also abused him very much.

The old woman was recalled, and declared that she never gave defendant the slightest provocation, nor used an offensive word to him; she was quite sober. She did not take up a quart pot or menace him in any way, and when she fell it was through his ill-treatment.

The waiter confirmed these replies, and it was further shown, by two witnesses, that before the old woman entered the house, defendant had struck two girls over the face with his stick or cane, also assaulted a poor man who was exhibiting gymnastic feats, and was flourishing his belt about, which he

only put on when he knew the police were approaching.

Mr. Paynter observed the charge was very serious, and remanded the accused till Tuesday next.

The next we shall mention is a case of wife-murder, perpetrated by James Rutland, lately a private in the Buffs, who coolly came behind his wife as she stood at the wash-tub, and drew a razor across her throat.

Robert Simpson, a private in the Rifle Brigade, was tried at Winchester for cutting the throat of Sophia Rowe, his sweetheart, and then with attempting suicide. Both crimes were committed with the utmost deliberation, and a verdict of murder was recorded, followed by sentence of death.

The barbarous murder of the poor old woman, Sarah Waterman, at Dundry, by her two nephews, Charles and Matthew Wedmore, the former a private in the Royal Marines, will not have been forgotten, any more than the deliberate assassination by Masterman, aged only twenty-two, of his sergeant, William Murphy; while the wanton crimes at Fulwood and Chichester must have filled all minds with horror.

A private of the Coldstreams was, a short time ago, committed for bigamy. Having forsaken his wife, by whom he had a child living, he proceeded to court another young woman, and went through the marriage ceremony with her, afterwards conducting her to her mother's, where he took up his abode

with her. The wife, learning the occurrence, ascertained his whereabouts, and pursuing him to his lair, burst into the room where the whole party were, and upbraided him with his conduct, at the same time exhibiting the infant as an additional claim upon his affection and support. The stalwart son of Mars, however, who had been cowardly enough to abandon his defenceless wife, leaving her further chargeable with the maintenance of his child, appears, on this occasion, to have considered discretion the better part of valour; and finding that the two women had commenced a manual as well as a lingual attack upon each other, considered the opportunity too favourable to be disregarded, and accordingly availed himself of it to make his escape. Subsequently, however, he was taken into custody.

A charge of bigamy was lately brought against a young man of twenty-two, another private in the Coldstream Guards, named Francis Benson. The defence was curious. The prisoner did not deny his first marriage, but declared his "second wife" was aware of it, and knew that his wife was alive, and that there was a child by the marriage. Notwithstanding this, however, she had so vehemently urged him to marry her, that he had at last consented. Moreover, she had advised him to desert, and had promised to pay his passage to Australia, if he would "withdraw from the service," and go out with her.

We might lengthen this disgraceful record almost *ad libitum;* we might speak of immorality of a grosser kind: but we forbear, and we pass on at once to that remarkable phase in the annals of our army, which has of late become so notorious, because so much more marked in this country than in any other—DESERTION.

The extent to which it is practised in the British army, is, we allow, scarcely credible; and, indeed, we believe the actual number of men who desert from the ranks is scarcely known beyond the office of the Adjutant General. The public may, however, if they will take the trouble to peruse them, obtain a notion of it from the reports which are put into circulation, and which, unfortunately, while they tell the melancholy tale to those who would fain conceal it, at the same time make known our disgrace to foreign nations. This crime is, we regret to say, unmistakeably on the increase, and the last returns shew the formidable number of *ten or twelve hundred deserters from the two Scotch counties of Renfrew and Lanark alone.* These are of the worst sort, viz., those who make a profession of it, and manage to subsist on the wages of their iniquity; but we believe that the whole number cannot be estimated at less than *ten or eleven thousand men annually.* Besides those we are able to trace, is another class who never come before the public at all, and who victimise the recruiting soldier by absconding with the enlisting

fee, and after getting a meal and a bed, without ever presenting themselves to the medical officers for examination.

The following is an official statement as regards desertions for the year 1859 :—

"*Deserters from the Army.*—Between the 1st of October, 1858, and the 31st of March last, 8,822 soldiers, deserted from the ranks of the regular army, and 6,614 from the militia. Of the runaway soldiers 3,038 were recovered and restored to the service, while 5,133 of the militiamen were recovered. The expense for the apprehension of both classes of deserters was about £1,833, and the expense incurred on account of billets, £5,051."

In September, 1860, we meet with the following official returns :—

"*Desertions from Her Majesty's Service.*—The returns of deserters from regiments and depôt companies, and from the navy and marines, during the past month, give the extraordinary large number of 385, which is exclusive of those who have deserted from militia regiments. Of the above, seventeen are from the household infantry, thirty-seven from cavalry regiments, including the military train, fifty-four from the artillery and engineers, twenty-six from the navy and royal marines, and the balance from infantry regiments of the line."

It was only the other day that a flagrant case of fraudulent enlistment came before the Westminster

police court, when Lieutenant Wyndame, Adjutant to the London recruiting staff, attended to prosecute John Harman for making a false statement in answer to the fifteenth question of the attestation paper.

The Lieutenant informed his worship that this was one of the worst cases that had come under his notice. The prisoner had every appearance of being a strong, muscular man, so much so as to deceive even a close observer. On nearer examination, however, he, to all appearance, had a contracted arm. Whether this was really the case or not, he could not say, but it had been straight enough when he took the enlisting money; and he (the Lieutenant) had every reason to believe that the prisoner obtained his living by going about the country getting a shilling from one recruiting officer, a pot of beer from another, and so on. He (the Lieutenant) might add that there was no excuse for this sort of thing, as the name of every man charged with fraudulent enlistment, with his term of imprisonment, was posted up in the doctor's room in London; yet, with this before his face, and after a particular caution, the prisoner having been rejected, immediately re-enlisted.

It was then proved by various recruiting sergeants, that on the 14th instant the prisoner enlisted at Gravesend for the 96th Regiment, passed the doctor, and was attested on the 16th, on the night of

which he was, as usual, brought to London to be inspected by the staff-surgeon. His arm was then found to be apparently contracted, and, some suspicion being entertained upon the matter, two sergeants were called in to straighten it, but failed in doing so, although they still entertained doubts as to whether there was anything the matter with him. He was then rejected and cautioned; and from London went to Stony Stratford, where, on the 23rd instant, he was enlisted for the 19th Regiment, and, on his declaring, in answer to the fifteenth question, that he had never "been rejected as unfit for Her Majesty's service," was given the enlistment shilling, and on being brought to London, was at once recognised, and taken into custody.*

* In the navy we find much the same rotten state of things, for in June, 1860, marine deserters were reported thus:—

"*Deserters from the Navy.*—In the year 1859, the deserters from the navy were as many as 2,338, of whom only eighty-six were apprehended. 712 of these deserters had received bounty to the amount of £4,571: twenty-six were Kroomen, but the entire number of foreigners and men of colour cannot be distinguished from the rest."

In a report dated October 8, 1860, we learn that at Quebec and Montreal, forty sailors belonging to the Admiral's ship deserted and passed over to the United States—"another proof," remarks the Editor of the paper, "that there is something very much amiss in our navy, when, at such a time as a royal visit, such wholesale desertion takes place. Letters from Halifax," he adds, "are filled with complaints against the drunken and disorderly conduct of the blue jackets of the fleet at that port."

Another recruiting sergeant here stepped forward, and said that the prisoner had enlisted with him at the Tower the very day that he was rejected by the staff-surgeon, declaring that he had never been rejected before; but, as he did not pass the doctor at the Tower, the necessity of his being brought before the staff-surgeon was obviated, and the intended fraud went unnoticed.

The accused was then remanded.

We are inclined to ask, in explanation of the extraordinary eagerness of the British soldier to escape the honour of serving in Her Majesty's troops—has not the process of enlistment something to do with it? and if more care were taken in this particular, would not this evil, and many others which follow in its train, be diminished? Again, there is the treacherous influence of the recruiting soldier, who finds it to his interest to suggest the idea of desertion, and, therefore, to aid in carrying it out; and, thirdly, the authorities may take to themselves their own share of blame for the leniency with which they let off the rascals convicted of this crime, and the

"Three sailors belonging to the Nile were drowned, while endeavouring to reach their ship, in a state of intoxication."

In March, 1861, a return, moved for by Sir J. Pakington, shows that desertions from the Royal navy and Coastguard service afloat, were 1,639 seamen and 241 boys in 1858; 1,688 seamen, 185 boys in 1859; and in the first nine months of 1860, 2,162 seamen and 160 boys: in all, 6,075 in two years and three quarters.

still greater scoundrels who first corrupt, next tempt, and at last encourage and assist them in committing the dastardly offence.

But there are various ways of deserting, the mildest form being that of fraudulent enlistment, and practised by a class rather of swindlers than of soldiers. The soldier, however, who is disposed to *take* leave to quit the service has several strings to his bow. We have alluded to some of them; but we have not yet mentioned the trick of creating or feigning bodily infirmities. In the French army such events are, of course, more frequent; and it is but natural that conscripts, forcibly taken into the service, contrary to their own tastes and wishes, and to the prejudice of their position and family circumstances, should endeavour, by any artifice in their power, to procure their release. There is, however, ample provision for such contingencies; and, as the result is generally a more objectionable alternative, the attempt is only made by the rawest recruits, still in the happy guilelessness of their native rusticity. As to the shams, there are several little ingenious methods of detection; and when it comes to mutilation, the poor fellow who has been beguiled into adopting this desperate resource, often finds himself obliged to serve all the same, but in an inferior position, and one whence the chances of promotion are very shadowy!

In an English regiment, an attempt of this kind

was made the other day, but the roguery was adroitly discovered and completely exposed.

A young fellow, who had, from the moment he had recovered his sobriety after enlistment, testified his aversion for the profession of arms, suddenly complained of incipient deafness. The malady increased rapidly from day to day, and in a short time he pronounced the organ to have completely failed. The surgeon was called in, who examined and tested him according to the established forms, such as suddenly calling his name, which had no effect; telling an irresistibly comic story in his presence, at which he did not move a whisker; firing a pistol close to him, but without obtaining a single particle of evidence, and dropping a coin behind him as a last resource; but all was in vain—"*'all idea di quell metallo*" even—our hero remained obdurate and impenetrable, and the faculty confessed itself baffled —for once!

The interval of a day or two was allowed to elapse, when the surgeon, who had been turning the matter over in his mind, desired to have up the *soldat malgré lui* before him a second time. He had assembled a few of his medical *collaborateurs*, and, after pretending to apply new tests with great care and patience, he at last turned to his brethren of the lancet, exclaiming despondingly, "Gentlemen, the poor fellow is deaf, and no mistake: it is a sad misfortune for him." Then, addressing the subject of his investiga-

tion in the same pitch of voice, which was barely above a whisper, he added, "You may go, my good man, and get your discharge." "Thank ye, sir," answered the shammer, completely off his guard, and coolly turning to depart: a most satisfactory *dénouement*.

Having furnished our readers with the figures, from official sources, representing the number of desertions annually taking place, and which are discovered, it would be superfluous to add the cases: we shall, therefore, only cite the details of such as present any remarkable feature. Our readers will themselves have remarked many instances of virtual desertion, where men have committed breaches of discipline and acts of insubordination—in short, have become felons, for no other purpose than—to get discharged from the service; for it is strange that, in the act of desertion, the idea of the disgrace that must accrue from it never seems to occur to our English soldier.

Evidences of the fact that crimes are committed with this view are unhappily but too numerous; and they have come so frequently before the public of late that it seems almost superfluous to bring them forward. We will, nevertheless, mention one related to us very recently as having occurred at Gosport. The colonel to whose duty it fell to visit the prisoners, in going his rounds, came to the cell of a young fellow, of whom he inquired, as of the rest, whether he had anything to complain of. The lad

answered somewhat surlily in the negative, and the officer, struck by his youthful appearance, instead of immediately leaving the spot, turned to examine his card, in order to ascertain the nature of the offence for which so young a lad could be incarcerated, when suddenly, and without any warning, he received a stunning blow on the side of the head, inflicted, as it afterwards appeared, with a flat blacking case, wielded by an arm and with a purpose equally unerring. The colonel did not take much time for reflection, but applying his fist with vigorous intention, *en pleine poitrine,* he hurled his startled antagonist to the further end of his cage. When brought up for examination, the culprit expressed his regret at having struck the officer, against whom, he said, he entertained no personal ill-will, but added, "he could not help it; it was his only chance of getting free from the service which he hated, and he didn't care what exchange he made." This avowal, however, defeated his purpose; for the sentence — in consideration of the summary punishment already inflicted—simply condemned him to receive fifty lashes, and awarded him a prolongation of his term of imprisonment, which proved a grievous disappointment to the unaspiring son of Mars, so desirous of enlisting in the ranks of any god but him under whose auspices the unkind fates had fixed his lot.

We have before us various cases, showing men to be in the habit of enlisting day after day, and some-

times more than once in the same day, making, in fact, not only a profession, but a very comfortable livelihood by it. One would imagine that this trick might be met by setting a counter-mark of some sort upon a man, such as, perhaps, clipping his hair, so that he could be recognized when he presented himself the second time. One man, known under various aliases, and brought up for burglary, admitted having deserted *six* times within as many weeks.

The audacity with which men of this description will attempt and effect their escape shows what desperate characters they must be, and how dangerous to society; and yet we might quote largely from police reports, to show how very insufficiently these ruffians are guarded, and the dangers to which the public are consequently exposed, to say nothing of the encouragement given to the crime by these facilities. Take the following as an example:—

William Verrall, with an *alias* of Henry Binn, was charged with being a deserter, and proved, during his examination, how very lax the system must be which enables men to treat as a practical joke a crime which soldiers of other nations regard as cowardly, contemptible, and disgraceful. William Verrall goes under two names. He enlists as Henry Binn and deserts as William Verrall, and when the fraud is discovered, the court laughs at his roguery as at the success of an ingenious device, and the prisoner, flattered as well as amused, joins in the merriment!

Another mirth-producing trial for the same offence was that of William Smith, *alias* John Fairman, who had enlisted into the 9th Lancers. This fellow was not quite so quick-sighted as William Verrall, for he seems to have forgotten he was a "marked man," but being "tattooed all over," was of course readily recognised and overtaken.

Michael Boyd, aged twenty-nine, was charged, on the 12th July, with deserting from the 11th Hussars. On being apprehended he denied the accusation, and when asked if he had his discharge, he said he had it, and "would bring it down presently."

When questioned by the magistrate as to the fact, he admitted "he *was* a deserter, but not on the present occasion."

The Chief Officer, who seemed cognisant of the prisoner's antecedents, said he had been taken by the Brighton Police in 1860 as a deserter, and was sent back to his regiment. He again deserted from the hospital at Birmingham. He was branded with the letter D, and had been flogged. He was also advertised in the "Police Gazette."

William Cleverly, aged forty, and disguised in a blouse, was charged, in August last, with deserting from the 59th Regiment of Foot. He appears to have acted rather *too* "cleverly," for being drunk (as usual with these fellows) and irresponsible, he gave himself up to a policeman as having deserted at Chichester on the 7th July, and also accused himself of having

stolen, at the Brighton races, six bottles of stout from the grand stand.

The Chief Officer said he believed the man gave himself up for the sake of getting a night's lodging and a breakfast; but, although he denied this, the sapient magistrates of Brighton discharged him without further inquiry!

On the 8th May, 1861, a daring burglary was committed in Chatham by two soldiers, named John Rowing and Joseph Druster. A valuable amount of property, consisting of watches and jewelry, was stolen, and the robbers effected their purpose and their escape without even being heard.

On the evening of the robbery these fellows were drinking in a public-house and boasting openly that they were intending to "spring a drum" that night; one of them asked a man present to lend him his "slop" for the purpose; but, although the landlord heard all that passed, and knew the prisoner had been twice or thrice convicted, he gave no information to the police. The men were ultimately taken, and admitted they had committed the crime, but it was the old story—"They were so desirous of getting out of the service that they cared not by what means."

A similar motive seems to have actuated Michael Clerk, a soldier, aged twenty, who was tried before Mr. Justice Wightman for setting fire to a stack of wheat at Cheriton. The charge was clearly established against the prisoner, who, however, attempted

no defence, merely replying—"I shan't give them any trouble; I intend to plead 'Guilty.' I have been in the army two years, and nearly all the time I have been in prison, and I want to get out of it."

William Street, a private, was charged with shooting at George Curl with intention to murder; and also with intent to prevent his lawful apprehension on the 13th December, at Sheffield. It appeared from the evidence that on the day in question the prosecutor, George Curl, a constable, was standing outside his door, near Three-Mile-Cross, when he saw the prisoner walking towards Reading. The prisoner was in uniform and wore his great-coat buttoned, but with the right sleeve hanging loose. Curl, thinking from this that he was an invalid, said to him—"On the sick list I suppose?" to which the prisoner replied—"No, on furlough." Curl then suspected him to be a deserter, and asked him for his furlough pass, to which he replied—"I can't show it you," and began moving off, followed by Curl. As Curl continued to follow him, the prisoner unbuttoned his coat and put a short rifle in the charging position, calling out—"If you follow me, I'll blow your brains out." Curl then picked up a mud-scraper in the road, and with that and his staff continued to advance. The prisoner cried out furiously, "I'll fire; by ——! I'll fire;" and when Curl was about three yards from him, he pointed the rifle from the hip and discharged it. Curl immediately

closed with him, threw him down and took the rifle from him; he found the barrel had been filed in two about the middle. He also took from him seventeen ball cartridges, some percussion caps, and the other part of the barrel. The prisoner then said—"I'll face the gallows rather than do any more soldiering."

To such an extent has the tendency to desertion increased, and so active are those who promote the evil by the facilities and temptations they offer to the young recruit to dispose of his outfit, and to desert from his engagement after pocketing the royal bounty, that the authorities have at last been obliged to take up the matter; and as recently as in May of the current year a garrison police, composed of non-commissioned officers and men selected from the amalgamated corps of military and marines stationed in Woolwich, was sanctioned by the War Office to supersede the inefficient arrangement of provosts doing duty about the garrison. They are distinguished by the letters "M. P." (Military Police) attached to their uniforms, and organised on the principle established with tolerably promising results at Aldershott. This new force, it is hoped, will put a permanent check on the crime which now disgraces our army, and which, according to the returns, has been practised so successfully during the twelve months ending May, 1861. These offences, it appears, were punished with fines, the total amount of which was £300.

Of equally deliberate but more straightforward

deserters the list would be endless. The following case we subjoin, because its details present some peculiar features:—

John Hennessey, a private belonging to the 3rd battalion of the Rifle Brigade, was charged with violent and disorderly conduct at the Waterloo Railway Station, and assaulting a gentleman with his sword.—Hyde, 138 L, deposed that, on the evening before, his attention was called to a crowd and disturbance in the entrance to the South-Western Railway Station, and on hurrying to it he found the prisoner and a sergeant belonging to the same regiment in charge of a deserter, and all very drunk. —Mr. Norton: What, the escort in charge of a deserter, drunk? — Witness: Yes, your worship, very drunk indeed. They charged the deserter with attempting to make his escape, and the prisoner, turning the butt end of his gun, swore he would dash the man's brains out, but I stepped forward and prevented him.—Mr. Norton: I never heard of such a thing as an escort in charge of a deserter being drunk. It was really most dangerous.—Witness: It was indeed, your worship; the prisoner drew his sword and brandished it about, to the terror of the persons assembled at the railway station; and it was with some difficulty he could be removed to the station-house.—Mr. Norton: What has become of the deserter?—Witness: He is at the station-house. —Mr. Norton: Is the sergeant here?—Witness: He

is not, sir; but there is another sergeant belonging to the same battalion.—The sergeant alluded to here came forward, and said the prisoner and the sergeant were in charge of a deserter, and taking him to Winchester, where their battalion lay, and they should have reached that place the night before.—Inspector Bent here informed the magistrate that he was not present himself at the time, but the scene, as described by Mr. Young, the station-master, was of an alarming description. The prisoner drew his sword and brandished it about to the terror of all those within his reach, and striking one gentleman passenger over the ear with the weapon, injured him a good deal.—The prisoner said he drew his sword to run through the deserter if he attempted to get away, and was sorry for what had occurred.—Mr. Norton felt it to be his duty to remand him till Thursday."

Then again, we hear of men who wear the country's livery, eat the country's bread, and receive the country's pay during three, four, and even five years, and make no return of any kind; for we could produce a case in point where a man who had been in the army—paid, clothed, and fed—for this latter period had only done sixteen days' service, having passed the greater portion of his time, or rather his country's time, in the prison or the hospital.—On the 25th January last, two privates, named Osborn and Pinchin, of the Military Train, described by their Sergeant-Major as "useless vagabonds," were brought before

Mr. Norton, charged with wantonly doing £160 worth of damages to the shop of a peaceable London tradesman. By the evidence of the Regimental Sergeant-Major, who wore four medals on his breast, it appeared that Osborn had been six months, and Pinchin nearly three years in the corps, during which time they had not done a single day's duty, but had been either out on desertion, in prison, or in hospital—they "had been flogged, but without any good result, and the corps would willingly subscribe £50 or £60 to be rid of them." The prisoners, who during the investigation conducted themselves with the greatest indifference, were committed for trial by Mr. Norton, who observed, that in all his experience he did not recollect a more wanton or disgraceful outrage.

"At two separate assizes within the present year," observes a writer in the "Star," "half the prisoners were men taken from the ranks of the regular army. Some of these no doubt committed the crimes which had brought them into the clutches of justice, for the sole purpose of escaping from a hateful bondage. The recruit accepts the fatal shilling under the influence of a delusive dream of glory; but sharp experience speedily dissipates his bright illusions. His bounty-money, it is true, enables him to prelude his entrance into the service of the State by a brief carouse; but before a month has elapsed, he discovers that he has sold himself to a slavery, the

wearisome monotony of which is relieved by no hope of a less dreary future. Shut out, in the vast majority of cases, from domestic delights, by rigorous regulations—condemned, save in the brief space devoted to daily drill, to a life of positive uselessness and torpid inaction*—cheered by no prospect of raising himself by good conduct to the higher grades of his profession—it is not surprising that his fetters should gall him so grievously that he is induced to strive to shake them off even by the desperate expedient of perpetrating a crime. But while a certain proportion of these offences committed by soldiers may, no doubt, be fairly ascribed to the desire to escape from the service which they have entered, others, and we fear the greater number, must be

* 'Some little attempt seems to be making in the Chatham Garrison to render the men's lives a trifle less dull, dreary, and monotonous than it has hitherto been, by allowing to a certain number of the best conducted among them an additional afternoon's holiday each week, besides Saturday; but in issuing that order, Major-General Eyre adds—

"In granting this indulgence it must be well understood by the men that all such exemption from parades, drills, &c., is to give them an opportunity of engaging themselves either in manly games and recreations, or in some profitable and creditable manner, and not to enable them to frequent public-houses, or even to go into the town. Men seen in town on these occasions before evening meal, or abusing the indulgence in any manner, are to be reported to their commanding officers, who will make them attend all drills or parades for the rest of the season."

traced to the demoralising influence of the career which they have embraced. Idleness is in itself a fruitful source of corruption. When a man—especially of the class from which the ranks of our army are recruited—finds that a large portion of his time is daily on his hands, the chances are strongly in favour of his making a vicious use of it."

We observe a suggestive paragraph among the notices of motions dated 6th May last, when the attention of the house is called to the case of enlistment in Her Majesty's 90th Regiment of Foot, of the late private James Coulfield, who was enlisted in that regiment, although under fifteen years of age, at Westminster, in September, 1857, *and his discharge having been refused (!)* he died, poor lad, at Parkhurst Hospital, in July, 1858.

It is remarkable that in France, where men are made soldiers whether they have or have not a liking for the profession of arms, and in a way which leaves them no chance of escape, the crime of desertion should occur so much less frequently than in England, where enlistment is free and voluntary.

France is admitted—collectively considered—to be a nation military in its ideas, and martial in its tastes; and although, of course, there must be very many individual exceptions to a decided preference for the soldier's life, yet desertion and disgrace are so intimately blended in the mind of a French soldier, that a man must have fallen very low indeed in his own

estimation before it would enter his mind to take such a step.

That the conscript is often reluctant—whether married or single—to sever himself suddenly and at an early age from all his ties of family and home, we can well understand and thoroughly believe; but, once enlisted, he is the child of the state, the defender of his country, and could not relinquish his post without wounding his sense of patriotism, fidelity, and honour.

A touching incident occurred at the last *tirage* which took place at Nantes, which serves to show the flutter of hope and fear which must actuate the breast, if not of the conscript himself, at least of parents, sisters, wife, and children. A woman apparently young, and with a countenance deadly pale, appeared on the platform, carrying in her arms a fine, rosy boy of a year and a half; she apporached the fatal urn, whose contents were to decide the fates of so many, and to spread joy or woe around so many firesides.

Her own hand trembled as she directed that of her child towards the gloomy opening. The infant stretched forth its tiny fingers, and unconscious of the act, drew them out again, grasping three numbers: the mother made her child understand he must drop two of them, and he at length consented to retain only one—the one which was to bind or release his father! It was opened—the young wife almost swooned from the intensity of her anxiety, but soon she shed tears

of joy; it was No. 152. The child could not have chosen better; the canton only offered 143 youths from whom to draw.*

A visible improvement has been observable in the *moral* of the French army since the new and official mode of providing substitutes has been adopted.

Previously to this measure, the substitute might or might not be, but most often *was*, a man of abandoned character, literally selling himself for money, and indifferent to every other consideration. He was, in fact, bought by a broker, and sold again like an article of traffic; he could not but feel himself degraded by his position, and generally gave evidence of this consciousness by disorderly and reprehensible conduct, which unhappily was not confined to himself, but spread around—as evil influences will—doing incalculable mischief to all within reach.

Those who now take the place of recruits buying themselves off, may almost be called picked men; so numerous are the requisitions which render them eligible; their history must be known, they must have served their time, and must produce certificates of good conduct, and as the sum they receive is

* A curious caprice of chance was remarked at the *tirage* at Lillebenne. The first conscript who put his hand into the urn drew No. 1.

In 1834, a lad belonging to the 12th arrondissement of Paris, by name Adam, and the first to draw, took No. 1. He might fairly be considered "A 1."

pretty considerable for men in that position—3,000 francs—there are many competitors for the office.

An excellent reservation is that of not giving them the money at the outset; they receive the interest in small instalments added to their pay, but do not touch the capital till the end of their time. The security thus obtained is an obvious advantage, for it not only ensures their good behaviour, but makes them desire and promote the continuance of a régime in which they have a funded interest.

The recruiting system is undergoing modifications in France, and it is said to be in contemplation to adopt the Prussian system.

The Prussian Government, however, is far more arbitrary in this matter than the French. There is no choice and no escape, every individual son of them *must* serve: three years being the time exacted of the uneducated, while one year will satisfy the demand of the ruling powers, provided a man have passed an examination at a public school.

Substitutes may be purchased; but in this way, one man necessarily serves twice. All the men are called out once a year to drill and practice. Seventeen years is the age at which the troops are recruited. The effective of the Prussian force is 250,000 men.

The discipline within barracks is excellent, and very superior to that maintained in the Austrian army. Private soldiers are not allowed to marry in

either army, but the results appear worse among the Austrians than the Prussians. The morals of the Prussian army may be considered good, and their health is generally sound. A regiment in Prussia does not necessarily corrupt the town in which it is quartered.

In Russia the matter of recruiting has, of late, been found so deficient that it is not supposed possible it can continue much longer in its present state. The Russian territory is divided into two parts: the first composed of remote provinces, thinly populated, is not called upon to furnish recruits. The second is composed of central and populous provinces, which are divided into two zones, and are alternately required to supply the annual contingents.

The rate of conscription is sometimes five, sometimes seven recruits from every thousand inhabitants —that is to say, the lightest tax on men is just double what it is in France. The period of service is twenty-five years in the line, and twenty-two years in the Guard. The nobility and clergy are exempt. The burghers and freedmen may purchase substitutes, so that the whole burthen of conscription falls upon the serfs.

The Russian government is at this moment purchasing a great number of horses in Germany, for the artillery and cavalry, and is also making very considerable additions to the camp equipages, and supplies of all kinds.

The conscription, under all these aspects, has, it is certain, its evils and its disadvantages, and moreover, our pressgang experiences show us that those modes of levying men would never answer in this country; nevertheless it is evident that we have not hit upon the *juste milieu*, and when we look at our whole military organization we must, if conscientious, admit that there is a vein of defects running through it, which takes its origin from the beginning. Why, the recruiting system *alone* is enough to account for the corrupt moral condition of our army.

"The class from which the mass of our soldiers come," says the writer of an able paper in the United Service Magazine, "is half-demoralized to begin with,* while—the old story—our deserters are reckoned not by thousands, but by tens of thousands." †

* "Give a dog a bad name, &c.," says the proverb. The public must have been surprised to learn, in Colonel North's speech at the dinner of the Thame Agricultural Association, that, until he obtained the removal of the embargo, the soldier was the only man whose calling excluded him from the strangers' gallery in the House of Commons.

† A friend of our own being caught in a shower in Hyde Park, stood up under a tree, where a soldier of the Horse Guards also came up to partake the shelter. Having passed a few remarks, he openly and deliberately informed him he was on the eve of deserting: that he had offered the sum specified for the purpose, and had asked for his dismissal, but the proposal having been refused, he now considered himself justified in "withdrawing," and should save his money.

In the Roman army, besides other incentives to the love of arms with which the men were inspired, there is no doubt that the

The bounty* is known to be of no other use to the recruit than to give him the means of a huge debauch, and to enable him to invite others to share his orgies. In fact, in our mode of enticing him into the army, we act as if only the very dregs of the population *could* enter it. The ordeal that every

encouragement system, no less by gain than by promotion, was found a useful stimulant. From Gronovius we learn that the Emperor Domitian raised the annual stipend of the legionaries to twelve pieces of gold, or ten guineas, and this pay was afterwards gradually increased, according to the progress of wealth and military government. After twenty years' service, the veteran received 3,000 denarii (about £100), or a proportionable allowance of land. The remuneration and other advantages of the guards were about double those of the legions.

* The following official statement has just appeared, and seems to promise a modification of the present regulations in regard of bounty-money;—The authorities of the Horse Guards, taking into consideration the frequent cases of desertion in the army, and the repeated offence of re-enlistment induced by the temptation of the Government bounty, have resolved on the following regulations, which have been made known in garrison orders at Woolwich, namely;—That the practice of conferring a sum of money on enlistment by way of Royal bounty shall be abolished; that the recruit shall be provided with a thorough outfit, as heretofore, and shall be entered as of the first class on joining the reserves. If at the termination of the first period of three years, they are returned as "of good behaviour," they will be rewarded with a badge entitling them to an addition of 1d. per day above the ordinary pay, and as a further inducement, at the expiration of each succeeding three years the same rewards will be conferred, so that during a service of twenty-one years a well-behaved man will be entitled to seven badges and a pay of 2s. 2¼d. per day.

recruit has to pass through is quite enough to deter any respectable man from enlisting.

"Some time ago the *Times* and other papers were eloquent upon the effeminacy of the English, who preferred standing behind a counter to repairing, as soldiers, to India to avenge their countrymen slaughtered by the Sepoys. They who wrote those articles know nothing of the degradation which a man, under the system, must go through, before he becomes a soldier.

"If earning liberal and increasing wages, he gives them up to find himself in receipt of the magnificent income of one shilling per day, and the unwelcome inmate of some low public-house, mixed up, and perhaps sleeping in the same bed with, the dirtiest tramps, while his 'bounty'—the lure which entrapped him—is withheld until he joins his regiment. The life of the recruit until this period is a mixture of misery, vice, and degradation, such as none but the most abject would risk encountering, and no prospect of improved treatment subsequently, would induce any man who had the slightest respect for himself to go through it.

"It is during this period, which may be more or less prolonged, that men are initiated into vice which often clings to them during the rest of their career. * * * The very first step goes to give a man who enters the army an impression that he has sold himself in a very bad bargain."

The French soldier's *masse* (or accumulated savings) is compulsory. It must amount to 40 francs;* and if he has not the sum to start with, it is stopped out of his pay until the prescribed figure is reached. Our soldier has no such nucleus; and as the idea of providing for the future does not suggest itself, so neither is it suggested to him; and his bounty, a portion of which, at least, might be invested at compound interest, is suffered to be squandered, to the injury of his moral no less than his physical well-being, in drinking-parties and in yet worse dissipation.

It is indeed to be regretted that the whole recruiting system cannot be amended. We should say, "Reform it altogether;" but as that would necessarily take time, and in the interval irreparable mischief is going on, to the detriment of our men and the disgrace of our national reputation, why do we not begin by improving a part at a time? For instance, surely, as the writer we have been quoting suggests, it would be but a very simple matter to appoint means for withdrawing the new recruit from company such as that to the baneful influences of which he is now exposed, and to place him under proper supervision until he comes within the control of the military authorities. The private soldier, subsisting on his ordinary pay, is not the man to employ on so responsible a mission as recruiting men for the army.

* There is now an intention of raising this sum from 40 to 200 francs.

The temptation is too strong to be resisted; and, if we would obtain recruits of a superior class to those who now enlist, we must improve our mode of recruiting, and choose a better description of instruments for carrying it out. There must be something essentially wrong in our whole military machinery, when it is so difficult to get respectable men into the ranks, and so prevent even the most disreputable from deserting when they have entered them. We know full well that, for the most part, any calling, however uninviting, is preferred to the army; and it is notorious that "it is only by deception, intoxication, and misrepresentation that men can be got to wear the Queen's livery."

To show to what extent it is necessary to distort facts, in order to decoy the young and inexperienced into the service, we quote from a paper in a recent number of the "United Service Magazine," a placard, the authenticity of which is vouched for by the writer, who gives it as an evidence of the degradation to which are sunk those who go about to recruit. It purports to carry with it an official authority, and bears on it the appearance of the Royal imprimatur —the arms of England surmounted by V. R.

It is composed in the style of—"The highest price given for kitchen stuff and bones!" and runs thus:

"STOP!—TAKE NOTICE!

"Fine young single men have now a splendid op-

portunity of joining the —— (we forbear naming the corps). They must measure 5 feet 7, and be between 17 and 25 years. They will all receive the same liberal

"BOUNTY OF £5 15s. 6D.

"On their arrival at —— they will be taught the art of riding, driving, fencing, gunnery, and mechanics, whereby guns are moved with the same facility as a penny whistle; the use and manufacture of gunpowder, sky-rockets, and other beautiful fireworks. They are also lodged in the finest barracks in the world; have light work and good pay! the best beef and mutton that —— can afford; and a comfortable place in the barracks, called 'the canteen,' set apart for them to see their friends in and take a cheerful glass; also an excellent

"LIBRARY AND READING ROOM;

"A PARK AND PLEASURE GROUND,

with a select number of horses kept for their instruction, health, and amusement.

"After their education is completed, an opportunity will be equally and without favour afforded to all who travel in foreign countries, where they may drink their wine at twopence per bottle! by the new tariff, and return to their friends with money, manners, and experience; with a

"LIBERAL PROVISION FOR OLD AGE.

"As the number of men required for this service will soon be completed, young men desirous of avail-

ing themselves of these unequalled advantages are earnestly advised to apply without loss of time to the recruiting party at ——.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

We make no comment on the above: none is needed. That such a catchpenny lure, for such a purpose, should be permitted to circulate forms its own most powerful condemnation. It seems to us the strongest possible reflection upon the dignity of the nation.

Another cause of demoralization, which we cannot pass over in silence, is the ill-managed—or, more properly speaking, neglected—question of soldiers' marriages. In this we cannot, logically, follow the example of the French army, which is altogether so differently constructed and organized that in this, as in many other particulars, there is no comparison to be established between it and the English military institution.

There is, in the idea of military life, as it presents itself to the mind of a conscript, a striking analogy between soldier and priest. There are so many points where the two vocations touch, that a powerful moral influence is already exerted on the soldier's mind, which reconciles him to a surrender of those domestic joys which—at least in theory—accompany the married state.

"Enforced celibacy," says a recent article on this

subject in a morning paper, "when deprived of the character which it derives from a religious spirit of self-abnegation, becomes inevitably the parent of profligacy. And the very spirit of the vocation which compels a man to fight whenever he is bidden, and to slay his fellow creatures without scruple, no matter whether the cause be that of GOD or of the DEVIL, involves a renunciation of conscience which leaves free play to every evil passion. The basis of military duty is unreflecting obedience to the command to slay and pillage. The soldier is allowed no more discretion in killing and marauding than the rifle with which he is bound to shoot down any one at his General's bidding. Under the most favourable circumstances, such a calling must tend to paralyse those moral restraints, the activity of which raises man above the brute. But when the individual, whose worst impulses are thus stimulated by the nature of his profession, is still further depraved by idleness, and impelled to licentiousness by the repression of the legitimate gratification of his passions, we can scarcely be surprised to find him straying readily into the paths of crime."

Now, as regards the provision made for accommodating married soldiers and their families, we have elsewhere touched upon the arrangements as they exist in the camp "huts;" we would here call attention to the system as carried out in barracks.

A circular has just been issued from the War

Office, relative to the erection of separate barrack rooms for married soldiers. The regulations it contains are to the effect that—

1. The allowance of lodging money to 3 per cent. of married soldiers hitherto permitted to be charged in the regimental accounts, irrespective of the accommodation available, will cease from the 1st October, 1860; and lodging-money will only be granted when accommodation in barracks, on the scale laid down, cannot be afforded.

2. Every married soldier, not in excess of the number specified living in barracks, shall, when a separate room has not been specially and permanently provided for his accommodation, be entitled to the amount of accommodation usually allotted to four single soldiers, *e. g.* a room lettered for twelve men shall be available for three married men, and one room's issue of fuel and light in kind shall be issued to the three families collectively. The number of women to be admitted into barracks to which this regulation shall apply shall not exceed the following scale:—The wives of the regimental staff sergeants of each troop, battery, or company in the following proportions, viz.: 3 out of 4 or 5 sergeants; 4 out of 6 or 7; 5 out of 8 or 9; and 6 out of 10 or upwards. The wives of all other non-commissioned officers and men, in the proportion of 5 to 60; and above the number of men at the rate of 8

per cent. of the whole number of the regiment, battalion, troop, battery, company, or detachment.

3. As a rule, unmarried soldiers should be first accommodated in barracks; any surplus accommodation should then be allotted to married soldiers in the above proportions; and any married soldiers not in excess of the above numbers still remaining unprovided with quarters should receive lodging allowance; it being clearly understood that the sergeants and soldiers having at present a separate room permanently set apart for their use are not included among the number of married soldiers entitled to the advantage of this circular; and that in no case are the numbers of those accommodated in barracks, or drawing lodging-money for want of accommodation, to exceed the number referred to in Article 2.

4. The lodging-money of married soldiers, for whom room cannot be found in barracks, will be increased from 2d. to 4d. a-day. This allowance will be claimed on form No. 1 of circular 13 of the 1st of September, 1856, to which must be added the joint certificate of the commanding officer and the barrack-master that the number of married soldiers included therein do not, with the number accommodated in barracks, exceed those fixed by Article 2.

Whatever may be the pretensions of this fiat of the war minister, which, inadequate as it is, has only been extorted by the exigencies of the case, and the

rampant disgrace of the existing condition of our Barracks; we cannot see that it mends the matter very essentially.

When we think of the palpable, nay, the crying objections to the system which has been, most unaccountably, allowed to endure so long, in spite of complaint and remonstrance, together with — the greatest reproach of all—its disastrous consequences on the social condition and character of the army, we cannot but be surprised at the supineness and indifference with which it is met, and at the scarcely perceptible modification which the intended reform proposes. Morality in the army, indeed, seems to be looked upon as a hopeless and unattainable state of perfection, and the authorities give it up in despair; apparently—but we will hope unintentionally — encouraging its contrary by every means calculated to promote it. The routine of duty seems to be the only important consideration, and so long as that is not imperilled, any impropriety of conduct is ignored.

Those, even but slightly acquainted with the interior details of military life, must be tolerably well aware that the way in which married soldiers live, herded together like brutes, must necessarily prove as subversive of physical, as of moral salubrity to themselves and their offspring; and indeed the diseased and debilitated constitutions of soldier's children, tell a tale as melancholy in its way as

does their mental corruption, of the atmosphere of pollution and vice which they have been forced to breathe from their birth upwards. We take into account, of course, the insufficiency and inferiority of their nourishment, and the scantiness of their clothing, which contribute to render them more susceptible of the other unfavourable circumstances in which they are placed."

We observe that the lodging-money for the married men is doubled, being now fourpence per diem, but we are puzzled to guess where they will find a decent lodging for a family at two shillings and fourpence per week. It is no argument that it is twice as much as they had before—that only proves that the former sum was altogether ludicrously insufficient. Again, by the time we have looked through the conditions, and calculated the percentages, we shall see that it is virtually *four*, and *not* three families who receive the space allotted to twelve men; and knowing as we do, the proverbial objection of the English, even of the lower classes, to live in common, we cannot but wonder some better expedient is not adopted among men whose tone it should be our object—as it is our interest—to elevate by fostering, and not to crush by disregarding, any natural tendency we find in them to good. The self-respect of individuality, the pride of feeling himself master in his little domain, a jealous regard for the privacy of his domestic hearth, are all, not only

harmless, but valuable sentiments, which should be cultivated and turned to account.

A man may have a quarrel with his wife, and, should no one have been present, after the affair is made up, it is forgotten, and there is an end of it; but let this same little dispute occur in the presence of other men, women, or children, he is fallen in their esteem as well as in his own; his character has received a blot, and should he chance to have been previously a well-conducted man, his traditional respectability is once and for ever tarnished. He has no longer the same interest in maintaining his reputation, and becomes indifferent to it, repeating the offence in the first unguarded moment, thus reducing himself down to, if not below, the level of those to whom he was once superior, and to whom he had before served as a model. This, however, mischievous as it is, is but one among the many evils arising out of the same circumstances.

Perhaps one of the worst results of this system of herding families together is the continual contention to which it gives rise. Thus when the husband's exercise is over, and he returns to his comfortless fireside, the chances are that he finds the entire place in a hubbub. Here are the six wives, each with her brood of little ones, whose shrill treble forms a sharp chorus to the discordant complaints with which the close atmosphere rings. Alas! that these young souls should be brought up

amid such associations. What a contrast, in after-years, to the retrospect which childhood's days ought to supply.

"And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence and bliss.
And fairest imagery round me thronged:
'Dew-drops at dayspring on a Seraph's locks;'
'Roses that bathe about the well of life;'
'Young Loves,' young Hopes, dancing on morning's cheek."

In place of this, what do we find?

"See here," says Molly Martin, "here's Betty Jackson's been and went and giv'd me this 'ere black eye all along of—"

"Nay but I didn't, and you're a lyin' as you always is," retorts Betty, setting her arms akimbo—"you knows it was you as began, about my blessed babby, and then Jane Sales, she told you, you was always a-brawlin', and 'twas her and not me as hit you, when you throwed the—"

"Now don't you say nothin' along of *my* wife," bursts in Sales, "you'll, may-be, get the wust of it if you do. I'd have you remember how she walloped Patty Parsons t'other day, when she scalded our Bob."

"Ah, well! the less you say about that the better," bawls out Patty's husband, who is tired with his day's work, and not in the best humour—"that's an old score; but, man, it's not paid off yet, and since you've named it that there way, I'm your match;

come and let's fight it out, I'll take the shine out of you, my boy, if I swings for it; and as for your wife —"

"How, now, what's about me, fellow?"

"Hold your tongue, wife, and let me mind my own."

"Not a bit of it; if she wants to know all I can say of the likes of her, she shall hear it, and everyone else too."

"Now, by jingo, if you says one word more, I'll split your scull for you, and here's the first taste of it."

An uplifted arm is seen; the man attacked assumes a fighting attitude; some of the women applaud, the wives side with their husbands and exasperate each other with ferocious looks and coarse words; the children scream and run about in alarm. Some of the men try to separate the combatants, and the tableau is at its height, when a sergeant appears at the door, and a scene of another description succeeds.*

* We are glad to see that this evil has been observed, and appears likely to be some day modified. At Sheerness, and we believe elsewhere, an attempt is on the eve of being made, and an extensive range of buildings is now under process of rapid preparation, with the intention that the married soldiers, for whom they are designed, should take possession of them before the approaching winter. The block of buildings is constructed for eighty families, each of whom will be provided with separate rooms, according to their rank and the number in family. The building will be replete with every comfort and convenience, the

Such are and such must be the consequences of the present gregarious system of lodging families.

"Those who constructed, as well as those who appointed these places to their present use," says a military correspondent of one of the army journals, "seem not to have been actuated by any regard for space, ventilation, or other sanitary considerations. The married men," he observes, "are stowed away on the ground-floor, in low, narrow, ill-ventilated rooms, of which the area is equal to twenty feet square; the walls are six feet high, with the ceilings slightly arched towards the centre, and the solitary window, about half the size of an ordinary one, is placed at the end, opening into a corridor." I visited three of these singular apartments, and learned that each contained *three married couples*, with from six to ten children, of ages between three months and twelve years. Of the single men, a large portion are packed into storehouses, with crazy skylights and stone floors, in numbers so disproportioned to the space, that when the beds, which stand close together, are let down at night, they overlap each other at the feet, and thus convert the whole surface into a uniform plane, whence, the lights being extinguished at nine o'clock, none of the twenty soldiers can move

rooms being large and well-proportioned, and the ventilation is to be specially attended to. The damp is also excluded by a new process in the construction. This will indeed be an immense desideratum obtained.

without stumbling over the bodies of their sleeping comrades."

Further grievances are mentioned, which we may be dispensed from describing; all this can well be imagined where the authorities are so indifferent to the commonest suggestions of salubrity and propriety.

We pass on to another abuse, disgraceful in its action as disastrous in its effects, and calling loudly for reform—the system of JOBBERY,—for it really *is* a system—which, while prevailing in a greater or less degree in all our public institutions, adds an additional item to the catalogue of army mismanagement.

The proceedings at Weedon, which—as the member for Brighton observed—were "enough to make the hair of every honest man's head to stand on end," are well nigh forgotten by all but those who suffered by them; the mistakes, misfortunes, and miseries of the Crimean campaign, which lowered the prestige of England in the eyes of all Europe, are now remembered only as "a national visitation," (!) giving rise to controversies (humiliating enough, it is true) the very last which the public would wish to see revived, while the *Times*, which lets the responsible parties down so gently, admits that "the culpable authors have succeeded in evading official censure." Although this universal authority allows, further on, that "the cavalry of the British army was reduced to a distressing spectacle, humbled in the eyes of its allies and discredited in its own esteem," he knows that animadversion upon

the notorious mismanagement—to say nothing more —which brought it about is unavailing, and the detail of disgrace breaks off with, "but enough—it is in vain to plunge more deeply into the shocking statistics of this miserable business, or to dwell on disclosures at the enormity of which the public mind revolted with horror," and therefore—we suppose—the matter is to be hushed up!

Some attempt at amendment, however, appears to be contemplated. A few improvements of importance to the material comfort and moral welfare of the men have been introduced at Aldershott, for we learn that at Chatham garrison, as well as at other places, a handsome range of buildings for the soldiers' institute is being erected. These erections will comprise reading-room, two coffee-rooms, class-rooms, a lecture-room, and theatre capable of holding 800 men. It is also intended to add a gymnasium, school of arms, shooting-gallery, and a covered skittle-alley, all for the exclusive use of the soldiers of the garrison.

We cannot but applaud this design; but at the same time when we note the enormous—unhappily we must add—the disproportionate outlay which these schemes always entail, we cannot help looking upon it as another excuse to job away public money.

We have, in another chapter, called the attention of our readers to the enormous cost of the camp at Aldershott, and the little there is to show for it; we will mention to them one trifling occurrence there, which came to our knowledge a short time since, and

we will add—*ex uno disce omnes.* A friend of our own, an officer quartered in the camp, requiring a paling round his hut, to enclose a bit of garden for his children, petitioned to have the same made. The government contractor measured the spot, marked out the fence with due formality, and gravely presented his estimate at £40! Our friend went to work in a different way, and got the work executed to his entire satisfaction for a £5 note!

Another and very similar instance was that of one of the officers at Aldershott, who, requiring three small windows opened in his hut, hesitated on finding the official charge would be £7. Subsequently, however, he had the alteration satisfactorily executed for 10s. 6d. by the prisoners.*

In an important Debate in the House, upon Army Estimates, in May 1861, we find some very significant facts stated, which show that we are not singular in feeling puzzled by the intricacies of office and the mystifications of jobbery.

Thus we find Colonel Dunne complaining that "it is impossible to ascertain the cost of a rifle in one of the government factories;"† an observation which was received with a "Hear, hear," showing that the experience of others went with his. "He found that from 1855 to the present time, no less than £910,000 had been spent on the government small arms factories, exclusive of buildings and plant, and £2,795,000

* Why is not prison-labour oftener resorted to?

† We believe £3 10s. to be the price.

—or nearly three millions—in the purchase of small arms. Altogether, the expenditure on that one head—within that time—would amount to some £4,000,000.

"He wanted to know what return had been obtained for that expenditure, and where all the small arms had gone to."—It is something like the question no one has yet been able to answer—"What becomes of all the pins?" "*The house,*" continued the gallant member, "*had a right to require that information.* (Hear, hear.) All he wished was that the troops should be armed and clothed in the most efficient and economical manner.

"He had called, and so had the honourable member for Liverpool, for returns on the subject of clothing. The prices on those returns varied; 20s. 6d. was given as the price for the tunic of a private of the line, but the actual price was only 18s. Why was this? The Honourable Under-Secretary for War should take care that his subordinates gave proper returns. He very much feared there was a disposition in some of the public offices to evade the returns ordered by the House of Commons, as far as possible."

Sir M. Peto's remarks tended to confirm the state of matters so broadly hinted at by the last speaker; in fact, the honourable member declared that he considered the condition of affairs most unsatisfactory, and that although he had done his best to master the details of these estimates, he had found it quite

impossible to make anything of them (! !). *When he compared the French army and its total expenditure with ours and its cost, he was perfectly frightened.*"*

Colonel Dickson complained loudly of the needlessly extensive staff of clerks of works, and other officials, and the extravagant amount of their salaries; the cost of the clothing factories too, he said, was gradually and regularly increasing; if expenditure was to be allowed to go on at this rate, it was impossible to tell where it would stop, and he proceeded to suggest that measures of economy should be *forced* upon the government.

Speaking of France in her military aspect, "It is a tremendous fact," says a recent leader in the *Times*, "that the catalogue of this vast army contains 6,871 captains, which, at 100 men to a company, gives a total of 687,100 soldiers under arms. These numerals get beyond the point at which numbers cease to convey any definite meaning to the mind—the im-

* Within the last twenty years there has been expended on barracks, huts, &c.:—At Colchester, £117,757; at Pembroke, £61,241; at Shoeburyness, £84,927; at Shorncliffe, £210,292; at Hythe, £26,864; at Fleetwood, £18,318. Much further expenditure is proposed, and has been approved by the Government —£50,000 for cavalry barracks at Colchester; £27,000 for additional accommodation and works and a church at Shoeburyness; £4,000 at Shorncliffe, and about the same sum at Hythe; and at Fleetwood £10,000 for purchase and alteration of bath-house, &c., nearly £10,000 more for hut encampment, and in a future year £18,000 for permanent barracks and hospital.

pression produced by them is like that of an astronomical distance.

"All we know is that 687,100 men form a large party of guests, and that they seem enough to swarm all over the world. Strengthened by discipline and rifled guns, and fed by well-organised commissariats, they appear capable of conquering and eating up any territory whereon they settle, and subduing any country in which they obtain a footing. But, lest it should be supposed that these are only men upon paper, we have duly detailed before us the present stations and the names of all the divisions of this giant army. They read like the description of the host of Xerxes. They differ in origin, in race, in uniform, and in arms. There are the Spahis in their white burnouses, remnants of the old Turks who ruled the Arabs before the French went to Algeria; the Arabs of the original Zouave levies, when the vagabonds of many races of Algeria were swept into the recruiting officer's net and drilled into soldiers; the Zouaves of a later date, when the vagabonds of Paris and the kithless outcasts of every country under Heaven were raked together and welded into, perhaps, the finest mass of soldiery which exists beyond these seas.

"There are the Chasseurs d'Afrique, baked in the desert, inured to hardship in the steeps of the Lesser Atlas, and mounted upon Arab horses, which combine the qualities of speed, endurance, and hardiness.

There are also the conscripts who come from every village in France, and who look like maidens when compared with the veterans of Africa and the Zouaves who have carried their eagles in the Crimea, in Italy, in Africa, and in Syria. Altogether, it is a varied and wonderful army. Even its staff is told off in numbers which would represent a force if placed in rank.

"There are 10 Field-Marshals; 94 Generals of Division on active service—enough to make a company; 162 Generals of Brigade—a very respectable forlorn hope; there are 1,370 Majors; and, as we have already said, there is a real *army* of 6,871 Captains. It is a mammoth machine on a mammoth scale. The cost must be tremendous;* but as that

* The estimate of the probable expense of *our* land force during the ensuing year is £14,606,751. Of this the sum actually required for the effective services is £12,493,943, the remainder going in the shape of half-pay, pensions, superannuation allowance, &c. The total number of men to be voted is 146,044. Although the greater number of the votes show an increase, yet, the saving effected on the others is great enough to reduce the total estimate 185,795*l.* below that of 1860-61. Of the total number of men (146,044), 7,388 are officers, 11,891 non-commissioned officers, and 126,765 rank and file. In this enumeration Her Majesty's British forces in the East Indies, not required to be voted, are not taken into account. Were these added the total number would amount to 212,773. Disregarding this, however, and referring simply to the forces to be voted, we find that the Horse Artillery numbers 1,516 of all ranks; the Life Guards and Horse Guards, 1,314; and the Cavalry of the Line, 10,796. In the Infantry we find that the Royal Artillery numbers 19,731;

cost is in a great measure contributed in kind by the people, the full amount is never brought out in

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the Royal Engineers, 4,535; the Military Train, 1,909; the Foot Guards, 6,307; the Infantry of the Line, 88,168; the Army Hospital Corps, 1,002; the Commissariat Staff Corps, 559; the West India Regiments, 3,422; and the Colonial Corps, 5,563. The Staff consists of 162 officers belonging to the general staff, exclusive of officers on regimental full pay; 198 to the commissariat staff, 473 to the medical staff, 238 to the staff of depôt battalions (112 non-commissioned officers being included in this number), 97 to the staff of recruiting districts (including 62 non-commissioned officers), and 90 commissioned chaplains. The total number of horses in the cavalry and infantry is 13,642. The vote for the pay and money allowances to the land forces is £43,299 in excess of that for the financial year nearly over. The vote may be divided into the following heads:—For staff pay and allowances, £326,898; for regimental pay and allowances, £1,310,844; for money allowances in the nature of pay, £269,855. These sums added together would amount to £1,907,597, but from this is to be subtracted £127,597 for the pay, &c., of men wanting to complete the establishment, the remainder being the amount of the vote. The first of these items is subdivisible, as follows:—For the General Staff, £93,777; for the Commissariat Staff, £53,062; for the Medical Staff, £105,031; for the miscellaneous and contingencies, £75,028. Elaborate tables are appended to the estimate, showing the detailed expenditure of the regimental pay, but it is not necessary for us to notice them; £69,200 of the total amount is good-conduct pay. The votes for the embodied militia is *nil*. The total vote of last year—£320,000—is therefore saved. The £133,276 to be voted for the Volunteer Corps, though comparatively small in amount, is particularly interesting in its details. The Yeomanry Cavalry have the lion's share of this vote. £91,311 odd being devoted to that branch of the Volunteer service, £41,964 to "other Volunteer corps."

figures. This great host is not, even in time of peace, all in France. The country would not contain it. It is ever seeking some theatre of action away from home."

More than half of the last-named sum, £27,375, that is, is devoted to the pay and forage allowance of 150 adjutants of Rifle Volunteer Corps at 10s. a day; the contingent allowances to the same, at the rate of £1 per company per annum, amount to £4,200. An increase of £5,609 is shown in the vote for the departments of the Secretary of State for War. The vote for manufacturing establishments, &c. is greater than that of last year by £24,690; on the vote, wages to artificers, &c., £4,787 is, however, saved. The vote for clothing and necessaries is in excess of the vote for last year by £201,416; that for provisions, forage, &c., by £178,457; and that for warlike stores by £112,493. The remaining votes, however, show considerable savings. In the vote for fortifications, £437,170 is saved; in that for civil buildings, £27,093; in that for barracks, £17,448; and in that for educational and scientific branches, £16,533. The large vote for warlike stores is made up in the following way:—For the purchase and repair of small arms, £524,732; iron, ordnance, shot, shell, &c., £124,383; gunpowder, and for saltpetre, charcoal, sulphur, and barrels used in the gunpowder factory, £144,687; machinery, £35,859; timber, £131,224; camp equipage, £52,193; miscellaneous stores, £790,539; for the purchase and repair of stores provided on the spot, and for the carriage of arms and other stores at the several stations at home and abroad, £10,500; materials, for packing, freight, and carriage of arms and stores, and other miscellaneous expenses, £19,004; building and repair of vessels and boats, the supply of sails, &c., and charge of hired vessels for the conveyance of stores to and from stations at home, £17,460; experiments, £20,000; total, £2,200,581.

As in the well-trained human frame, the nerves, the sinews, the muscles predominate, and there is no spare flesh, so the efficiency of an army for immediate operations consists in its cavalry, staff, train, and administrative services. To quote the comparison of the British and French armies,* with only twice and a half the number of foot soldiers, the latter have, speaking in round numbers, five times

* A Parliamentary return, moved for by General Upton, shewing the "strength" and "establishment" of the army, states that its strength on the 1st of April, 1857, was 9,983 sergeants, and 143,941 rank and file and drummers; on the 1st of April, 1858, the numbers were respectively 10,400 and 168,535; on 1st of April, 1859, they were 11,261 and 190,274; and in the course of the year ending the 1st of April, 1860, there was an increase to strength of 842 sergeants and 9,141 rank and file. During that year 27,808 recruits enlisted, besides which there were 1,278 volunteers from the militia; 2,588 men were discharged on account of the expiration of their service (about half of them after above twenty years' service), but 207 were re-enlisted within six months after discharge, and 1,191 did not take their discharge, but re-engaged at the expiration of twelve or ten years' limited service; 4,788 men died; 5,401 deserted, but 1,839 deserters were rejoined to the army; 4,046 were discharged for disability; 1,858 by purchase.

A return of the militia made to Parliament in August, 1861, shews that since the beginning of 1854, the embodied militia of the United Kingdom has furnished 42,733 volunteers to the regular army, and the disembodied militia 36,624. The estimates before the House of Commons this session provide for the training this year of 97,092 officers and privates of the disembodied militia; this is independent of the permanent staff, whose numbers are about 5,000.

as many in the administrative services, three times as many in the train, four times as many in the staff, and six times the cavalry that we have, besides ten times as many horses; while they have but one third more in the engineers, and about one half more in the artillery. Again, in the French service the proportion of officers to men is as one to sixteen, and in the English service as one to nineteen.

The French cavalry numbers 76,903; its artillery, 37,873; its train, 5,655; its "administrative services," 8,737; its horses, 85,705. This is eminently a locomotive army. All know the trouble *we* have to prepare a moderate force for an expedition. If we have to send 20,000 men far or near, it is all the same. What a fuss and inquiry for horses, artillery, waggons, ambulances, and officers competent for particular services! But here all is ready at a moment's warning. "A Frenchman with his sword," said Napoleon, "can march through the world."

We are sorry to observe that there exist many instances—trifling, perhaps, in themselves, but materially affecting the comfort, and therefore the contentment of the soldier, which a little attention, and a slight expense, would remove, but which, nevertheless, are passed by with unconcern, and remain unremedied, to the utter disregard of the evil results they are calculated to produce, and, unfortunately, *do* end in producing. As an instance, we quote the following

from the "Friend of India:" it relates a fact which must startle many of our readers, and we confess it is very difficult to believe, that, in the present day, there can be such stolidity in the organisation of any public institution.

"The long cold-weather evenings have now set in," says the account, "and the soldiers must be much in their barrack rooms. It is difficult to imagine anything more cheerless and disconsolate than the appearance these rooms present after nightfall. By some freak of cruel and ill-judged economy, one small, miserable light, suspended eight or ten feet above the floor, is all that is allowed for a large, lofty barrack room, containing from twenty to thirty men. It is possible, perhaps, by getting up on a table, and standing directly under the light, to read a book or a letter; but, on the whole, at the very time when the men are most disposed to take up a book or illustrated periodical, to write to their friends, or to improve their minds and their position by the study of the native languages, or useful and religious works, they are compelled, by want of light, to sit idle all the night, which means, for most of them, to drink, play cards, quarrel, and do worse. But it is not merely ill-judged and misplaced economy. The soldier, even the non-commissioned officer, is not allowed to light a lamp or a candle at his own expense. He and his family must sit in darkness. The pleasant evening reading is to him a forbidden luxury; and when the

one miserable night-light goes out, should himself or any of his family be suddenly attacked by cholera, or other disease, there is no help for it—he must wait till morning, or grope his way to the hospital as best he may. We do not know to whom is due the honour of having devised this petty torture, but we never met officer or soldier who did not consider it as one of the worst grievances of barrack life—the cause of endless and unnecessary annoyance, immorality, and discontent. We are confident that this cannot be known to men like Sir James Outram and the Commander-in-Chief, who have done, and are doing, so much to improve the soldier's social position and to increase his comforts, and that, as soon as known, it will be remedied. A few good lights make all the difference between a pleasant, comfortable room and a cheerless, gloomy prison. The boon we ask for is not much, but it would be gratefully received by every European soldier in India."

A very recent complaint has appeared in the public prints, shewing that barrack arrangements are as defective at home as in our colonies.

The writer has visited the Castle at Edinburgh, which contains the only infantry accommodation the country offers; and is surprised at its utter insufficiency. Not only have no measures been taken to adapt the building to its present use, and to render it convenient for the occupation of the troops, but

no intention seems to exist of removing the objections which one would think would strike every beholder as self-condemned.

The gallant veterans quartered here have to find a nook—under cover, it is true—but wherever they best may, within the ill-contrived dormitories, no attention being paid to comfort, or even to health.

Another instance of mismanagement and culpable squandering of public money, occurring in the middle of October, 1860, is only one among a thousand such; and if we quote it, it is simply to shew in what a variety of unsuspected ways the want of organisation in the administration of our subsidies may be not only damaging our pockets, but compromising our national character.

"While at Corfu, the Himalaya was ordered by the authorities there to proceed to Zante to take in 1,200 shells, for conveyance to England. These shells had but recently arrived *from* England, and *to* England they were ordered to be conveyed, there being no guns at Zante suitable for them! The guns were on their way from England to Zante, but of this fact it is presumed the authorities knew nothing: the 1,200 shells were placed on board the Himalaya, and by her conveyed to Malta, where Captain Seccombe brought the matter under the notice of the admiral and the governor, and the shells were landed by their order, to be again sent to Zante the first opportunity. Had Captain Sec-

combe not made the admiral and governor at Malta acquainted with this curious mode of returning stores, the shells would have been brought home to England, to be again sent out to Zante, at an immense cost to the country."—*Times*, Oct. 17, 1860.

Again, we may revert to the awful history of the "Great Tasmania," which excited so much public indignation in the month of March previous, but is possibly forgotten now. We will content ourselves with quoting one portion of this melancholy history, not for the pleasure of dwelling on details so harrowing, but merely to convince our readers that we are not exaggerating.

"The scene on board," says an eye-witness, "was heartrending. Out of 937 soldiers who started, seventy had been thrown overboard during the voyage! More than 300 were suffering from scurvy and dysentery, and of these, 130 were at the last extremity.

"Many of them lay upon the deck, and others, fortunate enough to have been provided with hammocks, were without any other covering than their wearing apparel. Their appearance was pitiful, and, in some instances, sickening. Men who, a few months ago, were hale and hearty, were literally reduced to skeletons by long-continued dysentery; their bones and sinews only covered by skin, and their faces, pale and emaciated, more like those of corpses than of living beings. On the evening of the ship's arrival, about 100 of the sufferers were taken to

the workhouse in spring carts. A message had been previously sent to the governor, requesting him to send down something to cover the invalids. Sixty rugs were returned, but they were insufficient, and forty men were laid in the carts half naked. One man died on the way. He had on a pair of drawers and a flannel singlet, both saturated with wet. So had he lain exposed to the weather, and so he died. His appearance was horrible—like that of a man who had been starved to death! * * *

If the account given by the men is correct, there is a serious responsibility resting somewhere. These soldiers were a portion of those who, refusing to be transferred from the service of the East India Company to that of Her Majesty, without receiving the usual bounty given to recruits, were discharged, and ordered to be sent home. The men say that, under the circumstances, but little consideration was paid to their comfort. *A contract was entered into to bring them home for £7 each, the Government undertaking to provide the stores.* A lot of old stores lying at Fort William, Calcutta, considered unfit for use there, was thought good enough for discharged soldiers. Bad bread, a short allowance of water, insufficient stores, and half rations, were but a small part of the grievances of these hapless creatures, entirely at the mercy of their cruel and greedy oppressors. *'The lime-juice was so bad, the doctor declared it unfit for use; but even after this it was*

used.' Sickness soon decimated the men, and was much increased by want of proper covering, while four out of every ten men were compelled to lie upon the bare boards!"

This is but a small part of the cruel and disgraceful story, and we might go on to tell of beef condemned by the surgeon; of beer short of measure, and so sour it was obliged to be thrown overboard; and of biscuit only fit to be used for ballast! of preserved vegetables, the smell of which was offensive; and of one of the poor fellows, who died on landing, on whom the clothes he wore weighed no more than 11b. 15oz.!!

Need we make any comment on so lamentable, so discreditable a tale? Alas! it is a mere episode in our military history—

"Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli!"

It is with no view of excusing those at whose door the blame of all this lies, that we add the observation that the English soldier does not seem made to stand this rough treatment, and it crushes him in camp, just as it did in campaign. It is, apparently, not in his nature to resist bodily hardship, and he sinks under it.

There is an impression, not altogether an erroneous one, in the French army, since their experience in the Crimea, that "the English soldier is the best paid, the best fed, and the best clothed soldier in

Europe, and yet he is always grumbling; the fact is," say they, "he is spoiled. He can provide nothing for himself; and once out of the regular routine of barrack life, he is helpless."

Against the infamous connivance which goes on between Quartermasters and Contractors, to the detriment of the men, who are thereby mercilessly victimised in every article supplied to them, we can scarcely animadvert too strongly.

The unblushing effrontery with which it is carried out can only be explained by the fact that it is fully, though not, of course, officially known to the authorities, who content themselves with ignoring it. The Quartermaster, it is well known, is dissatisfied with his pay, though really, for a man raised from the ranks, we think 6s. 6d. per diem a very sufficient remuneration; and they do not care to enter into any discussion which would result in a demand for an increase which could not be granted. In the existing state of things it costs nothing to allow it, and no one suffers but the men, who dare not, and do not complain, *i. e.* complain *aloud;* for of course it is one of the vexations which add to their discontent, and there is murmuring enough about it, *sub rosâ.* One of these Quartermasters, in conversation with a person who communicated the fact to us, stated, in a matter-of-course kind of way, that "last month he had not made more than £30 in addition to his pay." It may surprise the uninitiated that a

man's unlawful perquisites can amount to so considerable an average as a pound a day! but when we consider the various transactions which pass through the Quartermaster's hands, and how extremely rare it is for a superior officer to interfere with his arrangements, it is the more easily understood. It is not only those for stores and provisions (*de bouche*)—for the cloth of which the coats are made—for shoes and other large and important supplies which are subject to their peculation, but many more items, which one would almost suppose, from their trifling nature, to be beneath the notice of those who have the fingering of these larger dealings. Nothing seems too petty, nothing too contemptible; for we must remember that if the article be small, the large number required, immediately renders it a matter of importance; among those we may mention as bringing in large returns, is the supplying of knives and forks and other similar *fournitures*, which, as the soldier is not only compelled to possess, but to be provided with in the authorised way, proves a source of no inconsiderable profit. The Quartermaster purchases these articles wholesale, and, indifferent as to the quality, grinds down the manufacturer to the lowest possible figure, paying at the rate of perhaps fourpence each for them; now as he sells them, and moreover is certain of disposing of his stock, at eightpence, he at once doubles his capital.

If this be a legitimate way of doing business, why

does not the *country* profit by the advantage thus obtainable? There is no doubt that the supineness of those who allow this greedy traffic and sharp practice is highly reprehensible, and we know of instances where officers—men of high principle—being placed in supervision, and refusing to wink at these abuses, so far from being thanked for it, have been given to understand, not only that their course was quite unusual and altogether contrary to etiquette, but that they were making themselves exceedingly disagreeable.

One such officer, when quartered with his regiment at Gibraltar, being one day appointed to examine the meat supplied by the contractor, found it so indifferent in quality, and so unfit for food, that he refused to pass it.—"Where is the use of all this fuss?" said the Quartermaster; "if you send it back, the men won't get their dinners till four o'clock."—"I can't help it," rejoined the Captain; "my business is to see the men properly supplied, and I don't consider that meat either fit for their consumption or worth the money paid for it; I cannot, therefore, *say* that it will do; so go back it must." And go back it did, for he supported his opinion by an appeal to the surgeon, who quite agreed with him; but what was the consequence? Four o'clock came, and with it the men's meat, which proved to be the *same stuff returned!* Another officer, however, was then on duty, who was *less* scrupulous, and he did allow it to pass.

We can furnish another perfectly well-authenticated instance of a similar occurrence, where, not very long ago, some meat which had been in like manner rejected by the authorities at Carlisle, was dispatched post-haste by railway to Plymouth, where it was actually served to the garrison, with the additional corruption which must have accrued during the succeeding hours, the heat of the weather, and the closeness of packing.

A case of considerable importance to the soldier was, as lately as April, 1861, brought before the magistrates at Portsmouth, at the instance of the Inspector of Weights and Measures for the borough. That gentleman, in stating the case, said that he entered the stores of the 2nd battalion 11th Regiment, where the meat is weighed for issue to the troops after its receipt from the commissariat stores. On announcing himself as the inspector, the contractor's man, who was engaged in weighing out the meat, made a movement towards the scales, on the pin of which the inspector found a piece of the thin flank of the beef, about 4½oz. The weight in use for the quarter-pound was also found to weigh only 2oz. Some of the messes of meat which had been served out were re-weighed by the inspector, and were found to be 5oz. light. The information had been laid against Mr. Harris, the contractor, for having light weights in his possession. At the conclusion of the evidence the magistrates retired to

consider their decision, and on returning to the court the senior magistrate, addressing the accused, said—"The evidence of the inspector places beyond a doubt that the soldiers of the 2nd battalion of the 11th Regiment have for some time been cheated of the meat issued to their messes, in a most discreditable manner; and although you, Mr. Harris, as the contractor, benefited in an indirect manner from the imposition, yet, as you do not appear to have been a party to it, the information against you cannot be sustained. If, however, you have any regard for your own character, you will forthwith dismiss from your service with disgrace, the servant employed by you in weighing the meat on the occasion in question. Nearly all the witnesses examined have also proved an absence of system or regularity in the superintendence of the issue of the meat."

But this is not all; within the last few months the authorities connected with the Commissariat Department at Chatham have discovered that the persons under contract to supply meat to the several barracks at that garrison have latterly been in the habit of substituting indifferent meat for meat of prime quality, which, by the terms of their contract, they were bound to supply to the troops of the garrison. The discovery of the system practised appears to have been made a short time ago, in a purely accidental manner, by some parties who were invited to attend the garrison on the occasion of fresh tenders being required, when

the specimens of meat then in course of being served out to the troops were examined, on which it was found that the whole was of a most inferior quality, and of a kind that ought never to have been delivered for consumption. On the subject being brought under the notice of Major-General Eyre, commanding the forces of the garrison, and Assistant Commissary-General Ibbetson, a board of officers was immediately assembled, to examine and report upon the meat then delivered, the result of which was that the whole was condemned and pronounced unfit for food, and the supply required for the day purchased of private butchers, at the expense of the contractors. On several days successively General Eyre directed a board of officers to be assembled to inspect the meat, and in nearly every instance the board condemned the supply furnished, and refused to allow it to be cooked for the troops. On one occasion no less than 700lbs. weight were rejected, and a fresh supply purchased at the expense of the army butchers. The result of the discoveries made has been that a report of the whole of the circumstances has been laid before the authorities at the Horse Guards, and it is understood that the contractors at present supplying meat to the garrison will cease to do so at the termination of the present contract.

In consequence of the above discoveries, a new system, by which the men will kill their own meat, in large *abattoirs* to be constructed for the purpose,

will be adopted, and in the mean time more effective measures, under the direction of Major-General Eyre, commanding the district, will be taken to prevent a recurrence of such practices on the part of the contractors. With this view, the Assistant Commissary General of the garrison, accompanied by an officer specially selected for that duty, and one of the Sergeants connected with the barrack department, will attend at the slaughter-houses of the contractor each morning, and after inspecting the animals selected to be killed, in order to ascertain from personal inspection that they are in all respects fit for food, will witness their being killed, and as soon as they are dressed will place his seal on the carcass of each. On the arrival of the meat at the several barracks for distribution to the troops, the seals will be examined in order to ascertain that they have not been tampered with, after which it will be cut up for the troops. By these precautions, none but really good meat will in future be allowed to be sent to the barracks for the use of the soldiers.

Assistant Commissary General Ibbetson has not only condemned meat at Chatham on several occasions—he has also condemned meat at Sheerness, and both bread and meat at Maidstone. Fresh supplies, in these cases, were purchased at the cost of the contractors. The beef thus condemned was not diseased; it was, however, of unwholesome quality.

The meat supplied to the men at Gibraltar, it ap-

pears, is never of the best, or even of good quality; the mutton, which they get occasionally, is just eatable; but the Barbary beef is black, tough, juiceless, and tasteless; it is moreover lean and ill-fed, and offers but little nutriment; the allowance is one pound per man, including bone, gristle, fat, &c.

We might excuse its insufficiency in all these respects on the plea that there was none better to be had; but, strange to say, this is not the case; for, incredible as it may seem, the convicts in the same station, but who are supplied by the *civil* authorities, have one pound and a quarter of meat of a very superior description. They have also, with sweetened cocoa, meal, barley, rice, and vegetables of the best quality, the same quantity of better bread, and they are better lodged. It must be remembered that they sleep every night in bed, and therefore ought to be worse, and not better, fed than the soldier, who, of course, takes his turn in the night watches, and requires more sustenance.

It is surprising that these poor fellows never complain; and yet, used as they are to this diet, there are many days in the year when it is totally impossible to eat it, and they contentedly dispense with their meal.

Of the courage, the zeal, the ardour, the alacrity, the manly bearing—in short, of all those attributes of the British soldier which are called into being and fostered by that magic and mysterious influence

known as *esprit de corps*, we can only speak in terms of eulogium; indeed, they are undisputed by any; and if we do not enter upon them here, it is because we are indicating the points wherein he differs from, not those in which he resembles his French contemporaries; but we may remark here, because we believe the public in general have no idea of it, and consider the French army of Louis Philippe equivalent in a moral point of view to the French army of to-day, that in moral and religious tone the superiority of the latter is beyond a question.

And first, as regards the *physique*, let us examine the men composing respectively our own and the French armies, for in external appearance there can be no question ours has the pre-eminence.

When we think of the *soldat*, does not our imagination picture to us a detachment of troops such as we have so often seen marching to some lively martial air down the broad pavement of the Rue de Rivoli—the shabbiest, meanest, almost the most diminutive of men! Our eye is offended by the inaccuracy of the "line" they do *not* keep; and—well drilled and strictly disciplined though they be—we are surprised and disappointed to observe that no two of their bayonets are held at the same angle or point in the same direction; for the irregularity worries an English eye accustomed to the mathematical accuracy of all our military evolutions, the

whole body appearing as if set in motion by a gigantic steam-engine.*

Yet it would seem that all this external precision, imposing as it no doubt is, has but a superficial value, and it is no essential characteristic of a military nation; for there is no doubt, we suppose, as to which, of the English or French, can lay the first claim to that distinction. The fact is pointed to, no less by traditional than by actual experience, although our ci-devant ideas and theories founded thereon are somewhat disturbed by the popular volunteer movement among all classes in England. We have, however, a singular proof of the initiatory nature of the warlike tastes and pursuits of our neighbours, in the circumstance that nearly all our military terms are borrowed from them—literally borrowed, for they are not even translated, they are fairly transplanted into our language; and this is far from being *all* that our army has borrowed from them.†

* We shall soon be no longer able to point to this characteristic of a division of French soldiers—among the modifications the Emperor has this year made at Châlons, is a marked improvement in this very matter, bearing as it does on the external appearance of the troops. Even the pace is altered. Slow step is abolished, and the "*pas ordinaire*" is ordered to be in future 77 to the minute, and 110 to the minute double quick. In addition to these decisions, the *pas gymnastique* has been introduced into the Line, so that when a soldier wants to get into place, instead of having recourse to irregular running, as formerly, he will advance by the regularly appointed step.

† Among the military accessories we owe to the French, as

Again, observe the little children in both countries. While English boys are playing at horses—for driv-

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many are doubtless aware, is that formidable and important arm the bayonet, which is entirely of French origin, having been invented at Bayonne in 1644. Brought under trial in the first instance in the regiment of the Royal Fusiliers in 1670, and subsequently introduced into general use, it necessarily considerably modified the system of military science in Europe. The cavalry assumed a different aspect, and became much less formidable with regard to the infantry, and the fire of the lines of battle has since that time been no longer regarded as the principal means of action. The bayonet has become an important weapon in modern warfare, and is much in use among the French and the Russians. The Austrians are not fond of it.

Local tradition assigns to a small hamlet in the environs of Bayonne, the honour of being the locality in which this arm of war first appeared, and under the following circumstances.

Some Basque peasants had encountered in a desperate struggle a party of Spanish smugglers. The Basques finding their ammunition exhausted, and being unable to answer to the fire of their enemies, bethought themselves of the expedient of fixing their knives to the end of their muskets, and thus armed, routed their opponents. The idea was considered so happy, that the invention of the bayonet was the immediate result.

This arm soon became general in Europe; after the king's regiment had been provided with them, many others received them; the first of these in 1676 and in 1678, about the time of the peace of Nimeguen. All the grenadiers were furnished with bayonets, but the cylindrical member, or socket fitting on the outside of the barrel, and leaving the bore of the muzzle free for firing, which gives it its great practical utility, was a later improvement; a fruitless endeavour to perfect it having been made in the time of Louis XIV. Previously to this, says Bar-

ing is with us quite as marked a national taste as fighting is with them—the French youth, whether

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din, the bayonet was a species of dagger, of which the handle fitted into the barrel, and prevented the gun from firing.

The first battle in which the bayonet was employed with serious effect was that of Turin, in 1692; but it was only at the battle of Spires, in 1703, that the first charge with the bayonet was executed. From that epoch to the Revolution of 1792, the bayonet was often used, for the Prince de Ligne already called it "*une arme toute française*," to express the skill with which the French knew how to handle it, but its full scope only came to light in the wars of national independence. The "ball is wild," says Suwarrow, "the bayonet is prudent."

The first time we find bayonets alluded to in the annals of the English army, is in a document proceeding from Charles II., in 1672, in which this passage appears * * * "the souldiers of the severall troopes are to carry each of them one matchlock musquet with a collar of bandaliero, and also to have and to carry one bayonet or great knive."

Grose, in his "Antiquities," bears testimony to the French origin of the improvement above alluded to, in the following anecdote, in which the English received a practical lesson they were not likely to forget, under Billy the Dutchman.

"In one of the campaigns of William III., in Flanders, occurred an engagement in which fought three French regiments, whose bayonets were made to fix after a new fashion; one of these advanced against the 25th regiment with fixed bayonets. Colonel Maxwell, who commanded it, immediately ordered his men to screw their bayonets into their muskets—the only mode they then knew—to receive them. What was his surprise, when, arrived within a proper distance, the French threw in a heavy fire, which for a moment staggered his people, who by no means expected such a greeting, not knowing how it was possible to fire with fixed bayonets."

under the eye of their *bonnes* in the Tuileries, or left to wander as uncontrolled *gamins* on the Boulevards, choose for their games and their toys all such as are indicative of warfare in miniature.

They seem to have it in them; and when we look at those desperate, determined fellows the Zouaves, we ask ourselves whether any population but that of Paris could ever have produced them?

It may be perfectly true that the French troops are far from presenting the imposing appearance of those dashing, showy regiments who dazzle the bewildered senses of the money-making cockney as he walks back from business through the London Parks, saying to himself, with conscious self-sufficiency, "Those are *my* countrymen,—those splendid specimens of humanity are of *my* race—they are the defenders of *my* wealth. Yes, the soldiers of *my* country are the finest fellows in the world!"—but it is also true that if *they* are the men for show, the French are the men for work. The loose roomy attire, too, destitute of smartness and altogether wanting in that trim, dapper aspect we admire so much—has its significance; and if it contribute to disfigure the *appearance* of a French regiment, ample compensation is made in the free, unshackled movement it allows to the limbs of the wearer. We need scarcely point out the fitness of the French soldier for action, his agility of movement and well-adapted form, his intelligent eye and ready apprehension, these natural advantages are obvious.

Now, as regards the *moral*, it is difficult fairly to

institute a comparison; for the soldiers of the two nations respectively are dissimilar in origin, and are manufactured in a totally different way; the material of which the army is composed is different—the influences under which they are placed are different—and the incentives to action are different.

Gibbon tells us that, in the Roman army, "the race of men born to the exercise of arms was sought for in the country rather than in cities; and it was very reasonably presumed that the hardy occupations of smiths, carpenters, and huntsmen would supply more vigour and resolution than the sedentary trades which are employed in the service of luxury."

This is, to a great extent, the policy adopted in France; for the French soldier being levied on all classes indiscriminately, a very large proportion must naturally be drawn from the rural population. Besides the advantages which the army thus shares in common with the old Roman troops, there is this, that in France, the fact of a man's being a soldier is not—as almost universally in England—an intimation of his antecedents. With us the soldier is for the most part taken not only from the lowest class, but from the dregs of that class. The French soldier is removed, it is true, often from a totally primitive and unsophisticated atmosphere into a very mixed society; but those who come from the rural districts, and, therefore, the great majority, are, as we have already intimated, either restrained from

much that is wrong, or are led to revert to much that is right, by the strong power of early association and the endearing recollections of home. Again, the English private—unless in very exceptional cases—never rises above a certain grade, while every young conscript who enters the ranks may aspire to the highest military honours.

"*Le fantassin,*" says a modern French writer, whose opinion of the army of his country is founded on close and intelligent observation, "has not that elegance which distinguishes the picked regiments. He does not possess that sparkling wit and dashing spirit which characterize other corps; neither can he boast that science and that precision which seem almost the heritage of the engineers and of the artillery; but he has valuable substitutes for these qualities.

"The foot soldier is modest: he does not seek to intimidate the '*pékins*'* by noisy boasting. He does not create riots in the *cabarets,* neither does he seek the first place there. He is no braggart; but when he is asked to recount his campaigns, the listeners are surprised to find in him a hero who does not seem conscious that he is one.

"When France claimed the succour of his arm, he quitted the plough to assume the gun; but when he joined the regiment, he did not leave behind him

* An expression of contempt, by which the soldiers designate civilians, who in their turn call them "piou-pious."

the rustic simplicity of his tastes and habits. He still loves his native fields and hills; he thinks with longing affection upon the thatched roof of his infancy and the parents who are passing their few remaining years in solitude under its shelter, awaiting his return; and he does not forget his betrothed, who weeps while she hopes. He knows that his aged father, bowed down with years, can no longer vigorously trace the furrow which fertilizes the ground; and he is sad when he remembers that the peasant girl who has plighted to him her vows has no longer his strong and devoted arm to lean upon as she returns to her cottage after the winter *veillées;* but more than all these, he thinks of his mother—that mother who loved him so tenderly —who parted with him so anxiously! He sees her wasted form, night by night, in his dreams bending over her distaff, and he counts the tears that fall upon the linen which she weaves, as she reflects that it may not be for her son.

"These memories of the domestic hearth form trying recollections for the soldier fighting in a distant clime; but he knows that, above and before his family, he owes himself to his native land, the sacred and extended family of every Frenchman; and sacrificing to the holy cause all his affections, he contributes his body to form the rampart of his country.

"The *fantassin* is the truest personification of devotedness. The glitter of war dazzles him not

—the trumpet flourish of victory does not deafen him to the piteous cries of the wounded; and when he strikes down an enemy, he is saddened by the thought that that enemy is his fellow-creature, and that he too may have a mother.

"The devotedness of the *fantassin* is so much the more admirable that he is not in all cases actuated by the golden enticements of an officer's epaulette, which holds so fascinating a charm before the eyes of his brethren in arms. The great majority seek not advancement. Their only hope is to return safe and sound to their native village, after having liberally paid their debt to the country. If there be one object on which the *fantassin* fixes his ambitious views, it is that he may become a *voltigeur* or a *grenadier*. Unseduced by the attraction of military grades, he would delight in proving to those who know him in his village that he, among all, has been chosen as a '*soldat d'élite*.'

"To obtain this envied distinction, the foot soldier preserves during the longest marches a calm and unaltered countenance, and defies the keenest eye to detect in its workings traces of weakness or suffering, in order that if the colonel, as he rides past, should notice him, he may say, 'There is an intrepid fellow;' and yet for the last five hours the sun has been drawing moisture from every pore in his skin; upon his smarting flesh the dust has accumulated, stinging him as if a swarm of bees had settled there; a burning thirst parches his throat, and the heat of his

breath dries up his lips; his shoulders are cut by the straps of his knapsack, and its enormous weight crushes him; his knees vacillate; and his feet, covered with blisters, must still step on in the deep sand. Never mind! he must brave all this, and he raises his head proudly, every time a breath of wind sweeps past, in order that, arrived among the first at the camp, he may be named voltigeur, if of the small race of Provence, or grenadier, if he should chance to be one of the giants of Alsace.

"Say now, you who smile at his small ambition, when, after asking an African soldier if he has taken any rank, he answers proudly, 'I am a grenadier!' —would you undertake to suffer only for a few days the trials by which he has earned the red epaulette?

"The self-esteem of the '*soldat d'élite*' is such, the consciousness of his merit is so well understood by himself, that, when—overcome by the crushing fatigues of a long march—he has been compelled to lie down by the side of the road, he has been known to take off his epaulettes, and to hide behind a hedge the shame of his weakness."

The system of promotion in the French army is, there is no doubt, the grand secret of its strength. This spirit of ambition in the soldier is a noble sentiment, and it is a wise policy to encourage it. Raise a man in his own esteem, and he will rarely fall below the standard you have proposed to him, though he may rise above it. It is, besides, the exact prin-

ciple by which an army ought to be regulated. The only wonder is that, without it, any man should care to accept the risks of a soldier's career. We have, however, enlarged on this subject in another chapter, and will only add here an anecdote which Massena used to be fond of relating, and which bears upon the point. Desirous of ascertaining the feeling of the men on the subject of an important engagement which was to come off on the following day, he disguised himself and strolled into the camp. Coming upon a group of soldiers engaged in discussing the matter in question, he paused to hear their observations.

"There will doubtless be something to be got," said one, who was less aspiring in his views than the generality of his companions in arms. "I hope I shall be able to lay my hand on some socks, for my feet are quite blistered since my stock of them was worn out. I daresay you won't be sorry to get some too."

"That I shall not," replied the second, following up the train of thought suggested to him, "though I had rather have some shirts, for mine are altogether gone to rags. What say *you*, comrade?" said both, addressing themselves to the third.

"Well, since you ask me," replied the youth, contemptuously, and with characteristic ambition, "I hope I shall have an opportunity of doing something that will win me the cross of the legion of

honour. What care I for socks and shirts? I want to become an officer, like our general; and why should I not? Was not he just such another *pauvre gredin* to begin with?"

Great alterations have been introduced of late in the "*composition*" of the French army; and the effect they have already produced, shows it to be a most sensitive body, keenly alive to every modification, and ready in a moment to respond to the intentions of its leader.

Re-enlistments—rarely known before 1848—are now becoming very frequent, so that the ranks now teem with what we call "old soldiers." The advantages offered under the present system, to such as continue to serve their country after their time is up, seem to form a strong inducement, of which the Emperor has taken advantage.

It is only "old soldiers" who by the new regulation can become substitutes or *remplaçants*, and these now receive 2,000frs. The term of service after which the soldier is entitled to a pension is now twenty-five years, and the pension in question is almost twice what it was.

One year's campaigning counts the same as two years' service, and the rank of non-commissioned officer is the reward which almost every well-conducted soldier may reckon upon obtaining after a certain length of service. If he have not entirely merited this distinction, he is, at all events, sure of the

medaille, and with it of 400frs. pension. The addition to these chances is that of the Imperial Guard, to which all are eager to belong.

All this goes far to render the profession of arms popular in France, and also to increase the popularity of the Emperor, who would almost have made a military nation out of the most degenerate races, had he ever taken them in hand. What then ought he not to have done for France, where he found such *matériel* to mould?

The foot-soldier is remarkable for his extreme cleanliness, order, and regularity. He polishes with pride his cartouche-box, which might serve him for a looking-glass, and his belt is always shining. He cleans and preserves his arms with scrupulous attention; and his clumsy shoes are as well blacked as the most dandified pumps: his promptitude and punctuality are proverbial. In one word, the French foot-soldier is the most perfect type of abnegation in self-devotion, and of modesty in heroism.

What the French soldier is in France, that is he also when transplanted to a foreign soil. We have seen him in Algeria, where he may be said to develop and expand; we have admired him in the Crimea, under hardships which put his endurance to a very severe test, and in Italy, where glory was his guiding-star and his lure to deeds of prowess; we have seen him in Rome, where the soldier of 1860 has added to his military reputation the glory of having redeemed the character of the soldier of 1850—a

period when the French army was just beginning to emancipate itself from the disastrous results of the miserable policy of its infidel king.

We will say a few words of the *soldat du Pape* in his turn. With regard to military service, the fatigues, and discipline of war, we may compare him to the *Chasseur d'Afrique* or the *Zouave*. He is no more spared than is the soldier of Belgium or France, in the most active and best organised regiments.

He carries cheerfully his knapsack with its ordinary contents, he shoulders a *fusil rayé* of the first quality, though its weight rather exceeds that of the dandy's walking cane. At the nod of his commander, he will start on a march of several leagues, laden with provisions and articles of encampment. He wears at the present moment the costume of the French *Chasseur*, but in a short time it is said he will enjoy the gratification of seeing himself metamorphosed into a Zouave.

He is a soldier, he receives the "*solde*" according to the etymology of his name; and we may as well state here, by way of a long parenthesis, *what* it is he receives. It will be an answer, given in passing, to those would-be newsmongers who advance the wholly unfounded statement that the Pope's brigade are ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-managed, and ill-treated.

The soldier, then, who leaves his home to defend the cause of the Holy Father, receives the sum necessary for his journey, and beyond this he obtains a premium

of 153fr. 50c. (or above six pounds) if he sign an engagement for four years. A third of this premium is added to his "*masse.*" He is clothed and fed at the expense of the pontifical government. As to the daily pay, the private soldier receives from four to five bajocchi, according to the price of provisions. The first-class soldier—he who has earned one *galon*—receives one bajocco more; the corporal with two *galons*, gains two extra—a much more munificent pay than that of the French or Belgian armies; the officers and non-commissioned officers are paid with the same liberality.

In order to understand the life of a Papal volunteer, let us glance at the order of the day, and follow the execution of it in its smallest details.

The soldier rises at half-past four o'clock, except when there is an extraordinary exercise in the manœuvring ground, such as the *école des tirailleurs*, or ball-practice. He is fond of this exercise, and not without reason; it affords him the excitement and variety of a walk in the brisk morning air—of being dispersed in groups about the fields—of walking over the ground in every direction—of leaping the ditches when they are happily in the way—of paddling in the mud when there is any—of testing his skill against that of others in all sorts of positions, each more fatiguing than the other—in short, of returning home after three or four hours of wholesome gymnastics, covered with perspiration and with dust,

hungry and thirsty, and quite ready to do justice to his modicum of soup.

This diversion does not greet him every day; it is replaced by the ordinary exercise of five hours' duration, which is found peculiarly calculated to give an appetite. On these occasions the distribution of food takes place at eight o'clock. The portion of bread is so abundant that few soldiers can eat more than half their allowance, consequently they can sell a loaf every two days, and thus add two bajocchi more to their pocket-money.

Bread, it is well known, is to the foreign soldier only an accessory. His food is soup; he takes it twice a day, and the first time as early as nine A.M. Each man has his *gamelle*, or pewter porringer, well filled with a mess consisting of good broth, meat, potatoes, cabbage and beans: all this mixed and stewed together, constitutes a wholesome and invigorating meal by no means disagreeable to the taste: it is a pity that the cook will sometimes forget the salt, but, to tell the honest truth, the consumers lose nothing by it, as he quite as often puts double the accepted quantity to make amends for the omission.

At ten o'clock occurs the inspection of the relieving guard, which takes place once in twenty-four hours.

At eleven, "*appel de la garde.*"

At twelve, according to the well-devised system in hot climates, comes the siesta; at least those who

are not themselves disposed to sleep, must remain still and silent in their barracks, in order not to disturb the tranquil slumbers of those who follow the hygienic habits of the country.

The subalterns receive a lesson in military theory from one to two o'clock. Their repose is thus shortened by an hour; but they do not complain, and seem to get on equally well with half the quantity.

At three the trumpet calls all the soldiers out to the *leçon de théorie.* They are taught to kill in speculation, until they can despatch their fellow-creatures in practice. In our days the art of sending people into the next world has become a science, which has its theory made out, written and printed, taught and learned.

Four o'clock: Lucky are those who, when four o'clock strikes, have no *corvée.* The *corvée,* or "task *obligato*"—among us "fatigue duty"—is the *bête noire,* or bugbear, of the soldier. He detests it cordially. It is necessary to be a Duke, and even then, to be called M. de Sabran, in order to *enjoy* it. A short time since, our sharpshooters were changing their quarters, and their furniture had to be carried from the old to the new barracks. Will it be believed that M. le Duc de Sabran was seen bearing on his head his own paillasse and those of three other soldiers? Picture to yourself His Grace crossing the town, describing a series of well-defined zig-zags, resulting from the weight of the load he had to

balance. The sight was so much the more amusing, that he went with unaffected good humour through an operation to which he certainly was not accustomed. He was the first to laugh at his tottering gait, and remarked, that under other circumstances his movements might have appeared suspicious.

Despite the proverb, "Verba movent, exempla trahunt," the men do not seem to be by any means reconciled to the *corvée*: and there is very little doubt but that at the fatal hour of four, they would very much prefer substituting for it a walk, by way of healthy preparation for their dinner at five.

At six o'clock a constitutional is allowed to those who are not on duty here, or picquetted there, or attached to the service of some officer. Sometimes an hour's exercise is given at five; if not, the soldier takes advantage of it to saunter into the environs of the town, which are very picturesque.

At eight the retreat sounds. Four trumpeters, led by their corporal, parade the streets, playing a military air. They have a proud gait, and are impatient for the moment when they will be commanded to sound the charge.

Hardly have the last accents of the martial instruments died away, when the *tirailleurs* may be seen pouring in from every direction, and returning slowly to the barracks. At half-past-eight comes the *appel*, and a very serious appeal it is; for woe to the unlucky wight who disregards its warning voice. The

men being assembled, the evening prayer is said in common. This is a solemn and imposing moment: the men stand with heads uncovered, disposed in a square, in an attitude at once martial and betokening reflection. The chaplain, conducted by a superior officer, advances into his place, and in the midst of a religious silence, rendered still more impressive by the darkness, recites in a loud voice the short, but eloquent prayers consecrated by the Church, to which the soldiers respond with ready attention. After this act, worthy to consummate a day spent in the service of the Pope, each retires to rest. At ten o'clock, all are, or ought to be, asleep: at all events, the most unbroken stillness reigns.

On Sunday, the order of events is slightly modified. Many are up betimes, and find their way unbidden to church, to approach the Sacraments. It is touching to witness the profound piety with which they take their places at the holy table, and receive into their hearts the God of battles: shew me a troop of Christian heroes: they who draw their courage from this sacred source will fight like lions. Soon after, at eight o'clock, military mass is celebrated, and during the ceremonial there is a moment supremely sublime, and which must touch the hearts of all present. Scarcely has the priest uttered the mysterious words of consecration, when a rapid movement, which can only be likened to an electric shock, seems to pass through the ranks—the clash

of arms announces that faith has spoken. Upon its infallible word arms are presented to an invisible Sovereign, whose presence is felt within the walls, and the honours of war are paid to the King of Heaven and Earth! The clarions sound, and salute the august presence of the Ruler of Rulers!

Every week there is a sermon in French, and also in Flemish; and *Salut* is sung by the soldiers before the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The spirit which animates these troops is excellent, their conduct is irreproachable, and their abnegation and attention to discipline beyond all praise. They inspire the population, *i. e.* the reasoning portion of it, with true respect and sincere esteem. These sentiments, which, in this part of the country, have been rarely entertained towards a simple soldier, are interpreted by the people in the very *naïf* address, when they speak to them, of "*signor soldato.*" At other times they will say, "*Non sono soldati; sono cavalieri—Quanto son buoni!*"

The Franco-Belgian corps is truly a "*corps d'élite,*" and is regarded as such by all. The Holy Father looks upon them with special favour and consideration, and General Lamoricière and Monseigneur de Mérode entertain for them a marked predilection.

We have spoken of the promptitude and initiative of the French soldier: this is well illustrated by the eagerness with which when a fire occurs in or near a

garrison or camp, he will rush to the scene of action; and, it must be allowed, the men behave with great intrepidity, and render good service. Indeed, their activity and address, their courage and presence of mind on such occasions are beyond all praise; and they seem intuitively to know, and unanimously to carry out, the best possible measures for remedying the position, however desperate.

We remember to have personally witnessed the value of military help more than once, when, being on the Continent, we have happened to be in the vicinity of a fire. Once, when residing in the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, in the Rue de Lille, the Moniteur Office, which adjoins it, took fire; the mischief had been progressing unperceived during the greater part of the night, and it was not till about five o'clock in the summer morning, when the servants were rising, that the flames were discovered. The two buildings together form a vast mass of masonry, and it was in the party wall between them that the conflagration now shewed itself. The danger was great; for the hotel—once a Theatine monastery—is a very ancient edifice, erected by Cardinal Richelieu, and of which Louis XIV. laid the first stone. The material was therefore of great age and highly obnoxious to combustion, and the alarm was speedily given. The place was soon in commotion, and as soon, were not only the sapeurs-pompiers, but the military, on the spot. The inhabitants of the hotel might be seen rushing about in the greatest

terror and alarm, ladies *en peignoir*, mothers only anxious to get their nurses and children safely away, old maids endeavouring to rescue their lap-dogs, their parrots, and their canary-birds—for we may generally remark that persons who have not a *ménage* supply the want by a *ménagerie*. Meantime all necessary means for extinguishing the flames had been resorted to by the soldiers and *sapeurs*, with a promptitude and a rapidity of action shortly to be crowned with complete success. A guard was formed at a considerable distance round, to prevent all idle persons from placing themselves in the way and impeding the progress of those actively engaged; next, all able-bodied stragglers, whose curiosity brought them to the spot, were not only permitted, but forced into the service, and immediately became a link in one of the living chains by which the buckets passed backwards and forwards, as they were filled and emptied, from the supply to the burning mass. So admirably was all this organised, that in a few hours all traces of the accident had disappeared; the fire, which necessarily consumed the greater part of the bureau of the Moniteur, being confined almost entirely to its own premises, not five pounds' worth of damage was caused to either of the contiguous buildings.

Another instance occurred as we were passing through Cambrai. We had just retired for the night, when an unusual stir in the street below, the sudden ringing of the tocsin, and a rushing of feet, announced

that some event of importance had alarmed the tranquil inhabitants, and had startled them from their propriety. Anxious to take our part in the adventure, we replaced the garments we were beginning to remove, and hastened down into the street. It was a summer night, and the moon had risen bright and full in a clear, deep-blue, star-lit sky; but, alas! the moon and stars were not the only lights which illumined it. A lurid glare overspread not the old town alone, but the vaulted heavens above it; and it would have been easy to see in which direction the conflagration was raging, although the rush of people had not been hastening towards it. We must have walked fully two miles out of the town before we reached the spot, which proved to be a straggling suburb, consisting of a long street of third-class houses. We found the *sapeurs* already there and at work, but not so actively or efficiently as the soldiers, who, seeing all efforts, with their small supply of water, ineffectual to bring the fire under, at once proceeded to demolish a house on either side, and thus radically to cut short the progress of the flames:—*Aux grands maux les grands remèdes*, and so it proved; for the burning mass exhausted itself within its own limits, and the rest of the faubourg escaped with no worse damage than its broken rest and a few slight accidents to those who assisted. Another characteristic feature we remarked was the presence of two priests, who had lost no time in repairing to the

scene of danger, lest their services also should be needed.

We might mention the alarming conflagration at Varna, where, in a Turkish city, built of wood, and inflammable almost as gunpowder, but for the prompt attendance, ready wit, and intelligent activity of the soldiers, the whole place must shortly have been converted into a vast scene of desolation and ruin. No wonder, then, that the aid of such invaluable helps is sought when any are unfortunate enough to be visited with a disaster of this kind; and we can, perhaps, explain why sometimes it is no wonder the soldiers should be eager to respond to the appeal; for, alas! brave though he be, and humane though he may prove, the French soldier is a cunning dog, and has—besides these, and besides the pleasure of mixing in so animated a scene, and becoming a *magna pars* of it—an ulterior motive—an *arrière pensée;* for it has been first suspected, and since proved, that the rascals, anxious to obtain new clothes before the expiration of the prescribed period, or to conceal the fact that some of them have been injured by carelessness or improper usage, jump at the opportunity thus afforded them, and take advantage of it to scorch their garments in the *heat* of the *mêlée,* in order to render their renewal a matter of necessity. Sometimes they have even been detected tossing their *kepis* into the flames! The consequence is that a proclamation has now been

issued to the effect that, on the recurrence of similar accidents, only a limited number, and these designated by their officers, shall be allowed to attend.

After a fire at which the soldiers have rendered aid, it is the custom to pass in review not only the *pompiers*, whose services are of course always called for, but all the rest who have been engaged in the affair, and to inquire what portion of their equipment has been damaged or destroyed. The discipline of the French army is exceedingly severe on all questions of *tenue*. The soldier is continually liable to be called upon at the most unexpected moment to undergo an inspection, which extends to the underside of his saddle or to the turning out the inside of his knapsack; and woe to the luckless wight whose traps are not found to correspond in every particular with the *exigences du réglement;* down to the three needles—which every soldier is bound to carry in that multifarious receptacle, and, therefore, we conclude, to the clearness of their eyes and the sharpness of their points—not a detail is overlooked, and immediate punishment visits the slightest infraction of its laws.

It may, therefore, be supposed that a spot upon the soldier's garments would be regarded as a stain upon his character—at least for cleanliness; and this sort of accident unfortunately *will* happen during those orgies into the vortex of which he is drawn by wild companions. When he wakes up next morning, and

by degrees recollects his last night's exploits—when he has eagerly examined his clothing, to ascertain if there appears on them no tell-tale trace of the lamentable truth—and when he actually beholds the guilty evidences staring him in the face—his first impulse is to try all known and unknown remedies to obliterate the marks of beer, spirits, or wine, which have disfigured his once bright habiliments. When his own resources have failed, he consults a *camarade*—perhaps the cause of the scrape in which he finds himself; and by the time every possible and impossible application has been essayed, it is easy to imagine the condition to which the government cloth has been reduced. It is hopelessly destroyed! and he makes up his mind to the worst: now what a chance a conflagration would be for the poor, despairing wretch! He almost wishes there might be one! With what alacrity he would thrust his unworthy right arm into the fire, if he could but scorch a little more of the colour out of the sleeve! He might even persuade some good-natured *pompier* to exchange with him, before repairing to the scene of action, and thus "*l'honneur serait sauvé.*"

There have been cases where the colonel, whose eye is generally very acute, has been the first to detect some instance of defective *tenue* on the part of a private. It is not, however, to the man himself that he addresses his reproof. He points out the grievance to the first lieutenant, the first lieutenant

to the adjutant, the adjutant to the captain, and so on, till from grade to grade it reaches the offending individual himself, and then down comes the merited retribution on his devoted head.

The soldier's dress is, perhaps, one of the questions relating to the army the most frequently discussed and the least satisfactorily decided. The French, like ourselves, are perpetually studying this important subject; and their suggestions and experiments generally result in the introduction of some manifest improvement.

Of all outer garments which have been submitted to the test of experience, the "*capote*," destined to be worn during field-exercise in the camp, seems to unite every requirement, combining warmth of covering with freedom of action, and above all, allowing free play for the respiratory organs. It has the advantage of protecting the whole body, and likewise the legs, from the dangerous consequences of cold and damp.

The *veste* is a light garment, very well suited to fine weather and short drills, but, like the tunic—which is only fit for a dress uniform—it forms no protection against changes of temperature.

It is neither supple, nor is it sufficiently ample. It impedes respiration, and, being fastened round the neck, it interferes with the throat.

The *Capote à Capuchon*, of Crimean origin, is a most valuable adjunct to the soldier's *trousseau*, and

the medical officers would fain see its use preserved in time of peace as well as of war; at all events, during the severe season. The collar—that article of attire so often discussed in both armies, and unreservedly condemned by every principle of *hygiène*—seems only to have been invented for the sake of appearance. Fainting fits and attacks of cerebral congestion, which are of frequent occurrence among the soldiers during the great heats, are set down entirely to the score of the strangulation induced by this unnatural bandage. The statistics of the African army have contributed to this conviction, and many voices are unanimous against its continuance, so that its fate may be considered as decided.

We are glad to note the adoption in our army of a new great-coat, which has certainly not been devised before it was needed, and seems likely to add considerably to the comfort and health of the soldier, provided the new garment can be decided upon and supplied in sufficient numbers while the cold weather lasts. It is not quite so capacious a wrap as the large, loose, thick envelope worn by the Zouaves, as doubtless our readers have seen them when *en faction* on bitter, frosty nights before the public buildings in Paris. Nevertheless it is, and has been, pronounced by those most concerned in its attributes, "a handsome, soldierly garment," and a great improvement, both as to quality and colour, to the coat at present in use.

The 8th, or Queen's Own, now stationed at Gosport, were the first to be supplied with them, by way of experiment.

The same regiment has also been furnished with the new shako, which, though not of so military a character—perhaps from association—as that hitherto in use, seems better calculated to promote the comfort of the wearer.

The head-gear of the French army is at the present moment undergoing considerable modifications; and the introduction of the "*bonnet de police*" seems to give general satisfaction.

The allowance of under-linen seems moderate, and the outfit is soon counted—three cotton shirts, two pair of drawers, two pocket-handkerchiefs, and a *calotte*, or skull-cap, constitute the entire personal wardrobe.

The *calotte* was ordered with a view to prevent disorders of the eyes, ears, and jaws, and the men are required "*de se bien couvrir la tête la nuit;*" but this little cotton cap is manifestly of too small dimensions to enable them to fulfil the command. This is clearly an oversight; and the risk must be run until the proper means are supplied to obviate a danger which, especially in the tents, must be considerable.

We are surprised to find so important an article as woollen socks altogether omitted, where such minute care and attention is bestowed upon the habits of the men, that it is a rigidly enforced piece of discipline

to brush their teeth each night! All walkers know the value, if not the necessity, of socks of this material in whatever temperature; and we cannot think but that they will be amongst the next addenda which are supplied.

The *ceinture de flanelle* has been advocated with so much earnestness by Larrey, that, at his solicitation, the men have been furnished with it, and 22,000 of them were distributed at Châlons the first year. They have now been five years in use, and are found by their utility to justify the baron's desire for their adoption.

An excellent reform has been introduced of late in the matter of *chaussure;* the boots are now made to measure—a desideratum which had long been under discussion in the French army. The peg-shoes have been discarded as a failure after very fair trial, and the men have now returned to the sewn shoes, which, when solidly put together, are found to supersede all other inventions.

The latest introduction in the matter of dress is the Zouave *pantalon,* which promises to become universal in the army. It is not only preferred on its own account, but for the sake of the short gaiters which confine it at the ancle, and which the soldiers find to be a great support in marching.

When our men first saw the loosely-clad and well-gaitered Zouaves springing like cats from rock to rock up the Alma heights, they looked on with as-

tonishment, and wondered how such freedom of limb would feel: it is also a well-known fact, on the other hand, that when the Chinese first beheld our red-coats, they set to work to devise some expedient—not to kill them, but—to knock them down; for they considered that was all that would be necessary, since, once down, they were convinced they never could get up again.

It is said there is a project to convert our West India regiments into Zouaves, at the suggestion of some of the commanding officers. Certain it is, that despite the modifications which have been brought into the habiliments of the English army, perfection is still far, very far, from having been attained. We might fill a volume with the complaints and remarks, which not only appear on this subject in the press, but pass *sotto voce* along the ranks. We will content ourselves with a short quotation from a leader in the *Times*, which not inaptly describes the British warrior, when dressed, as "choked by his tight stock in all climates, toiling under his porous great-coat through tropical rains, shivering in the same useless garment during night-watches in Canada, footsore from boots which never fit, and which are so contrived as to let in the sharp atoms which strew his line of march, tortured by the ponderous shako, which may once, or perhaps twice, within military memory, have saved a man from a sabre cut, but which, in daily military experience, kills men by apoplexy."

This was written some months ago, and was doubtless read; but as yet it has passed unheeded: it, however, proved literally prophetical—indeed one would have thought the inference obvious. The subsequent fatal result—or, as we might term it, the natural but unexpected consequences—of a walk to Guildford, will doubtless open the eyes of those with whom rests the investigation of these matters—to the cruel unreasonableness and thoughtless tyranny with which the fatigue of our soldiers is needlessly augmented, and their lives wantonly endangered, to satisfy the absurd prejudices in accordance with which they are accoutred.

The scrupulous regularity with which, in the French army, the men's clothes are daily thoroughly brushed, aired, and hung up at night, is important to notice, as also the frequent warm and cold baths which, by the contrivance of the executive, have been placed within their reach.

Nothing can be more rigorous than the exactitude and severity with which practices of cleanliness are enforced in every particular, and the greatest responsibility rests on those who are charged to superintend their execution.

We presume that considerably less regard is paid to this portion of military economy in England than France, and it is remarkable that in a country which piques itself so mightily on observing cleanliness *next* to godliness—that we might almost read the

oft-repeated proverb, "cleanliness *before* godliness"—so much less attention should be practically given to the observance of sanitary measures among the English than among the French soldiers. A letter addressed to the *Times* on this subject shews up a state of matters little suspected by the public generally.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

"SIR,

"I have just read the letter of X. Y. Z., on the subject of army dress in the tropics. The writer need not go so far for examples of suffering soldiers; the Mediterranean is quite bad enough. At present the thermometer is 91 degrees all day, and 88 degrees all night, and is 131 degrees in the sun at noon; yet is the soldier clad as in winter. I find it necessary to wear four shirts a-day, and have my jacket and tunic, when taken off, hung in the sun to dry, what, then, must be the state of the soldier? The Horse Guards authorities could best form an opinion, if a sentry could be suddenly removed from his post and planted before them; they would find the hapless man in clothes wringing wet, and the stench proceeding from them of the accumulated sweat of months perfectly sickening. To enter a barrack room now requires a strong stomach, so obnoxious is the smell. Luckily for the men, they are so accustomed to it, that they are unaware of the sty-

like atmosphere in which they live. It is the foul clothes that produce this.

July 30. A.B.C.

"P.S. The medical men have spoken out this year on the subject, but to no satisfactory purpose; they are treated with indifference, and the poor soldier must sweat on"

We are at a loss to what to attribute the continuation of these obvious and really disgraceful abuses in this enlightened nation, with whom "progress" is the nineteenth century watchword. We can only explain it in one of two ways—either John Bull's type of perfection is "England as she is," or it is the result of that essentially English argument, "It always has been so"—the offspring of *prejudice*—which makes us so often flatter ourselves that we live in the *meilleur des mondes possibles*.

While on the subject of accoutrements, a word might be said on "soldiers' belts;" but it is really such a vexed question, and the countless abuses of this portion of the soldier's dress, which he has now converted into a formidable weapon, have done so little towards causing its removal, that we can scarcely hope words will avail where acts so flagrant have as yet failed to produce any result that may conduce to public security.

The knowledge of character which has judged it dangerous to allow a British soldier to wear arms off

duty, and the prudence which has prohibited the practice, cannot be too highly lauded; and this is one of those practical facts in which the difference between the French and English character can be justly appreciated; for it is well known that even the police-officers walk about Paris, each with his sword by his side, and yet there is no instance on record of the misuse of these arms.

Street outrages, committed by our soldiers, oblivious that they are under sworn obligation to defend their fellow subjects, are so frequent, and a very remarkable one, still under legal consideration, is so recent, that we need only allude to them to remind our readers of the brutal and cowardly natures of men who count themselves among our "brave defenders," and yet who cannot even be trusted to wear the insignia of their profession.

The case to which we more particularly allude is a significant one. It is useless to mask the fact that for the most part our soldiers have lamentably degenerated since the days when they were proverbial for honesty, bravery, and subordination—when the soldier was the scion of our industrious classes, and the type of hardy and vigorous manhood. They did not then, as now, figure daily in some form or other in the police courts, and swell the records of our criminal calendars: nevertheless, in this particular instance—one of the worst which has come under public notice for some time past—*as well as* in many others we have seen reported, we must

grieve to find that it is among our *soldats d'élite*—our picked men, the Guards and the Household Brigade, the *best* that we can boast—that these ruffians have been found.

On September the 11th we may record a serious charge against a Grenadier Guardsman for creating a riot and assaulting a waiter at the Trevor Arms, Knightsbridge, with his belt. The aid of the police was called in, but when two of these officers attempted to take him into custody they were immediately, upon a signal of the Guardsman, surrounded by a mob of loose characters, male and female, among whom were "not fewer than 300 soldiers." When the man saw himself about to be rescued by his comrades, he called out to them, "*Now, boys! use your belts!*" This order was speedily obeyed, the belts were soon in action, and the result of their violence was that the police had their hats broken to pieces, and were finally knocked down and rendered insensible. Several of the force said "they had never known a worse riot."

In another case of assault occurring the same day, the evidence of one of the witnesses went to show that he saw fourteen soldiers with their belts off, using them as weapons of defence against the police.

The row between the courageous and gallant young Lieutenant Gilbert, opposite the Clock-House, Knightsbridge, a few months previously, as well as

an affair of slightly earlier date, and of a very similar nature, in which the same officer rescued a policeman from the ferocity of two Guardsmen, are incidents, among many, in which the belt has served its ruffianly purpose, and also in which the assailants were Guardsmen. We may remark that the very sensible suggestion of Lieutenant Gilbert—who certainly deserves to have a voice in the matter—that the belt should be attached, whether to the tunic or to the fatigue jacket, has never received the slightest attention. This simple expedient would be a speedy and certain remedy, and would not cost the country one farthing: it is obvious that if the men were allowed three belts at a time, they could reasonably be required to preserve them three times as long as one. We hope, ere long, to see this hint acted upon.

In the mean time, this is not the only particular in which too much is placed in the power of the men. It is not sufficiently considered that, however desirable it may be to raise the relf-respect of individuals by a generous confidence, it becomes a dangerous experiment when attempted on a larger scale, and among a promiscuous body of men, many of whom are at best of doubtful antecedents, and with whom no guarantee whatever is given. To entrust such men with weapons of which they have the uncontrolled use, with fire-arms and ammunition to which they have access at pleasure, and over their use of which

no surveillance is exercised, seems little short of reckless and culpable infatuation on the part of our military legislators. It is, indeed, courting the consequences which might have been anticipated, and have actually followed. A very little study of human nature and experience of life show us that, nine times out of ten, it is opportunity that makes the criminal. Witness the sad cases we have already mentioned, and to which almost daily additions may be made—to mention only the occurrences, respectively, at Aldershott, Sheffield, Fleetwood, Chichester, Plymouth, and again more recently still at Aldershott.

It may be urged that if a man be murderously disposed, he will carry out his savage intentions in some way or other, and if he do not happen to have a rifle at hand, he will, like George Walsh, the deserter from the 11th Hussars, stab his victim with a pen-knife: but we cannot accept this argument. It must be remembered that the very identical question, as applied to side-arms and bayonets, has already come under discussion—that the danger and mischief of allowing the indiscriminate possession of these formidable arms to men, often of lawless and desperate character, was on that occasion admitted, and that a prohibition was pronounced accordingly—not, indeed, before it was time. The evils which then occurred, appear, however, since to have been forgotten, and upon a second trial we find the very same results recurring. It is to be hoped that the sacrifice of life, whether among their supe-

rior officers or the public, which has already taken place, will suffice to show the impolicy of the system, and the need of a speedy reformation of it.

That there is no reason why the soldier should necessarily be what he so frequently becomes, we may gather from the success of those who have endeavoured to emancipate themselves from the ordinary results of barrack-life.

William Cobbett, for example, the celebrated English writer, commenced his career as a common soldier. He was fond—after he had obtained a name, and had become a remarkable and a prosperous man—of relating the hardships of his original condition, and with his narrative he would mingle a great deal of prudent and useful advice. "Every man," said he, "even in the ranks, may accomplish great things, and acquire varied and extensive knowledge without depriving himself either of needful exercise or of the distractions which nature demands. Content yourselves with giving to this acquisition your idle moments—those you pass in the coffee-house, the tavern, and in idle, profitless gossip.

"Turn to account the leisure hours of a single year, and I will answer for it that you will yourselves be surprised at what you will have to show at the end of that period.

"I was once nothing more than a poor soldier, earning my sixpence a day, when I took it into my head to acquire English grammatically. I found that

when one really has a desire to learn, one can dispense with school, and masters, and other expenses of education—that one can even contrive to do without the most ordinary appliances. Thus my little camp-bed became my chair, my knapsack my desk, and a small shelf was my only table.

"Being without means of purchasing either candle or oil, I used to study, in winter, in the chimney corner, and managed, as best I could, to read by the flicker of the fire, and that was only when, in my turn, I got a place near it. I could only purchase a pen or sheet of paper by dispensing with the commonest necessaries, and notwithstanding all these and other disadvantages, I had not a moment I could really call my own. I could only write or read in the midst of my military comrades—rough, boisterous, low fellows, who were always singing, whistling, laughing, or quarrelling—for in their leisure moments soldiers are not often either peaceable in their manners or decent in their conversation.

"Do not smile with contempt at the penny with which I obtained my paper, pens, and ink; this penny was to me a fortune, and its investment the subject of my most serious pre-occupations. Our canteen paid, we could only reckon on fourpence a week!

"I remember one day—for these are incidents never forgotten—after my necessary expenses were liquidated, I possessed one penny, and this I intended to spend on a herring for my modest break-

fast the next morning; writing materials had swallowed up the rest of my savings. I undressed myself, but, alas! on feeling in my pocket for the last remains of my fortune, and in a state of hunger so desperate that I needed all my courage to master it—I discovered I had lost the coin! My treasure had disappeared! how, I knew not; but I was so overcome by my misfortune that I hid my face under the miserable coverlet, and cried like a child."

We have elsewhere given a biographical sketch of one of the most distinguished officers in the French army—Lazare Hoche, General-in-chief of the army of the Moselle, whose success against Prussia acquired for him no small share of fame, and who, at a later period still, became the pacificator of La Vendée.

Although of low birth—being the son of a scullion in the service of Louis XV.—while a non-commissioned officer, and at a very early age, Lazare won the favourable notice of his superiors by the regularity of his conduct, the uprightness of his character, the elevated tone of his mind, the noble reserve of his manners, and the distinction of his carriage.

At the early age of twenty, although remarkable for his fine qualities, it would have been difficult for the most penetrating mind to foresee the brilliant position he would attain in ten years; for in those days merit without birth stood but a poor chance of advancement.

At one period of his life, he worked for the support of his family, and those who needed his services might find him in his humble garret, pursuing his calling with diligence and assiduity. On the door was neatly painted the name of the industrious occupant, followed by this inscription :—

"SERGENT AUX GARDES FRANCAISES
BRODERIE EN GILETS."

In this little chamber, situated in the environs of the Ecole Militaire, might be perceived, side by side, the sword of the soldier and the needle of the tailor.

But a more striking sight still met the eye of the visitor, as he looked around, when it rested on the small bookshelves, on which a few volumes, bound in one uniform colour, bore traces of frequent use.

There were among them a Livy, a Xenophon, a Tacitus, a few volumes of Corneille, a La Bruyère, Cæsar's Commentaries, and the Esprit des Lois of Montesquieu.

We are apt to think that instances of female military ardour and heroism of which history furnishes us so many noble examples in the annals of all nations, are gone by, and that the courage of the fair sex is confined rather to the endurance of social and domestic conflicts, than displayed in the chances and exploits of the battle-field. This is not altogether the case; we have before us several

proofs to the contrary, among which we select two biographical sketches, one English, the other French, to show that nineteenth century women are, at a push, as brave as their more masculine ancestors. In these, however, we find something rather beyond the "tender fierceness of the dove."

Mrs. Christian Davies enlisted under the name of Christopher Walsh, in the regiment commanded by the Marquis de Pisare. Shortly afterwards our heroine joined the "*grande armée*," and was present at the battle of Landau, in which she was wounded a little above the ankle. In her own words, "When I heard the cannon play, and the small shot rattle about me, it at first threw me into a sort of panic, not having been used to such rough music." This wound incapacitated her from service for two months. Shortly afterwards she was taken prisoner with others by the French, and endeavours were made to secure the captives for the service of France. Here she was met by her first cousin, Captain Cavenaugh, a French officer, but was not recognized. After nine days' imprisonment she was exchanged, and returned to the army. Here she gained the affections of a burgher's daughter, which led to a duel with a rival lover, a serjeant of the same regiment, who had insulted the lady in question, and whom she wounded. For this she was imprisoned, the serjeant's wounds being considered mortal. The father of the young lady obtained the release of our he-

roine, her arrears of pay, and her discharge. She escaped from this love affair because she was sensible the father would not bestow his daughter's hand on a poor foot soldier, and, at the same time, remarked to the young lady that, though "no more than a common sentinel," she had as high a sense of honour as a General, and proposed to gain a commission by bravery. Again, we are informed that the "pretty dragoon," for so she was called, subsequently gained the affections of a young Dutch girl.

At the siege of Ath she took a piece out of a soldier's hand, and killed one of the enemy. A musket shot from the town, at the same time, split her under-lip, bent one of her teeth into her mouth, and knocked her down. She adds, "Both this shot and mine with which I killed the soldier, were so exactly simultaneous, that none could distinguish whether I fell from the recoil of the piece or the enemy's ball. My husband and some of his comrades ran to take me up, and seeing the blood, imagined I was shot through the head, but I convinced them to the contrary by spitting the ball and tooth into my hand."

We find a pendant to this strange story in the equally bizarre adventures of a French female warrior, named Thérèse Figueur, better known in the army as "Le Dragon sans Gêne." Her biography was not revealed till death had closed her career, and then it was we obtained the following details which we offer to our readers.

In the month of January last, a modest funeral might be seen leaving the gates of the *Hospice des Ménages* in Paris. It conveyed to the grave the remains of a poor woman named Thérèse Figueur, *veuve Sutter*: she was born the 14th January, 1774, at Talmay, six leagues from Dijon, and had attained the age of 87. Enjoying a small pension of 200 francs, which she had obtained in 1800, in consideration of her military services, added to a moderate supplementary allowance more recently accorded to her, she had taken up her abode at the *Hospice des Ménages*.

Thérèse Figueur was formerly a dragoon of the 15th and 9th regiments, and had, from 1793 to 1812, served in all the campaigns of the Republic and of the Empire. She was at this time known in the army under the name of "Sans Gêne."

One day the "Comité du Salut Public" having issued a decree which forbade any woman to remain in the regiments, the Commissioned Officers and Generals of the army of the Pyrenees begged that an exception might be made in favour of the Citoyenne Thérèse Figueur, to whom special authorization was issued to remain in the service.

At the siege of Toulon, in 1793, Thérèse had fallen in with the *Commandant* Bonaparte, who had placed her under arrest for being guilty of a delay of five-and-twenty minutes in the execution of an order. Some years subsequently, when the former "Commandant d'Artillerie" had become First Consul,

he wished to see once more the Dragoon "Sans Gêne," and ordered "him" to be brought to him at St. Cloud by M. Denon. After a few remarks, the First Consul observed, "Mademoiselle Figueur *est un brave,*" and insisted on pledging her in a glass of something stronger than wine.

This remarkable woman had served in the "Armée d'Italie" in 1792; in those of the 2nd and 3rd year, in the army of the Eastern Pyrenees—those of the years 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, in the army of Italy. She reckoned also amongst her exploits several campaigns in Germany, and had taken part in the war in Spain. During the month of July 1812, she fell into the hands of the Guerilla (fortunately not of the *Gorilla*) of the Curé Merino, and was led prisoner into England, where she remained until the peace in 1814.

She had had four horses killed under her, and had received several wounds, of which one was at the siege of Toulon, where an English ball hit her in the left shoulder, and four at the battle of Savigliano.

This heroine, who, during upwards of twenty years, had been remarkable for her courage among so courageous an army, was as pious and charitable as she was brave. A multitude of admirable traits might be related of her, and could we find space for these details, the reader would, perhaps, be as much surprised at the tact and delicacy, the simplicity and genuineness, she betrayed in bestowing them, as at the generosity and self-forgetfulness they imply.

Her pension scarcely sufficed for her needs, and yet she contrived to come to the assistance of those who had less than herself. She had been admitted into the *Hospice des Ménages* about the year 1840, and it was there that her last years passed peaceably away, receiving up to her latest hour the visits and the consolations of some of her faithful friends, to whom she had so often related the various episodes of her adventurous life, mingled as it was, with all the historical events of the age.

We hear a great deal in the French army of one drawback, very little known in our own. Fortunately for him and for his duties, the English soldier has little imagination, and still less romance; and therefore the *mal du pays* never disorders his mind or affects his health. Doubtless there are instances of English soldiers being attached to their homes, to their associations, to their mothers, but we do not find it to be a rule, and therefore we are inclined rather to consider it the exception; indeed, as we have before observed, the mode of recruitment of the two armies is so opposite, the reasons for enlisting so wholly at variance, and the antecedents of the men so different, that there is no reason why, in this particular, they should subsequently find themselves subjected to the same laws, or affected by the same influences.

Nostalgia, then, is a malady as foreign to our own troops as it is frequent among those of our neighbours, among whom many a hospital ward owes its inmates

to this irrepressible pining after home, kindred, and the *νόσιμον ἦμαρ*, which seems ever to recede from him; and that more especially, as has frequently been observed, among the natives of mountainous provinces, with whom the love of their *πατρίδα γαῖαν* is quite Homeric.

Its effects can scarcely be believed by those who have not witnessed them. The men seem to be attacked with this trying disorder, in spite of themselves; and those apparently the strongest and most courageous—for it is an evidence of strong passions—yield to it most readily, and soonest become its victims. So fatal is it in its consequences, that after a certain stage it is incapable of cure; and instances are frequent of men removed and ordered home, upon whom even that remedy fails to operate, for, alas! it has come too late.

"A terrible scourge indeed it is!" says Louis Veuillot—for the pen of a Frenchman can best describe it—"The soul, wearied with itself, no longer takes an interest in anything which surrounds it, and pines as if within a dungeon-wall; like the caged bird, which, having exhausted itself in vain and desperate efforts to burst the bars of its prison, ensconces itself gloomily in a corner, with its eye fixed upon space, the object of all its longings, but into which it cannot dart. Nothing can divert it from its bitter contemplation, and soon the body, subdued by the repressed rage which inwardly devours it, languishes, loses its courage and energy, and becomes incapable of any moral effort.

Then succeed the fevered and distorted visions of the dying—dreams full of despair, of a sense of oppression and injustice, and of mental suffering—the patient seems to be forsaken by every one; he accuses all those whose absence torments him, as if with wilful cruelty they conspired to be absent from him—as if it depended on them to appear and rescue him from misery and death. The next moment he reproaches himself with these unkind thoughts, craves their pardon, and is irritated anew at the thought that they are not there to receive his reparation of an injury they have never known."

"No words can describe the energy with which the thoughts of the exiled soldier fly to those beloved beings who are so far off. He exercises an ingenious minuteness in painting to himself all the evils by which they may be assailed; he suffers at the thought of these imagined troubles... then he reflects that while he is tormenting himself about them, they are, perhaps, unmindful of him: he sees them tranquil, contented, possibly enjoying themselves... and whether forgetting him from misfortune or prosperity, he feels his heart alike crushed under the pressure of this millstone which is oppressing him. He adds a new weight to it every hour, he turns it upon himself with the fury of despair, until no refuge is left, and his heart is for ever closed against every ray of hope or joy.

"Against all reason, against all possibility, he would start off! he would be at the spot where his heart

is already; not in a few days, nor to-morrow—but to-day — this very moment; an hour's delay would be too long. Alas! and yet he knows that he *must* wait whole months—whole years—that the desired moment may *never* arrive, for must he not during that interval brave a thousand deaths?

"There is no remedy for this sombre pre-occupation. He suffers, and he is resolved to suffer; he weeps, and no one shall dry his tears; he is mad with grief, and he is determined to increase his grief and his insanity. Unable to fly, powerless to escape, he finds no pleasure but in looking forward to the end. The prospect of death, at least, gives him something to hope for: that, at all events, will afford him a release.

"New scenes are of no avail. If strange, they impress upon him more strongly the distance from home which is killing him; if familiar, they crush him by an emotion which he cannot endure. A hedge, a tree, a corn-field, will recall his village; but where is his cottage?... and could the cottage be called up ... where ... where is his mother?"

When a suicide* is committed in the French army, be assured the perpetrator is a *nostalgique*.

We are fond of saying that our own language is

* Remarking one day on the great increase of suicides in our own country, which must have struck all thinking persons, we were assured, by a well-known traveller present, that the crime of self-destruction is altogether unknown in Spain.

the only one which satisfactorily expresses the word "home," or can render it concisely; this may be a peculiarity of our mother-tongue, and seems to be confined to the word; for certain it is that other nations are by no means behind us in their hearty appreciation of the *idea*, neither are the men, including their bravest soldiers, ashamed that it should be known they are "home-sick;" any more than they are to own their subsisting affection for their absent mother and affianced bride. It is a noble sentiment, consecrated by the greatest poet of ancient times, and we cannot but approve and admire this evidence of sensibility in hearts which we know to be wanting neither in courage nor manliness.

Let us, while on the subject of national characteristics, take a glance at the soldier of Spain, and let us visit him when under the most trying circumstances: in order to be quite fair in the judgment we are about to pronounce on him, we will borrow the pen of "the Times" to describe him.

"He has been invariably found," says the correspondent of that paper, "orderly, obedient, contented, and even jolly, though in a position which Mark Tapley himself would have considered discouraging. Satisfied with little, resigned to hardships, he has a fund of endurance which reconciles him to privation, and of merriment which supports him where others would grumble and despond.

"The Spanish soldier is abstemious, and if he know how to obey his superior officer he also knows

how to command himself. *Drunkenness is unknown in the camp, and crime consequently is rare.* There has not as yet been a single serious offence among the men, not one court-martial, not one soldier seized by the gendarmes or camp-police, not a riot, not a fight! Wet, under his scanty tent, devised to exclude sunbeams, and shelter from heat, not to ward off rain or resist tempests—harassed by frequent guard and advanced post-duty, outlying pickets by night, and unprofitable skirmishes by day, neither his good spirits nor his good humour ever forsake him.

"Put on your waterproof—for you will need it—and walk through the camp on the hills of Ceuta on a wet Sunday, and you will hear no complaint, and behold no doleful faces: on the contrary, you will see many a blithe, cheerful countenance. You perceive a guard just come up, preceded by its regimental band, and going on wet and weary duty. Were they bound for a parade in the Madrid Prado, they could not look less annoyed at the prescribed service."

Apropos of the Spanish army, the following, taken from a Madrid letter, dated May 21, 1860, may not be uninteresting.

"In the triumphal entrance of the troops here, the heroes of the day (with the exception of General Prim, who was so greeted that he had to deliver half-a-dozen speeches as he went through the streets) were a trumpeter and a dog. Their glory obscured that of all the army, and they obtained an ovation

which will disturb the repose of Espartero at Logrono. The trumpeter belongs to the Bourbon regiment: he is only fourteen years of age, and is of short stature. When in Africa he happened one day, while in the advanced posts with his company, to be excessively hungry, and he could not get any food. At last he perceived a number of oak trees, and said to himself, 'Where there are oak trees there are acorns, and acorns, at a pinch, can be eaten!' He accordingly slipped away, and, passing unobserved by the sentinels, climbed up the tree, and began dining. He was suddenly interrupted by a strange noise, and to his dismay perceived that the tree was surrounded by ferocious-looking Moors. Flight was impossible, and resistance out of the question, but a bright idea struck him; he seized his trumpet, and sounded the charge. The Moors, thinking that they had fallen into an ambush, took to flight. This exploit of the trumpeter excited great admiration at the time, and on the entrance of the troops the crowd not only greeted him with enthusiasm, but he was borne in triumph on men's shoulders, and crowned with laurel. From time to time, at the request of the people, he sounded the charge which had struck terror into the breasts of the Moors. As to the dog, he belongs to the riflemen of Baza. He was sold by his owner for a loaf to a soldier of the 4th Company at Barcelona; and his new master gave him the name of Palomo, and shared with him his food; the other

soldiers also treated him kindly, and the animal conceived an affection not only for his master, but for the whole of the men. When the war broke out the battalion was ordered to Algesiras to embark, and the dog was left behind at Barcelona. But just as the battalion was about to leave, he reached that port and joined the men; how he found his way there, none could tell. He was, however, left behind; but one day he arrived mysteriously in Morocco, and again joined his battalion! He took part in all the combats up to the taking of Tetuan, and in that affair he was struck by a ball, which has made him lame for life. In the entrance of the troops he marched modestly at the head of his battalion, but was covered with flowers and laurel. He has been appointed honorary corporal in the battalion, and wore the insignia of that grade."

"As to the final issue of the war in Morocco," says a writer in the United Service Magazine, "Spain may be very well content. She has raised herself in her own esteem, by showing that when necessity arises, or when she chooses to believe it has arisen, she is able to put into the field a well-equipped and efficient army. She has shown that she possesses soldiers who will fight, officers to lead them, and generals to command. The characteristics of the Spaniards, as a nation, however, are varied according to the provinces to which they belong.

"The Navarrese, who inhabit those villages lost in

the bosom of the mountains, are idle cultivators, but indefatigable soldiers. As long as they are not called upon by unusual events, or by incessant dangers, nothing can rouse them from their indolence. Sober as Arabs, they will pass whole days without eating, smoking cigarettes; but let a local festival occur, they will make it last four or five days. Contrabandists when they are not soldiers, they are indifferent to gain, and only enjoy the excitement of the adventurous life it entails. During that time, they leave their wives to cultivate the fields which are to supply them with food, and to their credit be it said, that the land in Navarre was never better tilled than when the men took to the use of arms. Jealous of their independence, they hold to their local customs, to their *fueros*, as to a superstition—"Free as the king," say they of themselves; and they love their king, but they love to have him free—"*el rey netto*," as the natural protector of their own liberties: only, whilst they proclaim this King as an absolute principle, they refuse to pay him taxes and to give him the support of their military services. By stimulating their pride and their spirit, they may be rendered capable of any act of heroism; but they will do nothing in the name of discipline.

"The Navarrese do not understand military honour as do the soldiers of an ordinary army; they do not even feel any scruple at fleeing before an enemy in the midst of a battle: it is not that they apprehend

danger; but they pique themselves on its never being said that they have had the worst of battle —they consider flight less dishonourable than a defeat. When they are supposed to be routed, they are seeking a more favourable spot where to await their enemies. Give them hopes of a victory, and they will cheerfully walk twenty miles to attain the spot where the encounter is to take place.

"Without this, they would disband and return home, until a common interest of revenge, replacing the hope of victory, re-assembles them afresh. The women of Spain take a leading part in military affairs, and would still seem more or less ready to partake of the exploits of the maid of Saragossa, and 'dare the deed of war.'"

"*Braves et fortes comme des hommes,*" says a modern French writer; "*les Navarroises sont sensibles et dévouées comme des héroines de roman.*"

The Spanish soldier seems to have always held a high position, in the esteem of other nations, for his moral qualities.

"*L'accueil,*" says a French officer taken prisoner by the guerillas in 1809—"*que me firent les officiers, et le respect que me portèrent les soldats, me prouvèrent tous les sentimens d'honneur et de générosité qui existent dans l'armée Espagnole.*"

The Moorish army forms an interesting study. There exist between the Moors and the Arabs of Algeria very many points of resemblance, arising perhaps from the vicinity of their territories, the relationship

of their races, and the identity of their creeds; but, independently of these analogous circumstances, the Moors have a special character of their own, a physiognomy peculiar to themselves; and their administration, like their military organization, differs considerably from those of other Mussulman countries, and deserves a particular investigation.

The Moorish government is exclusively military, and consequently absolute; the army is recruited in two ways, and is of two kinds; one, called the imperial army, is a permanent army, having an effective force of twenty-four thousand men, and composed chiefly of blacks, whom the Emperor causes to be imported at an early age from the desert, to be brought up exclusively for his service; the other, called the army of the Pachas, is only put in motion in time of war, and forms in the respective provinces in which it is recruited a species of "landwehr," or rather an assemblage of agricultural and military colonies, after the manner of those of the legionary veterans of the Roman Empire. This army can be increased indefinitely in case of need, up to an equality with the Moorish population capable of bearing arms. The ordinary levies of troops—when only needed for the stationary forces of the empire—are one in five, rising progressively to five in ten, and, in short, if that should not suffice, the levy is made summarily, and all are taken; for the Emperor of Morocco is not in the habit of reasoning with his subjects, and

there is no law which can interfere with his sovereign decree. Besides—to tell the truth—the Moors are a people practised from their earliest years in the use of arms, and they have no idea that war is a social perturbation, and an obstacle to the common weal; on the contrary, war to this people, unskilled in commerce and the industrial arts, offers the perspective of a more considerable booty than could possibly be supplied by individual plunder.

When this general levy does not suffice, recourse is had to Arab horsemen and Bedouin bands, to all those wandering tribes of the desert, always ready to offer their contribution to the highest bidder.

The contingent of each province is limited to a certain number of men, more or less considerable, the government not troubling itself to proportion its demands to the resources of the province. It often happens that a province, finding it impossible to furnish its contingent of soldiers, applies to its neighbour, who lends its superfluous population in consideration of the payment of a sum answering to 16s. per head.

Those provinces too distant to send their contingent in due time, are bound to pay to the Emperor, by way of compensation, a contribution of war based upon the number asked for. This contribution is fixed at a similar amount.

Each town is bound to equip and provision its soldiers, and to supply them with ammunition, and further, to cultivate their land during their absence.

The Pachas, governors of provinces, and commanders of expeditionary corps, are bound respectively to provide for all their expenses until the end of the war. The imperial treasury only keeps in its pay the permanent army; but if encamped in an inhabited country, the inhabitants are made to provide them with food.

The negroes, who compose a portion of the imperial army, are divided into two corps—one of foot, the other of horse; they are called Bocaris; they are the property of the Emperor, who buys them in the desert, as we have said, and they are regarded as slaves. These men are blindly subservient to his slightest wishes, and form what may be termed a prætorian guard for the protection of his absolutism. By their hands are committed those wholesale executions, or rather massacres, which generally accompany the accession of a new sovereign, when he has to contend with the opposition of various parties. The palace, the treasury, the harem, as also the person of the Emperor, are naturally confided to the vigilance of this black troop. It supplies, in the provinces, the escort of governing pachas, and serves as an instrument of secret missions among them. Foreign consuls requiring an escort, are served by these negro guards; and travellers asking for the imperial protection in visiting different parts of the empire, are provided from their ranks.

Like all indigenous Musulman armies—except

those which have received European organization—the Moorish army is insufficiently commanded, *i. e.* the command is not sufficiently subdivided, and each officer having under his orders too considerable a number of men, his commands cannot be executed with sufficient promptitude. Next below the Pacha who commands the *corps d'armée,* come the "*mocadenes,*" translated "Colonel" by the Spaniards, but whom we should more properly call General of Division, since he is placed immediately after the *Caid-el-jainse,* or Brigadier-General commanding two thousand five hundred men. Under him are the *Alcaides,* who command a body of men varying from twenty-five to five hundred.

Such is the whole *état-major* of the Moorish army, and its insufficiency is very evident. The Emperor reserves to himself the supreme command, and if he be unable to exercise it, he can only be replaced by a prince of the blood.

The Moorish soldier is easily bent to discipline; he shows himself submissive to his superior officers, by whom, at the same time, he is always well treated. He is skilful in handling those arms which do not require scientific treatment; but he is awkward in raising a battery or aiming a piece. The cavalry forms the nerve of the Moorish army. In time of battle it develops itself in a half-moon upon the wings, covering the infantry, which occupies the centre.

At the moment the action is to commence, the Aleluya is read from the Koran, and the ranks open and start forward from all sides to the oft-repeated war-cry of *"La ilah elah ilah!"*

Their first shock is terrific; and if, at starting, they obtain any advantage, they become formidable; but should they be received by an unflinching enemy, if the foe can but succeed in baffling their attack by rapid evolutions, and in placing them at the same time under fire of the artillery, they become discouraged, and the chances are that they will disband; for once put to flight, their chiefs do not find it easy to rally them again.

In the combat which took place between the Moors and Spaniards on the 1st January, 1860, the former gave a fair specimen of their bravery and temerity under the enthusiasm of a first success. Having succeeded in dislodging the Spaniards from the heights they occupied, and having made themselves masters of their baggage, they valiantly defended their position for more than two hours. Twice the Spaniards attempted to retake it, and they had been repulsed from it; perhaps even they would have renounced the effort had it not been for the heroic resolution of General Prim, who, seizing a flag, rushed with determined resolution into the midst of the enemy, and drew everything after him.

The Moorish camp is circular in form; the cavalry occupies the centre, and the infantry the circum-

ference. Each tent contains about twenty men, of whom two watch during the night, and perform the duty of sentinel alternately from night-fall to midnight, and from midnight till daybreak. During the day the encampment has no special guard. The tents always have their doors turned towards the east; they are low, in the shape of a parallelogram, and are generally made of a tissue of camels' hair; they are covered with reeds and platted straw to give them more consistence, and to keep them watertight. The chiefs display considerable luxury in their tents; they embellish them with carpets, and draperies of cloth embroidered with gold and silver. When they are accompanied by their wives, they are conveyed in costly vehicles resembling cages, barred on three sides and draped on the fourth, so that they are perfectly concealed.

Each provincial troop or "*kabyla*" carries its colours before the chief; they are very diversified in hue, and are richly embroidered. If the Emperor or any of his children command the army, they are always accompanied by the imperial insignia, consisting of a green parasol, similar to that taken from the late Emperor Abd-el-Rhaman at the battle of Isly.

It is impossible to give any approximate figure as to the actual amount of the Moorish army, because the contingent furnished by the provinces is unknown; at the beginning of the war with Spain,

the effective force was supposed to be 180,000 infantry and 40,000 horse.

The number of the population on which it is levied is uncertain; and perhaps the Emperor of Morocco himself knows little more about it than we do ourselves. If, as is doubtful, censuses are taken throughout the empire, these censuses cannot be strictly accurate, because they are made upon an uncivilised and unstable population, which may almost be considered floating, so greatly does it vary from time to time, owing to different causes. At all events the valuations differ considerably, being estimated sometimes at six and sometimes at fourteen millions. A recent writer from the Spanish camp stated the number at eight millions. The same variation exists in the population of their towns; that of Morocco or Mirakaesch varies, according to different accounts, from 30,000 to 300,000, and the same confusion exists with respect to Fez, Tangier, Tetuan, and other important places.

Of the Moors it has been observed that, as individual soldiers, they command the highest admiration. They have displayed personal military qualities such as perhaps could be surpassed by no other unorganized body of men in any part of the world; and "this display," says an intelligent observer, "is the more exciting, and was certainly much enhanced by their utter ignorance of the very first rudiments of the art of war; which brought their bravery into

such prominent relief. In the days of Du Guesclin or of the Chevalier Bayard, they would have been true heroes, quite up to the mark of the most brilliant chivalresque achievement; and even in the late campaign, had they possessed bayonets and artillery, they might possibly have proved a match for their Iberian foes. It was these weapons alone which gave victory on every occasion to the Spaniards."

In the French army, we may remark, each regiment is stamped with its own particular character, and possesses a distinctive spirit. The organizer of a regiment, it is said, always leaves upon it the impress of his qualities—but also of his vices, while in Russia the "*esprit de corps*," that magic influence to which we have already alluded, which by some mysterious agency captivates—we might say deludes—the fancy of the soldier, and transforms his courage into enthusiasm, prevails to an almost unprecedented degree: it is powerfully maintained, although the army includes so enormous a mass of men, by the expedient of naming the different regiments after the most celebrated of their Emperors, and the most victorious of their Generals. Yet, though this stupendous machine is moved with certainty, and even with rapidity when occasion requires, there are drawbacks and difficulties to surmount which are peculiarly national. Thus the Russian is of a peaceful character, there is nothing warlike in his

nature, moreover an unwilling soldier will never do his duty pleasantly or put his heart into it, and it is doubtful whether these two radical defects in an army can ever be altogether removed. Certain it is that they have hitherto contributed to the peace of Europe, and we may rejoice that they exist to keep in check the formidable power which Russia might obtain were she a nation of warriors like the French. The Crimean war cost us dear, it is true, but it has been of service to us in one respect; it has left a practical conviction that, tremendous as is the Russian army numerically, its strength is comparatively small, and we have not so much to apprehend in that quarter as was till that time imagined.

The Emperor of Russia has just returned from the Caucasus, where his attention seems to have been entirely absorbed in the military force of the empire. Some time back the Emperor placed on the war-footing the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th *corps d'armée*. The troops forming these corps did not receive the leave of absence usually granted during the autumn months.

His Majesty is now placing in a condition to enter on a campaign, the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd brigades of Mounted Artillery, the number of their horses being already complete. The budget of the Minister of War has been increased since last year by a sum of 18,014,405 silver roubles. To this we must add 2,175,983 roubles for ammunition.

This, together with the amount of the naval budget, is 125,576,595 silver roubles, or half the revenue of the empire.

The soldier of the Caucasus offers some characteristics worthy of notice among those we are enumerating. Cast in the midst of inhospitable countries, in which he has to contend not only with man but with nature, he is compelled to have recourse to that manual dexterity, that innate aptitude to all employments, which distinguishes his race. He handles the spade and the pickaxe with as much readiness and skill as the musket, and becomes by turns mason, carpenter, cabinet-maker, decorator, &c. His taste for agriculture, wherever he may be, is soon betrayed, and hardly is he installed in an encampment before he has set to work to weed and clear a little corner of land in which he plants and cultivates with passion his favourite vegetables, never forgetting the cabbage plant—his staple food, and one of the ingredients of his national soup.

Military life in the Caucasus has its idiosyncratic physiognomy, its dramatic incidents, its peculiar usages, which present details of no small interest. Among those usages which an existence surrounded by incessant perils, and by rough and unknown labours, engenders, we will mention one which presents features of originality and interest. It is the *kounatchestro*, the name being a military expression

derived from the word *kounak*, meaning host, or friend, and designating a fraternization between two regiments, or between the corresponding companies of two battalions inspired by a reciprocity of good offices, of assistance, and of sympathy.

Thus, for instance, if the first battalion of a regiment is expected at a fort where the second is already located, it is understood that the dinner of the company about to arrive shall be prepared by the corresponding company. These latter give up to their brethren, fatigued by their long march, the best of all the provisions in store, and content themselves for the occasion with dry bread. Some years since, a fire at Hassao-Yourt had caused great losses in forage to the regiment of the Kabarda. The men of the Koura hastened to supply them, company by company. This incident afforded an opportunity for a return of civilities previously conferred by the Kabardinskii, who on a recent occasion had sent several tons of cabbages to their comrades.

This fraternization is sometimes the source of noble outbursts of sentiment. After a brilliant and decisive victory, it is customary to distribute the cross of St. George, which the soldiers award by acclamation to those among themselves whom they judge most worthy to receive the decoration.

At the close of an expedition upon the Laba against the Tcherkesses in 1836, under General Veliaminof, the regiment of the Kabarda had been

the object of this distinction. Two of the four crosses allowed them had been distributed by the votes of the company, when a cry arose, "That will do for the Russians; now let us choose among the *petits Polonais*; they have behaved very bravely, and deserve to be encouraged."

War in the Caucasus requires a strategy of a peculiar character. Courage, firmness, and activity are not enough of themselves; an incessant vigilance and a spirit of *ruse* which nothing can baffle is indispensable. On all sides, and during every is instant of the day and night, the attacking party beset by a pillaging and marauding population, alert and cunning as the Red Indian, waylaying men and beasts, and seizing them the moment they are off their guard with the light-fingered dexterity of a conjuror. But they are met by men who prove a match for their adversaries; these are the Cossacks, who, from the mouths of the Danube to the confines of Siberia, are posted as vigilant sentinels, and who, during a campaign, form incomparable scouts.

The military polity of the Cossacks is full of curious details, and stands quite *per se* both as to organization and object. Their young recruits enter the army at the early age of seventeen, or, if sons of officers, three years younger; they begin to exercise themselves in the practice of equestrian feats and handling of arms. Every soldier, according to his rank, has a certain quantity of land allotted to him,

and thus becomes an interested proprietor of the soil he is called upon to defend. This land is wonderfully fertile, and produces excellent forage.

The peculiar faculty possessed by the Cossacks of identifying themselves, as regards the external habits of life, with the people amongst whom they are disseminated, manifests itself here especially in the matter of costume. They have adopted that of the mountaineers, as leaving to the limbs all their activity and their suppleness, and they wear it with so much ease that it is impossible at first sight to distinguish the Cossack from the Tcherkesse. The uniform of the Cossacks of the Black Sea is the blue Circassian tunic, open at the breast, and disclosing an under tunic of a scarlet colour. Different colours distinguish the various regiments. The arms are the straight sword of the mountaineers, with a hilt which has no guard, suspended by a thin leather strap, and the poniard. To the belt are attached a small box of grease for the rifle, and a small gun-screw, ingeniously made, serving to take to pieces and put together every portion of the arm. A leathern pouch at the side contains the pistol. Each man is provided with forty-two cartridges.

Discipline is very severe, and yet punishments are rare. They are inflicted in the presence of the whole *stanitsa*, with the elders at its head; they are entered in the certificate of each man, and are also inscribed in the register of the regiment. In each

stanitsa is a school, where arithmetic and the Russian language are taught by a master who is himself a Cossack. Religious instruction is supplied by the priest. The sons of wealthy families make their studies at the gymnasium of Stavropol, and the sons of priests, destined for sacerdotal functions, attend the seminary in the same town.

Indolent as the Turkish race is by nature, the troops of that country are fired with a singular enthusiasm when they are called upon to fight for their hearths and homes. They are not in a position to take the offensive, but all their energies are concentrated in their cause when it is a question of defence. The army of Turkey, if weak in point of numbers, has this advantage, that all the revolutionary blood of Europe is warm on the Sultan's side, and exiles of many nations are rallying round the Crescent. If, therefore, they fight like heroes, it is with the courage of despair. The Turkish army does not amount to half that of Russia. Its numbers are as follows:—

Infantry, 36 regiments, or 100,800 men; 24 regiments of cavalry, 17,280 men; 7 regiments of field artillery, 9,100 men; 2 regiments of engineers, 1,600 men; 2 regiments unattached, 6,000 men, making a total of 71 regiments, 134,780 men.

Besides the regular army, the Ottoman government possesses in irregular forces 50,000 Moslem

volunteers; 6,000 armed police or militia; 5,500 Tartars and Cossacks.

Added to these are the contingents of the tributary provinces. From Servia, 20,000 men; Bosnia, 30,000; Upper Albania, 10,000; Egypt, 40,000; and Tripoli and Tunis, 10,000.

The attention of the new Sultan appears to be exclusively devoted to the improvement of his army and navy. The military uniform is undergoing an entire change. The colour for the infantry is henceforth to be crimson instead of blue, and the form of the tunics is to be altered.

The Turkish minister at war, Namik Pasha, received part of his education at the Ecole Militaire of Paris, and seems to be thoroughly imbued with the military system of his French neighbours. For the future a regiment of Cuirassiers, two of Hussars, and one of "Guides" is to replace the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, consisting at present of four regiments. The equipment of the infantry is to be modified after that of the Zouaves. Improvements are projected in the rate and mode of payment, and in the allowances. A large number of the servants who have been discharged from the imperial employment are to be received into the army, and the sanitary condition of the troops and the hospital regulations are receiving a share of attention they have long needed.

The war establishments of the different nations of

Europe respectively, as ascertained in April, 1860, are as follows :—

Great Britain numbers, in regular troops of all arms, 218,971 men; 30,072 horses, 366 guns. British local and colonial troops, 18,249 men, 248 guns; foreign and coloured troops, chiefly in India, 218,043 men, 58 guns; military police in India, 79,264 men; grand total, 534,527 men, 30,072 horses, 672 guns. Reserve available for the defences of the kingdom in case of war, 14,768 pensioners; militia, 45,000; yeomanry, 16,080; 12,892 Irish constabulary; 140,000 volunteers; total, 228,740 men.

In France at the same period, the troops stationed at home were 398,559; in Algeria, 83,782; in North Italy, 55,281; in Rome, 7,904; in China, 5,468. Total under arms, 550,994; men on *congé*, 64,471; reserve, 11,017. Grand total, 626,482.

The complicated organization of the Russian army renders an analysis of the forces which compose it extremely embarrassing; but the numbers, as accurately as they can be ascertained, appear to be, on the present reduced establishment, 850,000 men. Of these the active army numbers 520,523 men, and 1,160 guns; the remainder consists of disciplined Cossacks and irregular troops.

The grand total of Austria is 738,344 men, and 1,088 guns. In Prussia it is 719,092 men, and 1,444 guns.

The Prussians, who, since they possess no navy, can certainly afford to bring their army to perfection, are making a move towards this result. Their camp, with the military manœuvres to which it has given scope, has become a feature in the pages of contemporary history; and the details of the conduct and condition of these troops seem to deserve a place there.

The physique and general appearance of the men is highly satisfactory, and the aspect of vigour and intelligence presented by these youths—for they are necessarily young—is in keeping with the fact that with them misconduct is the exception, and by no means the rule.

Their uniform is trim and smart, and if objected to, it can only be on the score of want of ease to the limbs; certainly it is more favourable to show than to use. Their accuracy of movement and simultaneous action is very striking; not a bayonet is out of the true, and their marching pace is perhaps the steadiest to be seen in the ranks of any army. "Slow time" is exploded among the Prussian soldiers, but we are surprised to find the "high step"* used even on parade occasions. It has been described as a "prance," and we cannot too strongly depre-

* Our readers probably know that the high-priced horses trained to this step, acquire their lesson by wearing spectacles of enormous magnifying power, which deceive them into the conviction that a pebble is a boulder, and that they must lift their feet proportionately to step over it.

cate such an introduction, which is not only costly in the time taken from better purposes for its acquisition, but occasions a totally needless fatigue to the men, while the taste which has suggested it must be characterized either as barbarous or ridiculous. It is likewise subversive of the utility of parade, which to serve any good purpose should be as practical as possible, and is only satisfactory as far as it shows the men in their most natural attitudes.

The cavalry is highly creditable; for though the horses are slight, they have spirit enough, and can go through a great deal of fatigue. The men are not ungraceful riders, and even the infantry officers appear at ease when mounted. The same want of bone and muscle is apparent in the artillery horses, and some modifications are required in the construction of the carriages. The wheels of the carriage, says the *Times* correspondent, are smaller than those of the limber, and present, therefore, this disadvantage, that they cannot be substituted for one another. We have further to remark, that they have—except in time of war, when they are increased to eight—only four guns to a battery, and no ammunition waggons. The breech-loading rifle is now almost entirely the arm of the infantry. They fire volleys at the rate of one in twenty seconds, and are remarkably accurate in their firing.

The knapsack is extremely unsightly, but is both

comfortable and useful. The *chaussure* is the weak point of Prussian accoutrements, and the short, clumsy Wellingtons into which they tuck their trousers in their futile endeavours to keep them out of the mud, are an unsightly as well as an inefficient substitute for the leggings of the Zouave. The great-coat is carried—when not in use—in a much more sensible way than that adopted by our soldiers, over the shoulder and across the chest.

The drilling is excellent, and the men stand fatigue well; for notwithstanding long marches, night bivouacs in bad weather, and trying work, it is rare to see a man fall out. The officers are proud of their position, and understand their duty, but the Prussian tactics and formation can hardly be considered up to the mark in these days of refinement in arms. Solid formation may with them be considered a *détail de mœurs*, and its continuance is accounted for by the desideratum of keeping young soldiers together in order to maintain their courage; but with the introduction of Armstrong shells and other modern inventions, such columns and squares would stand no chance of escaping complete annihilation. It is strange to note that the Prussians are aware of this, and while they admit changes of system to be necessary, do not appear to contemplate the adoption of any innovation until war is actually imminent. This savours somewhat of rashness and improvidence, and

appears unaccountable on the part of a civilized people, especially in these times of rapid locomotion and prompt action, when it behoves every army which contemplates entering the field to be thoroughly prepared and thoroughly practised.

The average sick in barracks is about one per cent.

To examine the military forces of more distant nations, but in which we have reason to feel interested, the Chinese soldiers, if we may believe an eye-witness, writing at the time of the war, are far more plucky than we islanders are disposed to believe.

"Were they but drilled and organized," he observes, "what magnificent soldiers they would make! They have in them all the elements of a soldier—patience, frugality, immense industry, docility, and intelligence, great powers of endurance, and an aptitude for organization. If well drilled and disciplined, and led by men in whom they confided, I see no reason why, with their countless hordes, they should not conquer the world if they were so inclined. I do not believe," he adds, "that they lack courage; individually they are very spirited. You may daily see Chinamen in the Bazaar at Hong Kong sticking up to English soldiers and sailors, coming to blows with them, and not always getting the worst of it. We hear much of their cowardice

in our former wars because they always ran away, and probably will again; but I am not sure whether prudence (discretion?) is not the correct term to designate the feeling which prompts an undisciplined, unorganized rabble, armed with impossible matchlocks and antediluvian bows and arrows, to dissolve before Armstrong guns and the matchless infantry of England. Raise a regiment of Chinese, officer it with British officers, and arm it with British muskets and bayonets, and in a twelvemonth I will back it against any regiment of Asiatics in the world."

The French are projecting the immediate establishment in Cochin-China of a native corps of marine artillery, four batteries, all the *matériel* that can be required, besides a special corps of Annamites, to be formed for the military service of the artillery.

These indigenous troops, who are both courageous and faithful, have already rendered excellent service. They have nothing to apprehend from the influences of climate, to which Europeans must necessarily pay a serious tribute.

The *Chef d'escadron*, M. Sapia, one of the most distinguished officers of the French fleet, and who directed with so much success the fire of a battery of mortars upon the Isle of Abraham on the occasion of the bombardment of Sweaborg, in the Gulf of Finland, during the Russian war, has embarked at Tou-

lon for Cochin-China, to preside over these important measures.

In the Siamese army, the Generals are in the habit of assuming allegorical sobriquets, with the idea of inspiring their foes with terror, and also to invest themselves severally with the various attributes supposed to characterize the animals whose names they borrow.

Thus, one will call himself General Lion, another General Tiger, General Dragon, and we might now ask why not "General Gorilla?" since Mr. de Chaillu has contrived to make *General Bull* believe "him" to be so brave and formidable! The Commander-in-chief is named Micthap, which, being interpreted, signifies "Mother of the army," and this officer is required to adopt and conform to several superstitious customs and observances: for instance, he must wear a dress of a different colour every day of the week; thus on Sunday he dresses in white, on Monday in yellow, on Tuesday in green, on Wednesday in red, on Thursday in blue, on Friday in black, and on Saturday in violet. The chiefs are seldom at the head of their battalion; they habitually remain in the rear, and carry a drawn sword in their hand. One of the military laws is, that if a soldier retreat before the enemy only a few steps, the chief is bound to cut off his head. So that by an inverted policy, those Siamese who are not very courageous never venture to turn back!

It is related of one of their Generalissimos—since dead—that he on one occasion placed himself at the rear of the regiment on a march, carrying a long lance, of which he availed himself to goad the soldiers in the back, urging them on by continually repeating, in an encouraging tone, "Forward, my boys, forward!"

We often take a retrospective survey of the armies of Persia, Greece, and Rome, but it does not occur to us to inquire what description of soldiers they were with whom the victorious heroes of these empires had to cope in their successful onslaughts.

It is curious, nevertheless, to note the delightful simplicity with which Josephus describes the military inefficiency of the Jewish troops; the only feeling excited by the recital of their unsoldierly bearing is one of wonder that they could ever have been induced to take the field against any foe; but when their enemies were Romans, we cannot forbear wondering how they could expect to succeed in defending themselves.

"Now the Jews," says the *naïf* historian, "were unskilful in war, and were to meet those who were instructed therein. They were footmen to fight with horsemen; they were in disorder to fight those who were united together: they were poorly armed to fight those who were completely equipped; they were to fight more by their rage than by sober counsel,

and were opposed to soldiers that were exactly obedient, and did everything they were bidden upon the least intimation. So," he adds—and we cannot say we are surprised at it—"they were easily beaten."

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH OFFICER.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH OFFICER.—PROMOTION THE MORAL LEVER BY WHICH THE FRENCH ARMY IS MOVED.—PROMOTION IN FRANCE THE REWARD OF MERIT.—IN ENGLAND THE RESULT OF PURCHASE.—CONSEQUENT ATTRIBUTES OF OFFICERS IN EITHER CASE.—EXCLUSIVENESS OF ENGLISH OFFICERS.—THEIR INEFFICIENCY AND WANT OF EXPERIENCE.—SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S OPINION AS EXPRESSED.—ANECDOTE OF GENERAL SEYDLITZ.—BIRTH AND EDUCATION OFTEN THEIR SOLE DISTINCTIONS, TO THE EXCLUSION OF PROFESSIONAL TRAINING AND MILITARY SKILL.—FAVORITISM.—INJUDICIOUS APPOINTMENTS.—ENGLISH OFFICERS RARELY RAISED FROM THE RANKS.—CONSEQUENCES WHEN THEY ARE.—EXPERIENCE OF THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN.—FOPPISHNESS OF ENGLISH OFFICERS DURING THE SPANISH CAMPAIGNS.—ALLEGED STIFFNESS OF FRENCH OFFICERS TOWARDS THEIR SUBALTERNS EXPLAINED.—ATTACHMENT OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER TO HIS OFFICERS.—PATERNAL SOLICITUDE OF THE OFFICER FOR HIS MEN.—INSTANCES.—ANECDOTE OF GENERAL DE BRISSAC.—OF GENERAL MC.MAHON.—WILD FREAKS OF ENGLISH OFFICERS.—WANT OF DIGNITY AND GOOD TASTE.—FEELING BETWEEN OFFICERS AND MEN.—GENERALS CANROBERT, BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS, LAMORICIÈRE, AND BIZOT CITED, AS AFFORDING INSTANCES OF THE AFFECTIONATE REGARD OF OFFICERS FOR THEIR MEN.—"PARVENUISM" IN FRANCE CONTRASTED WITH "PARVENUISM" IN ENGLAND.—ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES OF MARECHAL VAILLANT.—GENERAL JUNOT.—GENERAL HOCHE.—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL DROUOT.—GENERAL COLLINEAU.—HIS DEATH.—DEATH OF GENERAL BIZOT.—GENERAL CANROBERT.—SIMPLE HABITS AND HOMELY AFFECTIONS OF FRENCH OFFICERS.—ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.—MARECHAL ST. ARNAUD.—HIS LAST EXPLOITS AND DEATH.—MARECHAL RADETZKI.—GENERAL DE COTTE, ANEC-

DOTES OF HIS LIFE.—HIS DEATH.—ANECDOTE OF MARECHAL SUCHET.—ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH OFFICER.—ANECDOTE OF COLONEL DE MONTALEMBERT.—THE LAST HOURS OF DORREGOS.—THE OFFICERS AT METZ—REVIVAL OF RELIGIOUS FEELING AMONG THE FRENCH OFFICERS.—PÈRE GLORIOT.—THE DUKE OF ELCHINGEN.—GENERAL DE LOURMEL.—GENERAL CARBUCCIA.—PÈRE PARABÈRE.—ANECDOTE OF GUSTAVE (AFTERWARDS PÈRE) DE RAVIGNAN. — GENERAL CANROBERT. — GENERALS LAMORICIÈRE AND DE PIMODAN.—ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE.—HIS DEATH.—THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGN AND THE OFFICERS IT PRODUCED.—GENERAL DAMREMONT.—GENERAL PERREGAUX.—ANECDOTES OF THE AFRICAN WAR.—GENERAL CHANGARNIER.—INCIDENTS RELATED BY THE COMTE DE CASTELLANE.—WARFARE IN THE DESERT.—MODE OF FIGHTING OF THE ARABS.—THEIR STRATAGEMS AND RUSES.—NIGHT MARCHES.—MARECHAL BUGEAUD. — BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. — ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE.—ABD-ED-KADER.—LA CASQUETTE DU PÈRE BUGEAUD.—HIS DEATH.—HIS CHARACTER.—ADORED BY THE SOLDIERS.—GENERAL LAMORICIERE.—GENERAL CHANGARNIER.—GENERAL CAVAIGNAC. — GENERAL BEDEAU. — GENERALS BEC-DELIEVRE AND BARBERINI. — A COLONEL OF ZOUAVES. — THE TROOPS WHICH TOOK THEIR ORIGIN IN THE AFRICAN WAR.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH OFFICER.

"Ipse, cultu levi, capite intecto, in agmine, in laboribus frequens adesse: laudem strenuis, solatium invalidis, exemplum omnibus ostendere."

TACITUS.

"Pour apprendre à commander, il faut savoir obéir."

MARECHAL SAXE.

THE French officer differs not less from the English officer than the French soldier in the ranks from the English private.

In England an officer is rarely, under any circumstances, raised from the ranks, and the opinion which seems at last to have gained all minds, is that one of the most important reforms which can be introduced into our army is the summary abolition of the present system of purchasing commissions and bribing men out.

In France, the hope of attaining the envied position of superior officer is the mainspring of action

among the men, and in it may be found the grand secret of the superiority of the French army over our own. It reconciles the reluctant recruit to his sometimes unwelcome fate, it sustains him through the hardships of his apprenticeship, and inspires him with enthusiasm during active service; for in time of war he looks upon promotion as a matter of certainty, and regardless of the perils by which he is surrounded, he would gladly see the return of those days of strife in which the world was literally turned topsy-turvy, and the common soldier of yesterday, subject to the stern will of superiors, suddenly awoke to find himself in a position of authority, and appointed to command those who but a few hours previously were his fellows. In those days promotion seemed to come not simply from the east or from the south; it dropped down ready-made upon the head of the favoured individual who had successfully wooed the smiles of fortune. It is true a man risked his life on the chance, but then the throw so often turned up doublets.

In time of peace, this result is still *possible*, but it is quite another matter; and although any man in France, however humble his birth, may reach this proud pre-eminence, it is hard work for a soldier, and costs more labour and more intelligence than is required to enable a man to put his hand into his pocket and draw out the necessary sum which will purchase his rank here. A or B may do this, but X,

Y, and Z themselves would find it difficult to attain their object in the style exacted by the French army.

In France, the purchase of military rank is unknown, it is attained by merit only; and those who have undergone the ordeal, alone know the strict and searching examinations they must pass through before they can be admitted to the dignity of the epaulette. Considerable military knowledge is requisite before a candidate can be even entered at St. Cyr, if he desire to serve in the Line; at Saumur, if destined for the cavalry; or at the Ecole Polytechnique, if for the engineers or the artillery.

The difficulties which beset his admission to this latter institution are exceedingly hard to surmount. But, suppose him even arrived here, this is only the starting-place—the *commencement du commencement*, and he must work his way with intelligence, activity, and determination, if he hope ever to achieve a position. Once arrived, however, he is equal to his trust, and possesses over our officers this eminent advantage—that he is practically conversant with every detail of the service, and as capable of executing his own commands as the humblest soldier to whom he commits them. He may or may not be a man of birth or fortune; often, indeed, he is neither the one nor the other; but the frank, noble, manly bearing he has acquired from the conscious dignity of his attainments and the brilliancy of his self-created position, places him on a par in society with

many a finished gentleman; while the scrutinizing competitive examination through which he has passed, backed by the consciousness that there are many others of equal merit with himself, tends to neutralize every feeling of gratified vanity, and to preserve in him urbanity of disposition and simplicity of manner.

Exclusiveness is an attribute of the English, rarely of the French officer; and when we consider the construction of that body in which so much aristocratic blood predominates, it is only natural it should be thus characterised. Hitherto the only passports needed to admit a man within the magic circle, have been patronage, and the power to purchase; and as the examination was known to be merely nominal, many would hardly take the trouble to be "crammed," or to "coach up," in order to spare the blushes of those who they know must pass them.

In England it is a notorious—and not a very creditable—fact, that a man—we beg his pardon, a "gentleman"—enters the army for the sake of assuming a position in life; thus he purchases his grade by degrees, comes out a Colonel, and, with this respectable handle to his name, sells out and invests his money, which is now considerably increased in amount, in some promising security, with the interest on which he is now in a situation to dash into the hey-day of society, captivate some silly fashionable girl with his military accessories, and ride trium-

phantly over the path on which he might otherwise have crawled unnoticed to the end of his days. Our readers must be so familiar with this practice, that each one has only to pause a moment and glance round mentally at his circle of acquaintances to exclaim, "Why, that's what Colonel So-and-so did!"

A recent instance came to our knowledge, where a person having bought into the army for the sake of the prestige, and having attained the rank of Colonel began to look about him for the most profitable mode of emancipation, and to consider in what way he could mak the most satisfactory issue to the transaction. His own regiment, of course, offered the best market, and, by dint of a little haggling, he worked the offer of his fellow-officers up to £17,000! Eighteen thousand, however, was his price, and to this he manfully adhered, threatening to sell at once to a strange bidder rather than bate one shilling of his price. The dread of this alternative had of course presented itself to the minds of these officers, and a consultation was held as to what course they should adopt. At length a resolution was passed to consent to the demand, outrageous as it was. Our readers will discern why. Had the appointment been purchased by a stranger, each would have remained *in statu quo;* but, bought by the next in rank of his own regiment, each officer, of an inferior grade, received a proportionate promotion, and could therefore afford to contribute his quota to the general

sum, which, thus shared, did not, of course, fall, by any means, heavily on the actual purchaser of the Colonelcy.

The Crimean war has singularly aided in opening the eyes of the public to the unfairness, not to say the folly, of this most vicious system; and there seems to be now a growing conviction that, if our army is to compete with those of other nations, our officers must be manufactured on a new principle. A certain degree of improvement has already taken place, and, since 1855, that barrier which excluded those whose antecedents were more humble, and their quarterings fewer, has been shaken, if not altogether subverted. There is now no want of instruction in our colleges, and even the French are novices compared with us when we introduce them into our Arsenals and Dockyards; if they boast a more martial spirit, we at least are a-head of them in manufacturing the implements with which to give it effect.

The old system has gone on so long, that, once abandoned, it will be for ever, and when next we go to war, our officers will be a different class of men. Then, indeed, will the bravery and endurance of our soldiers be turned to good account, and we shall not again be taunted for sending into the field "a troop of lions led by a staff of asses."

Sir Charles Napier, who, perhaps, knew something on these matters, is said to have given his opinion on the ability and characters of our officers, which,

as some of our readers may not have heard it, we repeat here.

Being asked what he thought of the Army and Navy Club, he answered:—"Fine young men! very." Of the Junior United?—"Fine old men! very." Of the Senior United?—"Oh! . . . . fine old *women*, those."

We do not mean to endorse the facetious old officer's replies, but, although we believe them to be too sweeping to be altogether admissible, we think many of the officers who form those gallant bodies will agree that there is a loud call for reform in the organization of our staff.

A spirited anecdote, illustrative of the initiative and presence of mind of an officer, is related of Seydlitz, unquestionably the most remarkable General in the Prussian army in the last century. Finding himself one day, at Berlin, in the suite of King Frederick the Great, during a conversation with other officers he advanced the opinion that the single fact of having his horse killed under him was sufficient to excuse a cavalry officer for being made prisoner. The king happened to overhear this, and as he was just setting his foot on one of the bridges over the Spree, commanded that it should be drawn up, and turning to Seydlitz, (perhaps for the sake of the *spree*) he said, "Ha, ha! Seydlitz, you are now my prisoner. Let us see how you will get out of that scrape."

Seydlitz made no answer, but looking at the king with an air in which respect and archness were strangely mingled, he set spurs to his horse, and starting him off with a vigorous movement, cleared the parapet of the bridge with one leap. The King looked on in astonishment; he saw the intrepid General, who had given proof of such ready presence of mind, drop into the river, and as he rose with elasticity to the surface, he proceeded to gain the opposite coast, and then to swim back to the spot where the King and his suite stood waiting to receive and applaud him.

Struck by this evidence of promptitude and courage, the King ever after entertained a great regard for Seydlitz, and used often to express a high opinion of his soldierly qualities.

We are tempted to quote the recent remarks of a military writer on the characteristics of the English officers, and the mismanagement of our own system as regards them.

.... "Besides the defects of improper education in field manœuvring, and the slight want of skill on the part of the troops in everything where they have not been thoroughly drilled, the British army has also to contend with many other faults most difficult to extirpate, but which must be utterly abolished, if it is ever to attain the same scale of development as the French or Prussian. The worst of all these evils is indubitably the defective

military education and incapability of a great portion of the officers. We approach this subject more in sorrow than in anger, but we are compelled to offer the opinion we have arrived at, after a careful comparison of our system with that of continental armies. The staff of English officers, nearly all drawn from the independent classes of society, assuredly contains a large number of valuable and tried men in its ranks, who have fought bravely in every climate, and whose excellent military qualifications would insure them an equivalent rank in any army. This is especially the case with the officers of long standing, who make a profession of the army. These gentlemen really effect wonders in every moment of difficulty and danger, and to them, as to the innate courage of our soldiers, may be ascribed the successful termination of the late war. But a startling contrast to these thoroughly valuable and efficient officers is found, unfortunately, in an equally large number of officers, even up to the highest grades, who are only officers by name. These gentlemen, belonging partly to our aristocracy and partly to our plutocracy, are perfect in manner and behaviour; they are well versed in all the varied contents of 'Bell's Life.' They can give you a hint about the winner of the next Derby, and in a battle display that cold-blooded courage which is, thank God, characteristic of Englishmen; and these may be in themselves valuable qualifications, but

they are not all we have to expect from a commanding officer; and yet, in too many cases, we find nothing more. They very seldom display any proof of military knowledge, and, worst of all, are not actuated by any motive of ambition as regards their profession; the only point, however, with them seems to be to prove their bravery in action, but they do not trouble themselves sufficiently with what becomes of their men, before or after an engagement.

"Such officers as these were supplied to the French army by the aristocracy prior to the first revolution, and to this must be ascribed such defeats as that experienced at Rossbach, at the hands of Frederick the Great. French officers who fought with us at Sebastopol were perfectly astounded at the inefficiency of the English officers, and, though they could not sufficiently praise their undoubted bravery, laughed heartily at the dressing-cases and toilette accessories, without which they could not exist. They marvelled, too, at the ignorance the English officers displayed of advanced post and patrol duty, and declared they had now discovered why they were generally so inefficient that they would not have been tolerated as corporals in the French army, much less command companies and battalions. On the other hand, the French spoke in the highest terms of the efficiency of the artillery and engineer officers. Hence, if the British army is to

undergo a radical reform, which is most necessary, the commencement should be made with a thorough improvement of the officers, who must be raised to the same standard of military ability as their French and Prussian contemporaries. In order to effect this gradually (for it cannot be brought about at one stroke), it is, before all, requisite that our system of purchasing commissions should be done away with. The possibility of obtaining a permanent appointment without any previous military knowledge, enables many useless young fellows to enter our army, who would do better in any other profession."

It is not long since great dissatisfaction was occasioned, not only in the country, but in the army itself, by the appointment of an officer to the colonelcy of a distinguished regiment, whose main qualification consisted in the fact that he had for several years filled, with credit, a civil office near the person of the Prince Consort! As a soldier, his claims were not to be mentioned beside those of many other officers of his rank before whom he was preferred, and the whole transaction was one we have no reason to be proud of; but public indignation reached its culminating point when the Secretary of State for War said, in his place in Parliament, that it would be a "mean and cowardly" thing to pass over this court soldier in favour of the many camp soldiers who were his seniors in the service, and who had fought and suffered in the field. Of

the appointments made since that time to regimental colonelcies some have been good, some indifferent. One, however, to which we forbear to attach more particulars, has been so utterly unjustifiable, that it has been suggested that "H. R. H. the General Commanding in Chief, being at a loss to decide between conflicting claims, must have put the names of all the Generals on the list into a lottery, and have drawn that of Major General M—— E——, to his own and that officer's intense surprise," so perplexing is the appointment. Such occurrences, however, are not perhaps altogether to be deplored; a few abuses of this kind are often needed, as they generally are preliminary to the abolition of an old and objectionable, and the introduction of a new and improved system. Of matters calling out for reform, perhaps the present administration of military patronage is one of the most rationally urgent.

If we are accustomed to, and sometimes disgusted with, the conventional phrase which is always putting before us the "glory of France," but which, after all, only corresponds to the "interests of England," let us hope that England is growing wiser, and will learn to combine her interests *with* her glory, and no longer merit the sobriquet we fear too fairly given her by Napoleon the First.

It is, as we have said, rarely, very rarely, that in the English army an officer rises from the ranks, and when he does, the marked difference—for here it

is a difference without a distinction—with which he is treated by the others, must render his position a very unpleasant one.

His want of those means, which the others possess, to spend as recklessly and live as luxuriously, at once places him on an inferior footing, and there is no remedy for this part of the business. His only resource would be to run into debt, and even this would not serve him; for, while a gentleman by birth and education may indulge in this perilous vice with impunity, the man of small name and humble origin would only be ridiculed for aping the follies of his superiors, and would thus involve himself in a ruinous course to no purpose whatever.

Besides this, an officer raised from the ranks is unpopular even with the men. As the evangelical old lady convincingly observed in speaking of Gavazzi, "He's been one on 'em, and in course he knows all about it." This does not suit the men, who already behold with envy one whose position they see but little chance of attaining, and who know, besides this, that he is up to all their vagaries and irregularities.

Distasteful alike to his equals and subordinates, he is despised as an interloper by the former, and regarded with invidious sullenness or slavish mistrust by the latter; thus he finds no companions in either party, and though elevated in position, he pays dearly for it, in the sacrifice it has cost him of his social enjoyments.

In the French army neither of these consequences ever occurs, whether it be that the men are accustomed to see one another promoted for degrees of merit which they themselves can admire and appreciate, or that in the army their ideas are so exclusively military, that whatever other qualifications an officer may possess are lost sight of in favour of his talent for war and his aptitude as a commander.

Of the unpractical character of the English officers in times but slightly removed from our own, we have the following evidence in the remarks of a Hussar, who, writing from Spain, where he was in active service in 1814, states that, "By many young officers all regulations are set at defiance, and those of the staff amuse themselves (and others) by the curious fancies with which they bedeck their persons. Some have adopted grey instead of blue *surtouts*, others blue-laced hussar jackets. Foppery has greatly encroached on the equipment of the nether limbs, and overalls are worn of all the colours of the rainbow, ornamented with fancy laces.

"None have carried these vagaries so far as a 'minister of peace' attached to the army—distinguished by the title of the 'Fighting Parson,'—and, we may infer, less in honour of his professed calling than of his warlike cognomen, always wears a red hussar jacket. But active service is more likely to diminish puppyism than any other process; and after seeing a young officer of the Guards (on

whom, when in London, the breath of heaven never fell till after three o'clock, and after that hour was only to be seen in white kid gloves) carrying home a bundle of red herrings from a sutler's without an *envelope*, I no longer despair of any reformation."

It has been asserted by superficial writers, that there is "a certain degree of stiffness in the French army;" and they cite, as a proof of this, the fact that separate tables are served for the several grades, and the statement that field-officers have not the slightest communication with the subalterns except when on duty. This "stiffness" is not, however, as too often in England, the result of any personal feeling—it is a part of the discipline of the French army; and without it the "*respect de l'épaulette*" could hardly be maintained. The General takes his meals in his own quarters, and the Colonel likewise; but although the *Lieutenants* and *Sous-Lieutenants* mess together, and the Captains together by themselves, yet a perfectly good understanding exists between them; and if the laws of military etiquette forbid a superior officer to receive an invitation from one of lower grade, there are frequent occasions on which he may assemble around him, if not to dinner, at least to take coffee or punch, such as he pleases of his subalterns. The military salute is *de rigueur;* but as no inferior officer *dare* pass a superior without thus accosting him—if before sunset, for after that period he is dispensed—so no

superior can avoid returning the salute. The inferior officer or soldier thus disregarded, would not, it is true, be so impolitic as to make the omission a subject of complaint; but any other officer happening to witness the incident would be bound to report it, when a reprimand would ensue, and in any case the offending party would be disgraced, as a man ignorant of the laws of good breeding.

We remember once, when in Paris, meeting an acquaintance, a Capitaine des Voltigeurs de la Garde, near the door of the "Trois Frères," when a Lieutenant happened to pass, and, whether from carelessness or forgetfulness, neglected to perform the required salute. He was a fine young man, of dashing and gentlemanly appearance, and it seemed to us an oversight on his part; the Captain, however, was not disposed to let the matter drop, and very curtly called after the offender:—"Halte, là, Monsieur le Lieutenant, faites moi le plaisir de revenir par ici."

The Lieutenant, colouring at being thus interpellated before all the passers in that frequented thoroughfare, turned back, nevertheless, like a machine; replying respectfully, "Me voilà, Capitaine."

"Vous avez passé devant moi tout à l'heure," said the superior officer, in a tone of command, "sans me saluer, vous allez, s'il vous plait, faire une quinzaine de pas de ce côté là," added he, pointing over his shoulder, "puis en revenant vous me

renderez le salut que vous me devez." This order was promptly executed, on which the Capitaine, raising his own hand to his forehead after the prescribed form, dismissed him with, "C'est fort bien, Monsieur, si vous aviez fait ce que vous deviez la première fois, vous n'auriez pas eu la peine de revenir sur vos pas."

The Russian officers, on the other hand, are scandalized at the *sans façon*, which exists between officers and men in the French army when off duty, and there is no doubt that at such times there is a decided relaxation of discipline.

We can, however, hardly form a true appreciation of the soldier without studying him in campaign; the relative positions of officers, between themselves, and of officers and men, are altogether modified. When occasion arises, they show for each other a consideration unknown in our own army. We know of more than one instance of a Captain of Infantry, who—in time of war, being necessarily allowed a horse—would dismount and walk, himself, when the exigences of the service would admit of it, in order to enable a lamed or wounded soldier to ride. The devotedness of the soldiers in their turn towards their commanders is equally striking, especially to the English mind, and we might cite, besides instances during the Algerian campaign, in which the men pressed upon their officers their last draught of water, more precious than gold, and shewed them every possible

token of disinterestedness and affection, the touching story of the soldier who, seeing a shell about to demolish his Colonel, regardless of personal safety, threw himself upon the officer, bearing him down to the ground, as he exclaimed, "*Ah! Colonel, une bombe!*" The bomb fell, but it fell upon the devoted soldier; the Colonel was saved, he rose from the ground unharmed, but deeply to lament the fate of the poor fellow who had so generously died to rescue him.

A similar incident occurred during the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. General Bonaparte finding himself one day in the trenches, a bomb fell at his feet; in an instant two grenadiers were beside him; they placed him between them, and raised their arms above his head, so as completely to cover him, when, strange to relate, the bomb, in bursting, respected the entire group; not one of them was touched! These two soldiers could not have given to their chief a more heroic proof of devotedness. Their names deserve to be recorded — one was Daumênil, afterwards General of that name: the other Souchon, who was thrice decorated. Great indeed must be the provocation when a French soldier lifts his hand against his officer.

A trumpeter named Escoffier, at the battle of the 22nd September, 1845, in Africa, the hussar Lestard at that of Sed-i-Brahim, both sacrificing their liberty, and voluntarily exposing their lives to save that of their chiefs, offering them their horses to replace

those which had been killed under them, are instances among many of frequent occurrence in the French army.

The conduct of the fusilier Michel, of the 41st of the line, during the captivity of six officers, taken prisoners in the midst of events which ensanguined the year 1845, in Africa, offers an example of devotedness which called forth the admiration not only of the French detained at the Deira of Abd-el-Kader, but also of the Arabs who surrounded them, and who had themselves dyed their hands in the blood of the unfortunate French soldiers.

Michel was one of the four soldiers appointed to serve the officers who had survived so many calamities. Michel gave himself up, body and soul, to his lieutenant, M. Hillerain, destined to be carried off by a violent attack of dysentery on the very day which preceded the deliverance of the party.

Michel entertained for his former officer, not only the zeal of a faithful servant and the solicitude of a friend, but, beyond these, the tenderness and the touching affection of a mother. M. Hillerain had arrived at that state of physical and mental prostration which annihilates all power; the only sentiment he seemed to retain was the consciousness of his approaching end, accompanied by a feeling of gratitude, which endured to his latest breath, towards the disinterested and devoted soldier who lavished upon him so much care.

Up to the last moment, despite the slow fever

which was undermining him, Michel might be seen, night and day, occupying himself with the details of the sick-room. When he took any repose it was on a mat beside the couch of his patient, and holding one of his hands in his own, in order to be aroused at his slightest movement. A night came, however, when that hand, whose every pulsation he so anxiously watched, ceased to respond to the pressure, and remained stiff and cold, in spite of his efforts to warm and re-animate it. The sufferings of the young lieutenant were over—his enemies could no longer retain him captive—his soul had winged its flight, leaving the faithful attendant to mourn alone. —M. Hillerain was dead!

The very next day, after eleven months of the most frightful captivity, the remaining eleven unfortunate officers recovered their freedom.

Michel's grief was deep but silent, his task was not yet over, he had still a duty to perform. Knowing that the chief, Sidi-Kadour-Ben-Allel, had refused the commandant of Cognord permission to allow the remains of M. Hillerain to be carried to Mellilah, Michel proceeded to perform the last offices for him whose life he would have purchased at the sacrifice of his own: favoured by the moonlight, he descended into a ravine, near which the men were bivouacked, and there, with his hands and nails, the unfortunate man excavated a grave five feet deep. At this laborious work he tore his fingers in a frightful manner,

and reddened with his blood the earth that was to receive the body of his departed master.

During the expedition of the Dobrutcha, where the first division, under the command of Canrobert, was overtaken by cholera, the soldiers of the 1st battalion of *Chasseurs à pied* might be seen presenting themselves in crowds, in their eagerness to bear away in their arms M. Tristan le Gros, mortally struck by the epidemic at the bivouac of Assi-Dolouk.

At Badchik, we are told, these same *Chasseurs* took a melancholy pleasure in surrounding with verdure and foliage the tomb of their sergeant-major M. Monnier, who fell one of the last, a victim to the scourge, and whilst bestowing as he did to the latest moment, the most active and assiduous attention upon the soldiers of his battalion.

On the other hand, of the vigilance and paternal solicitude exercised towards their men by officers in the French army, we have many striking instances. An example of it we find in the account of one who took an active part in one of the African campaigns.

"Towards one o'clock," says this writer, "the General-in-chief ordered the Duke de Nemours to simulate an attack against the gates of El-Kantara, in order to draw the attention of the enemy to that side, while General Ruthières should take possession of Condiad-Aty. It was my duty to convey to General —then Colonel—de Lamoricière, from the prince,

the order to put himself in movement; and as he did not start with sufficient promptitude, I was sent back to him. 'Come,' said he, smiling, 'must we attack without an instant's delay—could you not take upon yourself to grant me five minutes?'—'Why?' asked I.—'It has been raining hard the last half hour; my men are wet through; now, I am pretty sure we shall have a ray of sunshine through those clouds in a very little while, which will warm and cheer my poor Zouaves; a little heat will soon dry them, and they will have more heart for their work. I will answer for it that they will soon make up for lost time.' As may be supposed, I did not hesitate to engage my responsibility, and things turned out exactly as the Colonel of Zouaves had predicted: He had scarcely finished speaking, when the sun burst through the clouds in all its splendour, and shed a flood of genial warmth upon our brave infantry, who scarcely waited for the signal of their chief to throw themselves upon the enemy. There was something almost amusing in seeing our two battalions scatter themselves over the hills of Sidi-Mécid, rushing upon the Kabyls in the midst of the rocks, pursuing them through the cactuses, and all this with an incessant accompaniment of detonations and savage yells from the Arabs, who fled at full speed by the bridge by which they expected we were about to arrest their passage."

Once, when the Maréchal de Brissac was com-

manding a very important expedition, to the *élite* of his troops was entrusted an enterprise, the issue of which was to decide the fate of the contending parties; but although the divisions returned triumphant, it was found that the victory turned entirely on an act of disobedience on the part of a private soldier.

The Maréchal proceeded at once to reward all those who had displayed their zeal and courage on the occasion; but he thought it also his duty to deliver up to a council of war the intrepid soldier—however brave and brilliant his conduct—to whose insubordination the victory was due. His fellow-soldiers, and even the officers, testified their dissatisfaction at this proceeding, but no considèration could arrest the determination of the Maréchal: the soldier was tried, and sentenced to death.

The army was profoundly affected by the occurrence and by its issue, but could not deny that the sentence was just; justice, however once satisfied, the Maréchal, no longer his judge, became the commender of him to whom his country owed so much. A free pardon was accorded to him, and the Maréchal, taking a medal from his own breast, placed it on that of the forgiven soldier, who forthwith received an appointment in the ranks of the Maréchal's own guards.

This anecdote seems to introduce the narration of an incident which occurred at the battle of Magenta,

and of which General McMahon is the hero. It so happened that a considerable number of the Austrian forces was seen by the active and intelligent eye of the Maréchal bearing down upon the point where the Emperor Napoleon was busy directing a manœuvre. The General at once apprehended that the position of the Emperor might shortly become a very embarrassing one. He was in possession of the orders of his commanding officer; but, precise as they were, he did not, under the circumstances, hesitate for an instant to infringe them. He at once directed his troops on to the spot where he saw the danger, and repulsed the enemy with vigour and success. Had he acted otherwise, the fate of the day—nay, of the war—would have been very different. However, by this act a serious outrage had been perpetrated against discipline, and that in the sight and to the knowledge of the whole army. It was impossible to allow it to pass, and to overlook the infringement of military law, unless by according a brilliant recompense to the audacious courage which had taken upon itself such a venture. This course was accordingly adopted, as it was considered that exceptional circumstances might legitimize a bold stroke, which in this case had been justified by a most complete success; General McMahon, therefore, who already possessed all the necessary qualifications, was created Maréchal de France and Duc de Magenta.

The Emperor remembered, perhaps, the exclusive-

ness and unpardoning severity of his uncle on the infraction of the smallest of his orders. He may have been actuated by the recollection of Waterloo, and the fact that Grouchy and his forty thousand cavalry were standing idle at a distant post while the victory was being lost for want of their co-operation. Of the immense importance, however, generally speaking, of punctual, prompt, and exact attention to orders, at whatever cost, there can be no question; and for one instance in which an inferior may venture to infringe an order which circumstances show was founded on error, we may find hundreds in which such a deviation could not be overlooked. It is only an extraordinary success which can justify such a venture on the part of one whose *duty* is uncompromising obedience, and whose violation of that duty can only be induced by some unexpected accident. Personal danger, for example, to himself or the men he is commanding, could never, hard as it may seem, be admitted as an excuse for acting contrarily to an order from a superior offier, and hundreds of lives must have been sacrificed, and must necessarily continue to be sacrificed to the stern laws of discipline.

The Emperor Napolcon I. is said, in the midst of a desperate engagement, to have called one of his officers, and said to him—"Capitaine, you will go with your company to that bridge, and you will remain there. If the enemy should appear, you will

defend your post, although your own destruction, and that of your men, seems inevitable."

"I understand, Sire," replied the brave officer, and retired. At the appointed hour he started with his company for the spot designated. The event proved but too clearly Napoleon's melancholy experience of the issues of war—not a man returned to relate how the rest had been cut to pieces!

The end for which the order was given, however, was answered. Whilst this sacrifice was being consummated, the army had been enabled to retreat without anxiety for its rear. The brave Captain and his men had detained the enemy so long, that the army had had time to secure itself from an attack. A very similar episode occurred in the career of General Kléber, and profoundly affected that great Commander.

At the siege of Prague, in 1741, the discipline maintained among his men by the Comte de Saxe was admirable; once master of the place, the orders he had given were so implicitly obeyed, that there was no attempt either at pillage or effusion of blood; an instance altogether unexampled in those days, of a city taken by night, sword in hand, without massacre, and without brigandage.

Upon this occasion it was that M. de Chevert, Lieutenant-Colonel in the regiment of Beauce—an officer no less theoretically than practically, and capable alike of suggesting the most sagacious resolutions in counsel, and of achieving the bravest exploits at the

head of men of his own stamp—was entrusted by the Comte de Saxe (then in the service of France) with the command to scale the walls of Prague on one side, while the attack was being attempted on two other points simultaneously.

All was punctually executed according to orders. During the heaviest of the bombardment, scaling-ladders were planted; the escalade was accomplished, and the brave de Chevert was the first to enter the city. He had caused a sergeant to precede him, to whom he had given the following instructions:

"You will ascend on that side," said he in a tone calculated to inspire confidence and resolution; "as you approach the rampart, the sentinel will call out *Qui vive?* You will keep silence. He will cry out a second time, and you will not answer any more than when he addresses you the third time. You will then be fired at; they will miss you, and you will cut the throat of the sentinel, and I shall then come up and support you."

History, which affirms that this daring enterprise was crowned with complete success, has, unhappily, not only neglected to transmit to us the name of the brave sergeant, but has likewise left us in ignorance of his fate.

Although we know that the English officer is most commonly a man of good birth, of superior education, and often of expensive habits, and that he assumes a certain "*chic*" consistent with these qualifications, if we may call them such, yet there are many occasions

—generally excused by society on the plea of hot blood and "fast" life—when men, whose rank and position ought to maintain in them a proper spirit of self-respect, suffer themselves to sink to a very low degree in the social scale, showing that so far from being fit to command others, they are not even able to govern themselves. We have no doubt that many of the "sprees" in which these gentlemen indulge are attributable to the violence of temperaments excited by too free an intercourse with the cellar; but surely this is rather an aggravation than a palliation; and if the Honourable Colonel ———, who ought to know better, misconducts himself under the influence of champagne, he is, *at least*, as reprehensible, and as much disgraced, as Private John Smith, who gives his comrade, Ned Snooks, a black eye, or assaults Policeman 34 T, after swallowing two or three pots of beer.

The French officer may be a less polished gentleman than the English; he may be remarkable—and no doubt often must be—for is he not often raised from the ranks?—for unpolished manners and a bluff address; but we think we may affirm that there are few examples of French officers "forgetting themselves," or degrading their epaulette by "wild pranks" and disorderly conduct.*

* We will not more particularly allude to the conduct of a gallant officer in Her Majesty's service who lately played off that very refined and elevated practical joke at Corfu, which so greatly

We have beside us, in print, reports of many recent evidences of what we have advanced, as regards the conduct of English officers—some being men of family—but we forbear, for obvious reasons, from introducing them here. There are, indeed, besides, graver forms of offence—witness one or two similar in kind to that which recently occurred at Gibraltar—a certain class of "amusements" consisting of unprovoked assaults, needless and insolent assumptions of superiority in public, and wretched practical jokes, which seem to claim a nationality altogether peculiar to ourselves, and the jest of which it is difficult even to discover; but they do certainly, in the eyes of some, possess an irresistible charm, and this may perhaps explain how it is that young Englishmen—albeit sprung from a class, and trained by a mental cultivation which ought to inspire more elevated feelings—are tempted into follies which do not even occur to their foreign contemporaries.

There is no doubt that, as a rule—to which nevertheless there are exceptions—the English officer is a type of elegant refinement and finished manners; and although that period of life usually devoted to mental cultivation, and to the pursuit of classic and philosophic lore, may, in his case, have been em-

annoyed the inhabitants, and cost one poor woman her life. Alas! the "travelled Englishman" will, we fear, never allow himself a chance of rising in the esteem of continentals. He will persist in *being* the "Englishman abroad."

ployed in acquiring, together with his military instruction, a lighter and more showy description of knowledge, yet, as a class, few men know how to render themselves more agreeable, or to make themselves more popular in society.

That this should contribute to inspire respect and regard in the men under their command, is to be expected; and certainly, in addition to the feeling of military subordination, they entertain a consciousness of social and intellectual inferiority, and with it lose a great portion of that self-reliance which is so marked a characteristic of the French soldier.

Now the latter sees in his officer, apart from his military rank, a man very much like himself; his equal, perhaps, in birth, education, and social position, occupying, it is true, an official situation of authority, and representing a principle of disciplinary obedience, to which he must rigidly yield, as long as they are in the same regiment; but in no way imposing upon him any additional reverence by the prestige of external circumstances: in fact, he may at any moment himself become his equal. When, therefore, in the French army an officer comes to be looked upon —as is often the case—with affection and veneration by his men, it can only be in consequence of his possessing some super-eminent personal qualities which excite either their admiration or their esteem. Without this, an officer obtains no more consideration than the exactions of duty require.

To adduce another and more recent instance of the paternal and protecting interest which a French General evinces for his men, we quote an incident of the siege of Sebastopol, when the dreary and depressing position of the troops—surrounded by hardships and danger in the midst of a bleak and inhospitable country, at the severest season of the year, and when the monotony of the uninviting scene before them was only interrupted by the sullen boom of the Russian cannon or by some fresh death or disaster in the camp—rendered the sympathy and affability of a superior officer peculiarly welcome.

"Nothing," says the writer, "could be more singular—nay, more touching—than the visits of General Canrobert to the trenches on those wintry days when the cold, already so intense, seemed to increase in severity. They were met with a delicacy on the part of the men which the General understood and appreciated; not only was not a single complaint, a single murmur heard upon his passage, but, on the contrary, his presence was welcomed by a harmony of joyous words. All these excellent fellows among whom he came, found a smile to receive him with—a smile which went to the heart, for it was as sacred as the concealment of those sufferings whence it was drawn by their touching and simple heroism.

"As for the General, he continually arrested his progress during these walks—often prolonged till

nightfall—to address first to one, and then to another, a few words of familiar encouragement. The spots he selected for these halts were generally those the least sheltered from the enemy's fire, and near which whizzed the greatest number of balls; and this not from the blind foolhardiness of vain bravado, but from the instinctive calculation of an intelligent generosity. More than once balls and bullets took part in their conversations with a happy *apropos*, and these symbols of danger imparted to the simplest observer a depth of meaning which one might seek in vain among all the resources of oratorical art.

"There was not in the daily life of the soldier, a solitary detail into which the General-in-Chief thought it beneath him to inquire. One night in particular had been marked by an abundant fall of snow. The snow had suddenly ceased, and as the morning breezes swept over the surface, the mass of drifted snow had become hard and rigid. The horses could no longer walk on the glassy surface, on which even men were obliged to advance with precaution. The General went out on foot, and I accompanied him. He directed his steps towards the bivouac of a newly-arrived regiment. Death seemed to reign under these tents erected but the night before on the plains of this desolate country. Save the sentinels, not a man was astir. The only means of sustaining the struggle for life was wanting

to the new comers—they had no wood. Where, indeed, could they hope to find it on this plateau transformed into a desert, which seemed to produce nothing but bullets?

"The General stooped down and crept into one of the tents; he called, he shook some of the men, huddled together as they were, seeking to forget their miseries in the numbness of a fatal repose. He urged them to make a fire. The men opened their eyes with astonishment—'We have no wood.'—'Come, *mes enfants*, follow me.' They obeyed; he led them forth, and after a few steps the General stopped, and with his cane pointed out, in the midst of the smooth, white surface, a cluster of tips of branches—black, thin, fragile, nearly imperceptible, almost like blades of grass, which the least breath of wind would have shaken.

"'There is wood,' said he.

"The soldiers stared and began to laugh, supposing the General's object was to divert their thoughts from their gloomy situation by a facetious remark, and even this was of some little service to them; but the General continued—

"'Let some one bring me a pick-axe.'

"The implement was brought, and under the eyes of their chief, who remained there directing the search, first the snow was removed, then the earth, from the spot where these slender stalks had been observed, and soon their labour was rewarded, and a

real treasure came to light. An enormous trunk gradually appeared, developing, one by one, the vigorous rugosities of its proportions, and at last was completely laid bare by its persevering discoverers.

"'Wherever,' said the General, 'you perceive those little brown branches, which you despised so much just now, take your picks and you will be sure to find a yule-log.'"

Here was a regiment aroused, warmed, and inspirited, besides being taught a practical lesson by one of those superior minds conscious of the responsibilities of that position of authority to which he had been called.

Of Maréchal Baraguay d'Hilliers, it is said, that visiting the wards of an ambulance, he looked with compassionate interest upon the poor wounded patients waiting the cruel operation of the surgeon's knife. At last, in a voice tremulous from emotion, and showing them his own mutilated arm, he said, "*Courage, mes enfans, moi aussi j'ai passé par là.*" These few words, comprising within them the sacred transmission of the duty of sacrifice, imparted, perhaps, the greatest consolation and encouragement that their situation admitted of.

Nothing is more common in England than to hear observations on the French army, to the effect that French officers, as a rule, are not, in point of gentlemanliness, by any means on a par with those

of the English army. It never seems to strike them that this fact is a mere truism, and no discovery. Why, how should they be, that is, those of them who have attained their position by mere military merit, and who have not had the advantages either of blood, birth, breeding, or polite society? At the same time, the French officer might, in his turn, fairly retort by commenting on the unsoldierlike demeanour of the English officer; and after all, as far as the nation is concerned, whether is it more important that he who is entrusted with the safety and defence of the nation, who is responsible for her honour and prosperity, and to whose sense, knowledge, and discretion are committed the guidance and the efficiency of her fighting men, should be a gentleman or a soldier? Is it more desirable that he should possess the accomplishments and the small talk of a man of fashion, or the sterling energies and practical knowledge of a leader?

Accustomed as we are to find men of military rank mostly among the lordlings and younger sons of our titled houses, it is naturally difficult to realize the idea of a superior officer wanting those tokens of high birth and polished education with which he is so inseparably associated in our minds, and we are perhaps disappointed in the appearance and manners of "Madame la Capitaine" or "Madame la Colonelle," who, provided she bring the *dot* required by military law, may be whom she, or rather whom *he* pleases;

and doubtless among the ladies of the staff *are* found unmistakable specimens of the *demi-semi-monde*, or even less elevated society, though of course this is by no means universally the case.

While, therefore, we are quite ready to grant the point, we maintain that we highly approve of the system, and for all useful and practical purposes would be very glad to see it introduced here. If there be any case in the world in which not only personal distinction but an honourable and responsible position ought to be the reward of merit, it is this.

Having, however, discussed the subject of promotion, we will here confine ourselves to *parvenuism*, another condition of life, which, if analogous, is by no means similar in the two countries. The *parvenu* in England is for the most part the spoiled child of fortune, the aristocrat of wealth, not the foundling of genius. In France, on the contrary, where every career is open to competition, and the pinnacle of perfection therein is within the reach of all, we find among those who have attained the most brilliant posts the sons of poverty and men of humble origin, whose deserts, and not the lucky chances of commerce or the fortunate rises in the share-market, have raised above the level on which they were placed by birth.

Of military chiefs this is essentially true; and as, according to one of the greatest rulers of France, every French soldier carries a *bâton de maréchal* in

his knapsack, so has it often turned out that many, very many, have had the talent to find it there. Among the instances afforded by the annals of the French army, we may record the following as among the most striking :—

Augereau, Duke of Castiglioni, was born the son of a Paris green-grocer. Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, was the son of an attorney at Pau. Berthier, Prince de Neuchâtel et de Wagram, was the son of the porter of the War-office. Bessières, (whose courage became a proverb, "*brave comme Bessières*")—Duke of Istria—was the son of a citizen of Pressac; a private soldier in 1792, Captain in 1795, he became Maréchal de l'Empire in 1806. Brune, the son of a solicitor of Brives and a printer by trade, became a soldier of his own free will. Jourdan, a printer of Limoges, pursued a similar career, and with similar results. Kellermann, Duc de Valmy, son of a citizen of Strasburg, rose from the lowest grade. Lannes, Duc de Montebello, began life as a dyer at Lectoure; he entered the ranks in 1792, became Général de division in 1800, Maréchal in 1804. Lebfevre, Duc de Dantzig, was the son of an old hussar of Bouffach. Masséna, the favoured child of victory, Prince of Essling, was the son of a shop-keeper at Nice. Moncey, Duc de Conegliano, the son of a notary at Besançon. Mortier, Duc de Trevise, son of a tradesman of Cateau-Cambresis. Murat, King of Naples, was of very obscure origin; Ney, Prince de

la Muscowa, rose from a similar beginning. Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, was the son of a tradesman at Bar. Perignon, of a citizen of Grenada; Soult, Duc de Dalmatie, of a peasant of Saint Armand; Suchet, Duc d'Albufera, of a manufacturer of Lyons. Victor Perrin, Duc de Bellune, was a shop-boy.—All these distinguished officers carried the soldier's *giberne*, and in it, we might add, the theoretical *bâton de Maréchal* which has lured so many soldiers on to honour and glory.

The facts to which we have been calling attention will help to explain a circumstance which at first sight is curious, viz.: that in England we generally find the *parvenu** anxious to conceal his antecedents,

* This is a nineteenth century vice, and may justly be called a vice of the times. It can be traced to circumstances; and that the parvenuism of wealth did not pass current in earlier times, we are led to suppose on the authority of Hume, who thus treats this point of social economy in the reign of James I.:—

"High pride of family," he says, "then prevailed; and it was by a dignity and stateliness of behaviour that the gentry and nobility distinguished themselves from the common people. Great riches acquired by commerce were more rare, and had not as yet been able to confound all ranks of men, and render money the chief foundation of distinction. Much ceremony took place in the common intercourse of life, and little familiarity was indulged by the great:" but he adds, "The advantages which result from opulence are so solid and real, that those who are possessed of them need not dread the near approaches of their inferiors. The distinctions of birth and title being more empty and imaginary, soon vanish upon familiar access and acquaintance."

while in France the reverse is the case, and so far from blushing for his origin, the General who has risen from the ranks will talk freely and frankly of the homely occupations of his early years, of the humble roof under which he first saw the light, and of the honest peasant couple to whom he owes his existence.

We have a striking example of this honest and honourable candour in an anecdote of Marshal Vaillant, who having been written to by a shoeing smith, of his own name—and therefore also a "*Maréchal*,"—for particulars concerning his family, the Marshal had the kindness to give the following account of his career and origin :—"You have addressed to me a good letter, and the person who wrote it must be a good-hearted man. I should be very proud of his relationship, though I do not know if we shall be able to make it apparent. My father, whom I had the misfortune to lose in 1823, was secretary of the district of Dijon, and afterwards Secretary General of the prefecture of the Côte-d'Or in 1815. He was elected representative during the Cent Jours, then deprived of his place at the prefecture, imprisoned as Bonapartist, &c.: I was then in the army of the Loire. My father died poor, but esteemed by all; I do not know that he had a single enemy. I do not resemble him in anything. He was thin, and I am stout; he was mild, and people find me cross; in fact, he had as many good qualities as they say I

have faults; and I believe they are not mistaken. My father, who brought up a large family, was married to a Mademoiselle Canguoire. A brother of my mother died at Genlis (Côte-d'Or), an excellent man, whom we constantly regret. I have no child, and this is the greatest sorrow that God has given me. I was born at Dijon, on the 6th of December, 1790—I scarcely recollect my mother. We were poor, very poor. We were carefully and tenderly brought up, but in the midst of privations of every sort. My nurse still lives at Dijon. God has not made any being more devoted than the one who received us as infants, and tended us with a love which I cannot express; she has refused twenty offers of marriage to live with us, who, however, gave her trouble enough. I entered the Polytechnic school at the age of sixteen, and left it to enter the Engineers. The grade which has given me most pleasure was that of corporal at the Polytechnic school. I was in the Russian campaign of 1812, and was made prisoner at its conclusion. I was at Waterloo; I was wounded at the defence of Paris in 1815. I had a leg torn by a shell at the siege of Algiers in 1830. My chiefs said that they were pleased with me at the siege of Anvers in 1832. Such, sir, is my history, nearly complete. I shall be most happy if you find in it some proofs of a similarity of origin between your family and mine. I pray you to receive the assurance of my esteem."

Another distinguished General of the last generation, equally devoid of any feeling of false shame as to his humble origin, was fond of telling the following anecdote of his early days, and from the occurrence he dated the commencement of his promotion.

When Bonaparte was besieging Toulon, which was in possession of the English, he was one day directing the construction of a battery, which the enemy perceiving, commenced a brisk fire upon it. Bonaparte, desirous of sending off a despatch, called for any sergeant who could hold a pen. A young fellow immediately came forward from the ranks, and sitting down, wrote under the General's dictation the required missive. It was just finished, when a cannon ball fell close between the commander and the sub-officer, covering both with dust: the latter, bowing towards the English lines, exclaimed, "Ah! gentlemen, you are very good, I was wondering whence we should get a little sand for the letter."

Napoleon's lynx eye was immediately fixed on the young man; he saw him calm and unconcerned beside the instrument of war and messenger of death, which had so suddenly interrupted their occupation. He asked him his name—"Junot, Général," replied the youth, with modest assurance. Napoleon entered in his *carnet* this name then so obscure, but destined subsequently to become so famous: he said no more, but he never lost sight of the sergeant whose intrepidity had so forcibly struck him; it was not long

before he was promoted, and the hitherto unheard-of patronymic written down by the pencil of Napoleon, is now familiar to history only as *Général* Junot, Maréchal de France.

Of the origin of the "brave and glorious" Général Hoche, who lies buried in the same Rhenish grave with Marceau, over whose "young career" our great poet has poured such a touching lament, we have been furnished with some details of interest, which we willingly place before our readers.

"You little scapegrace," said his father to him, one day, as he marked with disappointment the child's utter inaptitude for the details of his own profession: "six years old! and you can't yet skim the *pot-au-feu!* What a degenerate offspring I shall leave behind me! to think that my name should be transmitted to posterity by so worthless a scion!"

And truly he did not grieve over the deficiencies of the little Lazare without good reason, for a more uncongenial scullion never paced the stone flags of a French kitchen. It was a constant complaint, to which each day's attempts gave a new impetus; but on this occasion the paternal ire was driven up to boiling point; he had suddenly come upon the lad when least expected, and there, to his indignation, beheld his son and heir, albeit equipped in the accepted culinary costume of snowy white from head to foot—to whose charge had been confided the double operation

of watching the pot and plucking a chicken—utterly unmindful of his trust, and moreover misusing a fine bright spit by converting it into a foil, with which he was practising the art of fencing against some imaginary antagonist!

"Come, forgive him this time, and kiss him," interposed a gentle voice which went to the little fellow's heart, as he stood guilty and trembling with downcast eyes, still holding the dishonoured implement in his small hand, for he was too frightened to replace it.

"He will not do it again, I am sure," continued the peace-maker, who was no other than his father's younger sister, a fresh and blooming peasant girl of Montreuil, whence she often visited Versailles, bringing a basket of its far-famed peaches to her nephew, of whom she was dotingly fond; and, indeed, there was everything about the child to engage the affections of his relatives; he was full of fun and spirit, and even a stranger might have found it difficult not to caress him for his little roguish ways, and to devour with kisses his cheeks scarcely less fresh and rosy than his aunt's choice peaches; but the Père Lazare was deeply wounded in his fondest aspirations, and not to be appeased. "Six years old!" he repeated, "and so backward in all he ought to know, I shall never make anything of him;" for he was the Vatel of his day, and like his predecessor, who died a martyr to the honour of the art he professed; he

felt any affront to that as a personal insult. He knew how to exercise his valuable functions with a dignity becoming the occasion, and when he whipped eggs he handled the whisk with the majesty of Xerxes scourging the sea. The race of such men is extinct!

This phase of the life of young Lazare was passing in 1774, and happily for him it was not destined to last; his fond aunt, Martha, saw that the poor child's spirit was being crushed, his mind neglected, and his health imperilled by the nature of the life to which he was condemned; she made a bargain with his father, who, after a good deal of persuasion, at last allowed her to have her way, and in exchange for the child accepted a piece of furniture he had long wanted to purchase of his sister. The lad was accordingly, to his great delight, removed from the steam and fume of the royal kitchens to the fresh country air of his aunt's little farm, and was there, with the help of the Curé, taught to read and write—accomplishments in which it had never entered into his father's head to instruct him. His aptitude for learning was great, and he made rapid progress. When his lessons were over, he would marshal all the *bambins* in the village, drill them and lead them out into the field, directing their manœuvres with so much skill, that he was unanimously elected *Général en chéf* of the miniature army. His successes attained a prominence unprecedented in the annals of the battle-field, for he was

known sometimes to carry off as many as four victories in a day!

War, however, we know, has its chances; and an inglorious incident occurred which for a time checked the future hero's military ardour. One day, when stopping to observe the movements of the enemy, in something of the same attitude as Napoleon pointing a battery at Montereau, the nether-garment of the observing general suddenly burst, and flying open behind, released a considerable portion of the little shirt which Aunt Martha had washed and ironed the evening before! At this sight the small warriors of Montreuil, not caring to maintain their gravity, fell into fits of laughter, and the unlucky accident was followed by a complete mutiny. In vain the commanding officer, wild with vexation, recovered his presence of mind, and attempted to rally his troops with the war-cry of Henri IV., of the inspiriting effect of which he had read in history. In vain he shouted with his "shrill treble,"

"Soldats! ralliez vous à mon panache blanc!"

Alas! he had not time for reflection; no allusion could have been more unfortunate. His *appeal* was received with fresh *peals* as the young rogues answered they could not follow a "*panache*" worn where *his* was, and that the colours of France could not with honour be planted upon such a breach; till at length the mimic Maréchal, exasperated, broke his *bâton* upon the head of one of the ringleaders, and

returned chastened and mortified to his hearth, to weep over his fallen fortunes.

Youth, however, is elastic, and poor Lazare took up with other occupations; for a time his fighting propensities were allowed to remain dormant, and it was not until some time after that they were awakened by the visits of an old soldier, who, coming to settle in the place, often passed his evenings at the hospitable fireside of his aunt's cottage; and there would the young Lazare, returning to his *premières amours*, nestle up to him, and listen to the glowing recitals, till his young blood boiled, and all his martial instincts were excited. He would not, however, again risk his dignity among the companions who had witnessed his humiliation; surrounded in imagination with all the symbols and insignia, the apparatus and attributes of battle, he dreamed of nothing else night and day, and when alone in his room might be heard stamping, leaping, shouting at the top of his voice: "Fire! Fire first, Messieurs les Anglais! Maréchal, our cavalry is repulsed! The enemy's troops are immoveable! Forward, the royal troops! Pif! Paf! Bravo! the enemy is routed! the victory is ours! Vive le Roi!" And poor Lazare fancied himself, if not an *écuyer du roi*, at least a Colonel. Such a degree of ambition was, of course, ludicrous. It would have seemed a miracle had any one foretold that the son of the cook and the nephew of the fruiterer should ever attain such

a grade; but we are now near 1789, an epoch fruitful in such miracles.

Lazare, whose military ardour seemed now beyond his own control, determined to become a soldier, and engaged himself first in the *Gardes Françaises*, despite the entreaties of his aunt, whom he tried to console by his caresses and promises of good conduct. It was not long before he became sergeant; then the times progressed, and with them the fortunes of many sergeants, and from grade to grade he became—Colonel? No, there were no longer any Colonels—"*Ecuyer du Roi?*" There was no longer a King. No, Lazare, the scullion boy, became a General! Not a mock General, as heretofore, with a paper helmet and make-believe uniform, but a real General, with a plumed hat and a laced coat—General-in-chief of a great army, for "Hoche" was the patronymic of Lazare. Let us state, to his honour, that his successes and his military glory in no way changed his nature, and that he remained as simple, as modest, and as affectionately attached to his good aunt, as in the days when he used to alarm her with his dangerous pranks.

On grand field-days, when the brave General galloped gallantly along the ranks, there always sat at a window an old wife, whose eyes sparkled with pride and pleasure as she surveyed his movements; but she might be seen now and then breathless with alarm, lifting her hands, as she exclaimed

in the same words as twenty years before, when he rode on the banisters, "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! il va tomber!*"

As for his father, who remained *cordon bleu* to the last, he would occasionally honour the reviews with his presence; but although frequently congratulated on having given a hero to France, he never became altogether reconciled to his son's incomprehensible predilection, and generally received the applause of his friends with a shake of the head, which meant, when he did not say it, "I always predicted this, when at six years old I found him incapable of skimming soup."

To take another instance not less striking: General Drouot was the son of a poor baker of Nancy. "This child," says General Ambert, "was naturally formed to be a soldier. His father trained him to labour, to privations, to obedience, whilst his mother cultivated his heart, and taught him to be upright, conscientious, and generous, by the inculcation of religious instruction, the source and principle of every virtue."

Ardently desirous of informing his mind, he snatched opportunities for reading at night by the light of the oven, which it was his business to watch. His father and mother having discovered this ingenious expedient, told him they would try to work more themselves in order to give him time to study; and on his part he so deeply felt the value of time

thus purchased, that he applied himself heart and soul to his books, and ultimately became the most promising pupil of the College of Nancy. At seventeen his great desire was to enter holy orders, impelled alike by the love of God and of theological studies. The revolution broke out, and closed the door of the sanctuary to him, but it did not shut him out from the path of sacrifice. He who had wished to be a Carthusian, became a soldier, and that by means of a victory he unexpectedly carried off.

During the summer of 1793, a numerous concourse of lads was assembled at the school of artillery of Châlons-sur-Marne, where Laplace was publicly examining the candidates for the grade of Sous-Lieutenant. A little peasant boy made his appearance, and immediately produced a most pleasing impression by his ingenuous countenance; he wore clumsy shoes and carried a thick stick in his hand; this was the little Drouot. The examiner, supposing he must have mistaken the room, told him to apply to an usher to be directed rightly; but he replied, that he had come with the others to undergo his examination. All present were amused at his audacity, and promised themselves considerable fun from the scene about to follow. Laplace commences his interrogatory, he puts puzzling questions, and pushes him even beyond the prescribed limits. The answers he receives are uniformly clear, precise, intelligent, and concise, till at last astonished and enchanted with the unusual

intelligence of the little fellow whom everybody had been disposed to deride, he embraces him, and announces that he is first on the list of promotions.

Shortly after, Drouot, no longer a baker's boy, had become a Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Artillery, and having carried a battery at Hondschoot, received the public thanks of the General-in-Chief, Moreau. He soon after became Captain, and took part in the victories of the army of the Sambre et Meuse.

"War," said the Marquis de Fouquières, "is a *trade* for the ignorant; it becomes an *art* for those who study its principles." Drouot knew this axiom, and adopted it practically. As he could turn his powers to account in every department, he was always employed, and continued to study assiduously. Never was he appointed to a duty in which he did not distinguish himself. After the peace of Lunéville he came to Paris to follow the lectures of Vaquelin. Some little time subsequently he was *Capitaine d' habillement* at La Fère, and proved himself as prudent in administration as he had been found brave in battle and scientific in tactics: although entrusted with the instruction of the regiment, he contrived to find time to compose several clever works on metallurgy. In short, his active and powerful mind seemed to embrace everything within its grasp; he neglected neither literature nor history. There was only one

pursuit which seemed to him unworthy of his efforts and even of his thoughts—his own interests.

He had been Captain ten years, he had made ten campaigns, his reputation for courage equalling his fame as a man of letters, when he was named *Chef de Bataillon,* and in 1808 Lieutenant-colonel. It may seem strange, but notwithstanding all his merit Napoleon did not appear, up to this time, to have noticed him; but at Wagram, in the thick of the action, Napoleon, uneasy at a movement of the enemy, called out, "*Drouot! where, where is Drouot?*" Drouot arrives with a hundred pieces of artillery, and soon falls wounded, but he remains at his post, and the victory is won. The Emperor named him Colonel on the field of battle. His conduct as Colonel was as exemplary as that he had always exhibited in inferior grades; and though brother officers of even less merit were promoted by his side, no thought of jealousy or even of discontent ever entered his mind. "The son of a Christian mother," says General Ambert, "Drouot knew that his destiny was in the hands of God, and he was satisfied with discharging his duty in a spirit of conscientious fidelity, leaving the rest to the Divine will."

The hour came, not too soon, for his desires. When Drouot's regiment formed part of the expedition to Russia, and on the occasion of the retreat, the merits of the chief were seen in the entire corps. Drouot's soldiers, of whom he considered himself

the father, were better clothed, better cared for, superior as regarded their *moral*, and more energetic in supporting fatigue, than the rest.

Every day, however cold, he shaved before them all, not out of vanity, but to sustain the moral courage of his troops by an act so simple and so ordinary. When the regiment saw their Colonel so firm, so determined, so unaffectedly inaccessible to external circumstances,—reading, writing, pursuing the details of his toilet, each soldier felt, by a sort of imitative, or rather emulative instinct, that it would not do to give in; and by this means the Colonel saved the life and the honour of his regiment. How many times has he not been seen fighting with his piece in his hand! and yet he always wore his sword by his side, and never failed in any of the minutiæ of his "*tenue*." We must add, that he was always obeyed and always respected. The Emperor, witness of all these characteristics, said one day in the midst of the snows, "*Drouot est le sage de la Grande Armée*."

Drouot brought back all his guns as far as into Poland. The Emperor made him Brigadier-general, and attached him to his person in the capacity of Aide-de-camp.

"At length," says Père Lacordaire, "came the moment when France woke up, after the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, to the fact that she had long possessed, without knowing it, one of the first

artillery officers in Europe. She learned that the decisive stroke of the battles of Lutzen, of Bautzen, of Wachau, had been given by those formidable batteries of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty guns, which General Drouot alone knew how to bring together, and managed, with almost fabulous dexterity, and which supplied, by their sudden action, the numerical inferiority of the troops. So even and so unobtrusive had been the career of this great man and the acts which had marked it, that, once observed, his country appreciated his merits, which he had been so tardy in putting forward, and he rose at once into universal admiration and esteem. She looked upon Drouot as the last scion of that generous series of heroes which began at Jemmappes and was to terminate at Waterloo."

At the engagements of Kaya, Dresden, Wachau, in the defiles of Hanau, at the battles of La Rothière, Champaubert, Mormant, Vauxclairs, Craonne, Drouot astonished the Emperor himself. Years afterwards, at St. Helena, Napoleon, talking of past exploits, would say that there did not exist two officers equal to Murat for cavalry and to Drouot for artillery. This chief, always so modest, and who had so long remained unappreciated in inferior grades, became, in the course of the same year, Brigadier-general, Général de division, Comte de l'Empire, and *grand-officier* of the legion of honour. The Emperor had said to him, "You shall be my

minister of war," and public opinion had already named him Maréchal de France. More concerned for his eternal interests, God reserved for him the brilliancy of adversity. The empire fell, and a void was created around the magician who had called it into being, but Drouot was one of those men whose heart elevates itself when they see fortune retreating. He wrote to a friend, "I am about to accompany His Majesty to Elba, for I will never forsake in adversity the sovereign I have loved and served in prosperity. I shall, I know, renounce my country, my family, my dearest affections, but the sacrifice would have been more dearly purchased had I renounced gratitude."

During their sojourn, the Emperor one day asked Drouot what was the amount of his income? He answered, that he possessed 2,400 francs a-year (£96). "That is too little," replied Napoleon; "I must not allow the few friends who have so nobly followed me into this dreary exile, to neglect their own interests for my sake, and to be crippled in their means: I shall give you 200,000 francs" (£8,000).

"Nay, sire," exclaimed the General, "it would be said of the Emperor Napoleon, that in the day of adversity he was obliged to buy his friends, and of me it would be said that I had accompanied your Majesty for money."

Napoleon, however, would not be outdone in generosity by his noble-minded friend; he said no

more, but he wrote down his name in the budget for 6,000 francs (£240) a-year.

He had carried his devotedness so far as to sacrifice even his liberty; he went further, and not only renounced his opinions, but risked his life. When Napoleon quitted Elba, Drouot entirely disapproved of the enterprise; "But," he afterwards said before the court-martial where he had to defend himself against a capital accusation, "to abandon a sovereign to whom I had sworn fidelity, seemed to me an act of cowardice. During the days which preceded His Majesty's embarkation, I was beset on the one hand by the desire to take no part in the scheme he proposed, on the other by a reluctance to abandon, in the hour of danger, the chief whose lot I had till that moment shared. I ended by following the course prescribed by honour and fidelity."

Drouot was Major-General of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo. On the day of that memorable battle he mounted sixteen horses without once complaining of fatigue. His moral energy communicated to his weak and debilitated body an indomitable force. He answered for everything, gave orders, took observations, wrote, rushed into the midst of the carnage, came back to the Emperor, told him how matters fared, and started off again at full speed, disappearing into the clouds of smoke.

"Drouot! where is Drouot?" once more cried the Emperor, who felt he could rely upon his fidelity

no less than his judgment, and true to the appeal, Drouot returned, faithful and brave, as he had at Wagram.

One solemn incident in this bloody day, exhibited the true character of Drouot in all its depth. It was when the Emperor placed himself in the front of the battle, followed by Drouot, Bertrand, Ney, Soult, Corbineau, Flahaut, Gourgand and Labédoyère. It might have been supposed that the conqueror of the world was about to take the sword in his hand and to fall like a common soldier. Then it was that Drouot—by nature so gentle and conciliatory, by habit so studious and meditative—became all at once a very lion for fierceness.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, when relating the event, "never should any one have approached our Emperor; rather would I have died a thousand deaths, than that a stranger should have laid a finger on the bridle of his horse."

After the cruel defeat of Waterloo, a calamity almost beyond that of having seen the empire, if not his country, crushed, came to wring the noble heart of the soldier. It was not that of being brought before a military tribunal, charged with high treason, the ordinary consequence of revolutions: those errors and casualties which oblige the victors to punish fidelity, and to upbraid men who have performed their duty, could not shake a mind which had preferred the peril of his life to ingratitude. Drouot underwent accusation, imprisonment, trial, as he

had undergone the other vicissitudes of war. Acquitted by a majority of three voices, he was awakened by his counsel, who came to tell him of his release. He could repose whilst his judges were deliberating upon his life, and he finished his sleep peaceably as he had begun it.—The grief which never slumbered in his generous heart, was that which affected, not himself, but his master and friend. He mourned his separation from Napoleon, at a time when friendship had become priceless to him, and he was maddened at the possibility of being doubted by him he had so devotedly loved.

"I have but one desire in this world," he had once said to Napoleon; "I hope some day to retire into my native village, and end my days in the parish in which I was baptised." This modest wish he no longer cherished; all his longings were after the far-off rock of St. Helena. What mattered to him its bleakness, its sterility? Its loneliness and its monotony were nought to him. He thought but of the caged eagle—"conqueror and captive of the world"—flapping with eager wings the narrow bars, and pining in vain after freedom and glory. Calm and unworldly as he was himself, his heart was full of feeling and of intelligence, and he understood how mighty must be the conflict of that soul, which, even when the world's master, fretted itself, like another Alexander, *angusto limite mundi.* It was natural he should wish to be there to console and to soothe him in his hopeless captivity.

He, who had seen officers, inferior in merit, continually advanced while he was passed by, and had never entertained an impatient aspiration, now for the first time experienced the pangs of jealousy; he would have envied the meanest scullion who, having had the courage to follow his master into exile, had not been denied the boon.

Drouot endeavoured to distract his thoughts by study, but it would not do; one only wish pervaded his whole being—to rejoin the Emperor. He *must* go, at whatever cost. Up to 1820 he had received no allowance, when at that period the government, knowing his value, offered him a "*position de disponibilité,*" with a handsome salary. Determined as he was to reach St. Helena by some means or other, he felt it right to decline the proposal, affirming that his 2,400 francs a year were sufficient to meet all his needs.

His pension was liquidated nevertheless, and Louis XVIII., in signing the order, with a regal feeling of honour, caused his arrears to be paid up from the day on which his name had ceased to figure on the budget. This made a sum of 60,000 francs, to which he was justly entitled, yet Drouot formally and decidedly refused to accept it, at the same time respectfully expressing his gratitude.

"In truth!" exclaimed the King, "I don't believe there is such another man in all my dominions."

Drouot told a friend that he had declined both

the half-pay and the position offered him under the Restoration, because he would not be liable to be recalled into active service, nor to re-assume offices and honours whilst his benefactor was groaning a prisoner on a rock in the Atlantic. Meanwhile this beloved benefactor, this illustrious captive, was pining after the tried friendship and loyal sympathy of the incomparable friend, who had remained so true to him. In 1820, Napoleon added to that of Drouot his own request that he might be allowed to join him.

"All he asked was to divide
Every peril he must brave,
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall, his exile, and his grave."

The government at length withdrew their opposition, but the official formalities were so long in preparation, that the necessary permission only reached Nancy in 1821.

Drouot, at the pinnacle of his desires, set actively about preparing for his long-deferred departure, and was on the point of setting out, when arrived the intelligence, which startled all Europe, but which fell like a death-blow on the honest and faithful heart of Drouot. It was too late! . . . Napoleon was no more! . . Drouot's spirit was crushed for ever; he fell into a stupor, from which he awoke without courage, without thought, without hope! "The Emperor is dead," he exclaimed, "and I have not seen him again!"

He wandered about the woods for days together,

and was only reconciled to his loss by the aid of religion. At length he entered the old village church, the scene of all his earliest and dearest recollections, and remained there a whole night praying for his departed master and friend,

From this period the life of Drouot may be considered as closed to the world;—he became, in fact, a recluse—a contemplative, and passed his whole time in acts of benevolence, in meditation and prayer. But in this august retirement, in this enduring triumph of faith, humility, patience, charity and contempt for all the vain desires of the world—what an example! Perhaps the glorious veteran never gained more noble victories, nor afforded a more edifying example, than after he had abandoned the world in whose history his exploits had left so brilliant a page.

Drouot had uniformly refused to take any further part in public life; nevertheless, in 1830, disturbances having occurred in Nancy, he caused himself to be carried, ill as he was, to the *Hôtel de Ville*, where his presence sufficed to restore order. During these unquiet times, he further accepted the command of the 3rd and 4th divisions, and went to Metz. As soon as his co-operation ceased to be necessary, he returned to Nancy, where he was named Lieutenant of Artillery, and of the National Guard. "God only knows," says General Ambert, "the services rendered to his country and to religion on this occasion by the venerated name of Drouot."

In 1833, a trial, cruel for all, but especially so for those who only delight in study, overtook the aged hero. In consequence of a former wound, he became blind; and as if to give the last touch of splendour to virtues which had remained unshaken through good and evil days, another misfortune was added to his already bitter lot; he was struck with paralysis, and became wholly dependent. Under this accumulation of calamities, no complaint escaped him, neither did he even show signs of weakness, and God did not forsake him. Excluded for ever from the light of this world, his soul was illumined by the eternal sunshine of heaven. He continued to concern himself about his future interests, about his country, and about the poor.

Drouot's sufferings increased, and to endure them he needed the resignation of a Christian, and the courage of a soldier. At last he felt they were coming to an end, "I expect death every day," said he one evening; "and since such is the will of God, I rejoice in it; for I shall soon see my honoured mother, my father and my Emperor." These were nearly his last words; he died before day-break, leaving a name which no stain had ever sullied, and which will ever be engraven in characters of love on the heart of the poor man and of the soldier. Drouot's life is an epitome of the two great virtues of abnegation and charity, and those, says Bourdaloue, suffice to make a hero. Louis Veuillot,

to whom we are indebted for some of these particulars, looks upon Drouot's veneration as one of the brightest gems in the crown of Napoleon, and says, "It is the glory of his heart to have been beloved by such a man."

It was after his retirement that Drouot composed his lucid and powerful notice upon the fortifications of Paris. The letters dictated by him at this time, are models of peaceful contentment and unpretending resignation, and breathe the purity and serenity of his soul.

Of his income he distributed three-fourths among the poor, and out of the small remainder often gave alms when any unusual appeal was made to his charity.

A pressing case of distress was reported to him, and the veteran felt his sympathies as much touched as his pocket; but, alas! the appeal came at an unlucky moment, the General's resources were exhausted, and, with the best will in the world, he had not a *sou* at his command. Moved, nevertheless, by the tale of woe, he would fain contribute to its relief, and paused for reflection, in hopes that some expedient would suggest itself. As he meditated on the perplexity of the position, he suddenly remembered a well-known scabbard reposing on two the wall.

"I have it!" exclaimed he, at once relieved, as the bright idea flashed upon him. "There," said he, pointing to the sheath with the weapon

it contained, "there is the sword of honour given me by the Emperor. I did not think I should ever have parted with it, but the hilt is set with brilliants, and I do not think I could feel any satisfaction in keeping their value locked up, when they might save a whole family from impending ruin. Hasten to realize the sum it will produce; pay this unhappy man's debt, and restore him to his dying wife. God grant it be not too late."

He used to say, with a smile, that if he should come to have nothing left, he must borrow, for the short time he should need it, one of the beds he had founded in the hospital. From the time he belonged to the Legion of Honour, he had been in the habit of distributing the pension it brought him, to the poorer soldiers of the order, letting them suppose that it was from the government they received this favour. Napoleon left him, by his will, 100,000 francs. Of this, he only accepted 60,000, every *sou* of which was distributed to the old soldiers of the empire. His charities were full of wisdom and foresight. He founded half-purses at the primary school of Nancy, annuities for poor girls, beds for old men at the Hospice St. Julien, for orphans at the Hospice St. Stanislas, for incurables, &c. In short, he gave away even down to the gold embroideries of his state uniform. His brother used to tell him he ought to leave these as an honourable heir-loom to his nephews; but he replied, "Perhaps this finery

might make them forget they are the grand-children of a baker."

It would be difficult to find anywhere a biography more full of interest, and, we may add, of improvement to those who study it, than that of General Drouot. A nobler heart, perhaps, never beat, and there was, besides a singular disinterestedness, a consistency in his actions, which were uniformly ruled by a firm, but unobtrusive, adherence to the principles of rectitude, inculcated in his infant mind by his simple-minded and pious mother, who—peasant though she was—knew how to inspire her son with virtues which were never tarnished by the temptations of a position so distinguished and so unexpectedly attained as was that he ultimately occupied.

General Collineau, who has left behind him so distinguished a name, was a native of Sables d'Olonne, and began life as a journeyman hatter, when, in 1830, he was drawn by the conscription. His father, looking upon this event as a misfortune, wished to buy a substitute for him; he however, besought him to let him follow his fate, assuring him that he would make his way in the career of arms. His presentiment did not deceive him. In Africa at first, then at the head of the 1st Regiment of Zouaves, in the Crimea, in Italy, and lastly in China, where he was surnamed the "Great Chief,"—the child of the people, the conscript of 1830, had advanced in a manner so much

the more honourable for him, that he owed it to his services alone, to have arrived, in the course of twenty-two years, at the degree of promotion he attained before his lamented decease, which, however, was not destined to be that of a soldier.

Convalescent from an attack of small-pox, the general was seized with paralysis in his legs, which continued to extend, notwithstanding the united efforts of the French and English medical staff attached to the expedition. On the evening of the 13th of January, 1861, the General, in perfect possession of his mental faculties, and conscious that his end was approaching, arranged all his worldly affairs, and, almost up to his last hour, interested himself about various matters connected with his official position. On the morning of the 15th he conversed with the Abbé de Séré for a considerable time, and received with great calmness and tranquillity his religious exhortations. On the evening of that day death terminated his bodily sufferings. His military career had been full of glory, and his death was mourned as a public calamity. His funeral was attended by all the English, French, and Russians, as well as by Chinese of all ranks and positions. The church was hung with black, and the Abbé de Séré, accompanied by a numerous clergy, both European and native, performed the funeral service, after which the body was lowered

into the grave, where the Abbé and Colonel O'Malley delivered feeling addresses.

An interesting account is that of the death of General Bizot, who seems to have been much beloved by his men.

"The Commander-in-Chief," says the Aide-de-camp who relates it, "desired me, one morning, to mount and accompany him, and we took the road to the trenches on the right. Suddenly he stopped at a large *baraque*, into which I entered with him. In the corner of this *baraque* a small camp bed had been put up, and on it lay, mortally wounded, General Bizot. I had often seen and admired him in the trenches. The courage with which this intrepid officer of engineers was gifted, bore a striking and peculiar character: it was a courage in harmony with the nature of the weapon he so powerfully contributed to bring into notice. Ever upright on the parapets, pursuing his scientific task with a calm and indefatigable ardour, he seemed to reckon as pebbles the projectiles of all sorts which fell around him.

"One morning, at the turning of a trench, this hero, who for several months past had braved death with impunity, was struck by a ball, which broke his jaw, and caused the most serious injury to his whole frame. A disastrous loss threatened the army.

"No one was better capable of understanding and loving the honest and upright character of General

Bizot than General Canrobert. He had observed in him a remarkable and conscientious sense of duty, added to a taste for occupation, and habits of order.

"It was therefore with melancholy emotion that the Commander-in-Chief entered beneath the lowly roof which sheltered his dying friend. General Bizot's head was enveloped in bandages. When he saw the chief under whom he served, approaching his bed, impelled by a sentiment of military deference which was singularly touching, he attempted to rise. He was still able to speak, but his articulation was sadly disordered by the nature of his wound, and its tone already partook of that deep and muffled sound with which approaching death invests the human voice. Having thanked the Commander-in-Chief for his visit, without making any allusion to his shattered frame, he told him that all was well, for he had just received intelligence from Sebastopol. Never had I seen any one who had attained so complete a state of abnegation. His interest in this world was entirely reduced to that which he felt in a work for which he had given his life.

"A few days after, his obsequies took place on a spot facing the very trenches in which he had so often courted death. At this solemn interment was heard, not the salute of the cannon of ceremony, but the roar of the cannon of destruction pouring its unmeasured fire, and creating around the mournful scene yet deeper woe. Surrounding the bier, so soon about

to be hidden in a soil with which were mingled so many human bodies, was assembled the strangest collection of men which perhaps ever assisted at a funeral.

"General Canrobert, Lord Raglan, Omer-Pacha, chiefs of three armies, all of different religions, stood near the sombre opening into which each felt he must be cast when his turn came.

"General Canrobert expressed a desire to speak a few words before the sound of that first shovelful of earth which itself speaks with such impressive eloquence. Under the double inspiration of the solemn scene which surrounded him, and the emotions which stirred his heart, he found accents of marvellous power, and gave utterance to thoughts as touching as they were brilliant. After mournfully apostrophizing him whose coffin was before us, after evoking the homage of all present to the virtues of him whom his words seemed to render perceptible on the borders of the grave—'God,' said he, 'may almost be said to have owed a reward to such a man, and He has bestowed it in a death which every one of us must envy.'

"General Bizot was universally beloved — all mourned his loss, and it caused a melancholy void, even at a time when memory is powerless to retain the names of all who succumb. His simplicity, his goodness of heart, his unostentatious valour, had won for him an affection, the extent and depth of which he did not even suspect. The soldiers who carried his corpse, and the *sapeurs* who dug his grave, ren-

dered him these last services with tears in their eyes; and the emotion of those present became universal, when General Canrobert opened his lips to address to his remains his last adieux. One of my neighbours, a young Egyptian officer, attached to the staff of Omer Pacha, burst into tears. However *bizarre* was the incident, the sensibility of this poor Mussulman touched me. I contemplated his oriental countenance lighted up by its large black eyes, glistening with tears, with a surprise in which there was no irony. I could not help thinking of those unexpected fraternizations which war sometimes engenders, and of those impenetrable laws which send us friendships and sympathies upon which we so little reckoned."

Simple in their habits, unsophisticated in their tastes, while maintaining with dignity all that in a chief commands the respect of those who acknowledge his authority, some of the greatest Generals of France have been as remarkable for entertaining an affectionate and tender regard for their parents, however humble their position, as the common soldier in the ranks. We have already spoken of the French *soldier's* love for his mother, as one of those characteristics which seem peculiar to *him*, and it is with pleasure we record that in this sacred feeling the French officer is equally to be respected and admired.

We have many instances where this has been the

leading feature in the character of some of the modern heroes of France.

It was only the other day, after the desperate engagement at Loreto, that we read in a private letter the following passage illustrative of this assertion:—

"M. L. Guérin, one of our young Nantois volunteers, was severely wounded: a ball struck him in the side. His wound was scarcely dressed, when he found courage to write thus to a friend: 'For a long time past I have made to God and His holy church the sacrifice of my life. Console my poor mother. Long live Pius IX. Pontiff-King!' His mother was his first thought.

"Another of the wounded volunteers was M. Charles de Montjazet, grandson of the Baron de Montbel, formerly minister under Charles X. Struck by a ball at Castelfidardo, he was transported to Jesi, where he was placed with others under the care of the Frères de St. Jean de Dieu. His first thought, and indeed his only anxiety, was to write and apprize his mother of his condition, and to re-assure her as to the care taken of him, and the probabilities of his recovery."

The following is a portion of a letter addressed by M. de Parcevaux to his mother, and dated Osimo, 21st September, 1860:—

"The Bretons have nobly paid their tribute"—(and he proceeds to name some dozen young scions of

the *ancienne noblesse* of that loyal province, prisoners, or wounded in the holy cause they had embraced).

"For myself," he continues, "the ball which struck me entered on the right, and passed out on the left, side. My wound is tolerably serious, but I think I shall survive it. However, when I went to battle, I only asked God to let me do my duty, and to die a Christian death. Had I remained in Brittany, I should not have had so good a chance of dying gloriously. If it should be God's will to take me, my last thought will be for you. They have taken away my ink, or I would tell you that if there are cries of distress in the church, which serves us for a hospital, there is also cheerful company, and we know how to amuse ourselves while confined."

M. Olivier de Kermel writes to his mother much in the same spirit; he tells her how much confidence he has in her prayers, and that the hope of soon seeing her again, sustains his courage.

A young Captain of the Etat-Major, who bears one of the noblest names of France, wrote to his mother—"I went to confession, and had the happiness of communicating four days ago: I now feel prepared for whatever may occur, and shall meet the enemy without bravado, but without fear."

We may further observe here—for religion and filial piety are intimately connected—indeed the one is a guarantee for the other—that whenever an officer has been distinguished for a fearless avowal of his

religious principles, and has made no secret—though, of course, at the same time, no parade—of being a practical Catholic, the effect produced upon the regiment has been the reverse of what most people would have expected.

It has often been remarked that such officers always inspire respect, and—if they be also of an amiable disposition—they are almost venerated by those under their command.

The Maréchal St. Arnaud, who had not always been a religious man, showed towards the end of his career, that as the glories of this world fade, those of the next re-assume their sway. Few French Generals have been more respected or more regretted.

"On the morrow of the battle of the Alma," says an eye-witness, who had shared in that bloody engagement, "mass was celebrated in a tent within the bivouac of the Maréchal. This tent, in which stood the altar, offered but little space for worshippers. I remained without, and could only see the victor of the previous day from behind. Two circumstances struck me forcibly, and touched me at the same time, in the man I was contemplating; the devotion of his attitude, and the impress of death which seemed to me to pervade his whole person.

"There was already observable, in his bowed neck and inclined head, that mournful depression which characterises a frame ready to be transformed into dust; but at the same time, there, where the failure

of bodily strength was so apparent, was also powerful evidence of vigour of mind and energy of soul.

"The Maréchal was in prayer, and he prayed with sincerity and fervour; with that prayerful spirit, itself the gift of God, and one of the means He places within our reach to enable us to prevail with Him. The soul of the hero of the Alma was entirely absorbed in this supreme and truly glorious victory.

* * * * *

"The 23rd was the last day on which the Maréchal was able to sustain the heroic struggle into which he had entered, with the disease which was killing him. On that day he was again on horseback, and contrived, by a touching and successful effort, to wear on his features that smile which the soldiers loved to see. The last clear, distinct—and vivid—recollection which remains in my mind of that energetic form, was, as I looked upon him receding from my sight down a shady road leading from a Russian villa embowered among the trees. The Maréchal, as his horse ambled gently along, was speaking to some Zouaves, who answered him in that peculiar '*langue de troupier*,' of which none knew better than himself how to appreciate the masculine sallies, the terse vivacity, and the original and impromptu expressions. * * * I saw him but once again, and then it was but a pale, emaciated countenance, leaning back in a carriage, a wasted hand feebly attempting to express one more gesture of kindness

—that glimpse was all that I was able to snatch of the valiant and endeared chief, whose name will never be separated from the glory of our youthful army."

We may pause for a moment over the remembrance of this great man, whose name illustrates the pages of modern history, and ask ourselves whether there is anything finer than the picture he has left us? We seem to see the commanding figure of this General-in-chief, this Marshal of France, struck by a malady which he knows to be fatal, feeling that his end is at hand, and who—although supported on his horse by two of his companions in arms—remains on the field during the whole of that long and memorable day, overcoming suffering by a love of duty, directing the victory he was about to win, with an eye as calm, and a countenance as serene, as if he had not already one foot in the grave, and then lying down to take his eternal rest as soon as his great task was accomplished.

The truth is, that this man possessed those qualities which make a hero—faith and courage; courage in the presence of human opinion, as great as that which made him fearless at the cannon's mouth. The Maréchal de France was a humble and fervent Christian.

At the pinnacle of greatness, and in the midst of that dangerous intoxication which prosperity so often produces, he turned to God—not to ask for recovery, but for the grace to die a Christian. During his

sojourn at Hyères, whither he had resorted to seek in the soft air of that genial climate a remedy for the disease which was to carry him off, he sent for the Curé of the village, and, without circumlocution or hesitation, he told him simply that he wished to confess, and, too feeble to leave his room, he made his Easter communion at home, without mystery, in the presence of all his officers and his household, including even the sentinel from before his door. Restored to health, contrary to all expectation, and able to resume his business, he no longer neglected his duties as a Christian, but fulfilled them nobly to the close of his glorious career.

Marshal Radetzki also left behind him a noble example. This great Austrian General, during an existence of one hundred years, rendered immense services to his Emperor and his country. From the battle of Marengo, where he gave proofs of remarkable courage under General Mélas, until the battle of Novara, where, Commander-in-chief of the Austrian troops, he defeated the Piedmontese army—he passed his life in camps. When age prevented him from mounting his horse, his soldiers would help him into the saddle; but, once there, he was firm and immoveable: his eye was sure, his judgment unerring, and after he was ninety years of age, he won an important victory. But we must add that he lived and died a Christian. He desired, a few days before his death, to make a general confession, and

expired peaceably, in perfect enjoyment of all his faculties, full not only of years, but of glory and of faith.

Général de Cotte was not only a religious-minded man, but was tenderly attached to his mother, who always remained near him whenever it was possible. When quartered at the camp, he used to pass all his evenings, and the greater part of Sunday, with her.

An anecdote is told of him, which shows him to have been a man of sense as well as of religion.

A feeling exists among some of the superior officers that they cannot with propriety approach the altar simultaneously with inferior officers and private soldiers, and therefore, lest they should be placed in a position which might entail a derogation from their military dignity, they too often end by absenting themselves from communion. Not so Général de Cotte. On the first Sunday after he arrived at Mourmelon, he set a worthy example in this respect. He came to mass, and although the church, as usual, was full of soldiers, and many approached the holy table, Général de Cotte went reverently with the rest, and having received the sacred host, to the surprise of all, he turned towards the congregation, and said:—

"Ah, mes amis! que ça fait du bien de communier, on prétend qu'il n'est pas digne d'un officier de se mettre au niveau de simples soldats, et d'approcher, en même tems qu'eux, la sainte table. Eh bien! pour moi, je suis Général aujourd'hui, il est vrai;

mais qui est-ce qui me dit que lorsque nous serons tous dans l'autre monde, je n'occuperai pas une place bien audessous de celles de beaucoup d'entre vous?" All present were deeply impressed by the sentiment which prompted these noble words.

This excellent man, and brave soldier, whose example on this and many other occasions was truly edifying, and who greatly endeared himself to his officers and men, died suddenly by a stroke of apoplexy, during the Italian campaign; but though unexpectedly called, he was not unprepared; his frequent and periodical confessions and communions, his daily devotions, and his faithful discharge of all his duties, public and private, religious, civil, and military, were sufficient evidence that he never forgot that in the midst of life we are in death. But the life no less than the death of the good and beloved Général de Cotte affords us further instances of the influence of religion upon officers of brilliant reputation in the profession of arms. Every fortnight saw this brave man humbly and devoutly kneeling at the tribunal of penance, and every morning attending with equal fervour at mass, for he was as brave in the open acknowledgment of his convictions, as in the maintenance of his country's rights.

On one occasion he suddenly came riding up, post haste, to the *presbytère*. The Curé, alarmed at the clatter of hoofs, came out to ascertain the cause. "Ah! M. le Curé, comme vous voilà bien apropos,

j'ai perdu mon chapelet! je ne sais comment; je le récitai encore ce matin," said he in the tone of a child who tries to justify himself to himself, for some imaginary piece of thoughtlessness—"comment faire! Je ne sais, par où il a passé."

"Allons donc, mon Général; ne vous mettez pas en peine pour si peu de chose. Il faut espérer que ça tombera en de bonnes mains—tenez, voulez vous me faire le plaisir de prendre le mien qui a reçu la bénédiction de notre Saint Père."

"Ah, merci, merci, M. le Curé, que vous êtes bon! je vous remercie de tout mon cœur," said he, stooping from his horse to receive the valued gift, and reverently kissing it, he added, "Je vais le réciter à votre intention pour vous témoigner ma reconnoissance."

There is an anecdote of Marshal Suchet, to the effect that when in command of the garrison of Lyons, in 1815, he one day went to Fourvière, and having mounted the steeple, he contemplated therefrom his native town; he then entered the church, and said to the priest—"Monsieur le Curé, will you be good enough to say some masses for my intention: When I was a boy, my mother often brought me here to the feet of Our Lady. I have seen much of life since; but that recollection—though sometimes obscured—has never been effaced." The Marshal then knelt before the altar for some moments. After all, why should not the Duke of Albuféra kneel

and pray—Turenne, Bayard, St. Louis, Clovis, had *they* not worshipped the same God?

Drouot, the exemplary General of Artillery, the aide-de-camp of the Emperor, the brave and learned Drouot, knelt and prayed also.

A fine trait of faith and heroism was told us recently of a Captain wounded in the knee during the late war in Italy. It was found necessary to amputate the poor fellow's leg. During the operation, the immovable calmness of the patient filled all present with surprise—almost with alarm. The surgeon, uneasy at the unusual tranquillity of the wounded man, approached him, begging him to put off so unnatural a restraint, and assuring him, that although a man ought to be brave, yet he would prefer even to see him shed tears.

"Etes-vous Catholique, Monsieur?" replied the officer.

"I am not," answered the surgeon.

"In that case, learn from me the value and the power of the crucifix. I have had my eyes fixed on this one. How, while contemplating the sufferings of our Lord, could I think anything of my own?"

The surgeon, who was a man of feeling, if not of piety, was struck by a reply so new to him, and especially by the tone of earnestness in which it was uttered. The whole event made a great impression on him, and our readers will scarcely be surprised to

hear that he has since embraced the faith with which he became acquainted under such singular auspices.

A model of Christian, and at the same time of military eloquence, was the short, simple, and we may add touching address transmitted by Colonel de Montalembert to his regiment, just before the last engagement in which he took part. It is at the same time his legacy and his elegy—no gift could be more valuable to his men, and no funeral oration could so entirely express the character and the state of heart of the man who penned these noble and stirring lines. He bore with dignity to the last his victorious sword and his illustrious name.

1er Régiment de Chasseurs d'Afrique,
Ordre du 29 Oct., 1859.

"MES BRAVE CHASSEURS!—

"We are all tried by our Divine Lord. Trust in Him and pray. He will not forsake the Chasseurs d'Afrique. Let us repose all our hopes in Him, and if any from among us should fall, let them not forget that in dying they fulfil a mission; that they are martyrs, and have gained heaven. If your Colonel is to be of the number, remember that he will pray for you. Meantime, let us brave death, it is our business, and let us not give way to discouragement. God knows what He does for His children.

"Your COLONEL DE MONTALEMBERT."

An account we have been favoured with of the last

hours of Dorrego, the military chieftain of the government of Buenos Ayres, supplies so striking, and at the same time so touching an instance of intrepidity and fortitude, inspired by religious belief, that we insert it here.

An insurrection, headed by General Lavalle, and directed against this brave officer, having proved successful, he was, with his party, compelled to leave the city; but being pursued, an action followed, in which Dorrego, in his turn, carried the day. A few days after, however, fortune again turned against him, and having been taken by surprise, he was made prisoner, and carried before his enemy.

Upon his arrival at Navarro, the head quarters of General Lavalle, an officer was sent to him to say that he was ordered to be shot in an hour, by command of General Lavalle. In reply, he sent a message to the General to say that he considered himself under the protection of the laws, and demanded to be tried by them. The officer came back and said that General Lavalle considered Don Manuel Dorrego to be *out of the pale of the law*, (fuera de la leez), that his execution would take place in an hour, and that he would do well to employ it in leaving any written directions he wished as to his affairs. Dorrego answered simply, "Muy bueno!" (Very well!) He then wrote the following letters:—

First, to his wife.

"My dear Angelita,

"At this moment they acquaint me, that in an hour I must die. Why, I know not, but that Divine Providence, in which I confide at this moment, has willed it so. I forgive all my enemies, and I beg my friends not to take any step to avenge my injuries. My Life! educate my dear children, and be happy, though you cannot longer be so as the companion of Your unfortunate

"M. Dorrego."

Second, to his eldest daughter.

"My dear daughter Isabella,

"I return you the braces which you made for your unfortunate father.

"M. Dorrego.

"Be a Catholic, and be virtuous. It is religion which consoles me at this moment."

Third, to his youngest and favourite child.

"My dearest girl Angelita,

"I send you this ring as a remembrance of your unfortunate father. M. Dorrego."

Fourth, to his nephew, D. Fortunato Miro.

"My dear Nephew,

"I beg you will arrange my affairs with Angela, my wife, if anything be left for her to subsist upon. Receive the last adieus of your uncle.

"M. Dorrego."

Fifth, to General Don Miguel Ascuenaga.

"My FRIEND, and through you to all my friends,

"In an hour I am to die! I know not wherefore Providence wills it so. Adieu, my good friends! Remember your friend, M. DORREGO.

"At this moment the Catholic religion is my only consolation."

There is also a note of various debts, and another relating to his affairs.

Having written these, he desired to see a priest. One had already been sent for, but *he* proved to be a near relation of Dorrego's, and was so overcome with grief, that Dorrego was forced to comfort him, instead of receiving his assistance.

He then said he wished to see Colonel la Madrid, who came to him immediately. He reminded him of their old friendship, and that they had often been fellow-soldiers in former times. He said he hoped he would not refuse his last request, that he would accompany him to the place of execution.

Madrid was affected to tears. He said he could not, it was impossible: he had not the heart to witness the death of his friend, and it was with difficulty he consented.

Dorrego begged him to go in a coach, as it was some distance they had to take him; but he said no, he would rather walk.

They then moved on, and when they arrived at the place where he was to be shot, he bowed to the officer

of the guard who accompanied him. They wished to bandage his eyes, but he begged them to omit this: a few moments more and all was over!

We learn that the officers garrisoned in the city of Metz have sought and obtained from the Prefect of the Moselle an authorisation to found a society of "Secours Mutuel," in favour of themselves and their comrades. It is needless to say that Metz possesses a promising affiliation of the *Œuvre Militaire*. The Jesuits in that town interest themselves greatly in the spiritual progress of the soldiers quartered there.

The revival of religion among the soldiers a few years back, when all the means of creating and maintaining a feeling in favour of it were encouraged by government in every possible way, was as surprising as satisfactory. It seemed as if a latent spirit of piety pervaded the whole army, and required nothing more than the genial influence of authoritative sanction to kindle it into a flame, which spread with a rapidity scarcely foreseen.

No sooner were masses and services authorised and organised than military congregations flocked to the chapels and churches where they were performed, eagerly assisting in creating and adapting places of worship in forts and barracks where there were none. If a mission was announced, the church was besieged for an hour before the preacher appeared, and every bench was filled to overflowing.

At the conclusion of each instruction, while the mission lasted, its results might be seen in the crowds who came to the confessional; and when it was over, the number who might be said to be converted was scarcely credible. On one occasion, when P. Dausse was the preacher, the congregation in one of the forts amounted to 1100 soldiers.

P. Gloriot, in a letter from the Crimea written shortly before his death, says that one of his greatest consolations was that not one soldier died without receiving the last sacraments. "I could write," he continues, "not pages, but volumes, filled with the edifying conduct I have witnessed, and the admirable observations I have heard, every day since I have been here. Up to this time, I alone have been called to the officers seriously ill at Constantinople. All confessed, and received extreme unction."

There are provinces, districts, and even towns, scattered over France, among the inhabitants of which there is a decidedly higher and more religious tone than in others. Generally speaking, it is those most remote from the capital; and it has been said that it is difficult to find a population, morally speaking, worse than that within a circle of fifty miles round Paris.

Brittany, that land of fidelity and loyalty, of devotedness and piety, the birth-place of Du Guesclin, the fatherland of Cadoudal, that province of which La Vendée is the nucleus, is proverbial for the true-heartedness of its people. They know that their race

has produced types which they must not dishonour, and morality and religion are maintained among the lower classes by an intuitive feeling that they have a character to support. Napoleon I., speaking of their valiant resistance against the republican forces, used to call it a war of giants; and yet these brave fellows left their homes armed only with forks and scythes, and implements of agriculture, manufactured for peaceful uses, to encounter disciplined troops, whose arms they seized and used them against their owners, rushing upon them, in the strength of their cause, with the noble war-cry "Pro Deo et Rege!"

A considerable portion of Normandy, Poitou, Mayenne, as well as Auvergne, and the Southern provinces generally, with few exceptions, have been pointed out as having either always maintained or readily reverted to their ancient faith; and certain cities in the more northern provinces, as Reims, Amiens, Lille, Metz, Laval, and others, deserve honourable mention. Soldiers who have been either recruited or garrisoned in this better atmosphere, are easily distinguished from their fellows, and are remarked for their good conduct as soldiers, no less than for their steadfast principles as Christians. Uninfluenced by bad example, bad advice, or the sneers of the vicious, they often succeed in drawing away others from their evil courses.

The *Œuvre des Soldats* was started with the happiest effects, and by the zeal of M. Germainville, who may be

almost called "*le père des soldats*," has been planted in almost every garrison-town in France, and we may add, in a great many out of it, comprising Rome itself. The *réunions* and classes were numerously and diligently attended, even by those who have to walk a long distance, and in all weathers, to join them. The *Patronage*, without which the *Œuvre* would have been a very imperfect and comparatively ineffectual institution, maintained the vantage-ground gained, and a better tone was soon perceptible throughout the ranks. We are glad to be able to add that the sudden and lamentable revulsion on the part of the government, which now not only no longer co-operates with, but rather discourages the movement, has not produced the result which might have been apprehended. It is true the priests have displayed increased activity and earnestness, and—impossible as it may seem—M. Germainville's enthusiasm appears more ubiquitous and more operative than before; this may be one cause, but the most significant and the most encouraging thought is, that religion, once implanted, has taken such firm root that it cannot now be removed.

As regards the men, therefore, the mischief has not been great; among the officers, matters have resulted otherwise, and there, an alteration has taken place which goes to show, either that the evidences of piety produced there were merely conventional, or if sincere, that they have waned under the bane-

ful influences of human respect. Perhaps the same faith may exist, but it is thought better to maintain appearances by conforming outwardly to the tone adopted by those higher in authority. We do not mean to insinuate that infidelity is boldly avowed among this portion of the army—far from it; all we would be understood to say is, that there has been a greater readiness to follow the order of the day among the officers than among the men.

Yet, among these, we have many noble examples of steadfast piety, and of disregard for the opinion of the world, which ought not to be passed over in silence, and which contribute to redeem the indifference of the rest.

To the death-bed scenes of Maréchal de St. Arnaud, the Duke of Elchingen, Maréchal Bugeaud, Général de Lourmel, Général Carbuccia, and other equally stern and valiant warriors, we willingly allude, and, would space permit, might adduce many others not less edifying.

The Duke of Elchingen, son of Maréchal Ney, was a man as distinguished by the elevation of his mind as by the mildness of his disposition, and the exquisite finish of his manners. It is needless to say how greatly these attributes endeared him to the whole army. A few days before his own death, he had been seen moved to tears by the details of the last moments of a young sergeant, nephew of a Colonel, with whom he was intimate.

When Père Gloriot presented to him the order which recalled him to Constantinople, he said—"What is this? Nay, nay, you cannot go; we must not be left without a priest, we may want you at any minute, and may-be I shall be the first to need your aid;" but none thought he spoke prophetically.

On Sunday, the Duke presided at the military mass, which was said in the camp, and had invited P. Gloriot to breakfast with him after it was over. Only two days subsequently, his aide-de-camp came in haste to the hospital, and having found the priest—"Pray follow me quickly," said he, "the General is in a bad way, and is most desirous of seeing you."

Arrived at his bed-side, Père Gloriot perceived the whole of the Etat-Major assembled. "M. l'Aumônier," said the Duke, "I wish every one to know that I sent for you. I have done wrong in neglecting the practical helps of religion. I have doubtless given scandal, and I desire now to make the only reparation in my power, by openly recognising my error, and expressing my desire at least to die as a Christian."

Having confessed, and received absolution, he crossed his hands on his breast, offered to God the sacrifice of his life, and breathed a simple but touching prayer for his wife and children. During the afternoon of the same day, he received extreme unction, and at eight o'clock the *Père* was again, and

for the last time, at his bed-side. The room was filled with all the most distinguished officers, at once edified and overcome by the scene they witnessed. The Duke's last hour was come; death was fast approaching. Père Gloriot knelt down and recited the prayers for the dying; his two aides-de-camp held the candle on either side. As the concluding prayer was read, the General breathed his last sigh, and a convulsive sob broke from the whole assembly.

Général Carbuccia presided at the funeral, and three days after he followed his friend to the grave! The evening before his death, meeting the Aumônier coming out of the hospital, he inquired if everything had been organised for the proper reception and comfort of the patients, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said: "Take this purse and use its contents to alleviate the position of these poor fellows." This was one of his latest acts.

The next morning he sent for the priest: he was a Corsican, and possessing the ardent faith of that people, he fulfilled all his duties with admirable devotion and piety; before night he had resigned his life with as much trust and faith in his Lord as had the friend at whose last moments he had so lately assisted.

The *soldats du Génie* made a large cross to plant on the tomb of their lamented General, and bore it before his coffin through the streets of Gallipoli. The Turks, who but a few days before had taken

umbrage at the *soutane* of the *Aumônier*, allowed the symbol of the Christian faith, so boldly borne, to pass in silent reverence, and there it stands to this day, on Mussulman soil, among a hundred others which have since been fixed upon the graves of the poor soldiers who lie around.

The last moments of Général de Lourmel ought not to pass unrecorded. This hero—for in his life and death he earned that title—unappalled by danger, and carried away by a chivalrous ardour which rendered him regardless of his personal safety, darted off in pursuit of the Russians under the very walls of the fortress, and in another moment would have entered, followed by his brigade, when he was struck by a ball in the chest. He remained on his horse, impassible, subduing his feelings with all the energy of a magnanimous spirit, and continued at his post, presiding over the retreat he now saw was inevitable, and which he was called upon to command. It was not until this movement was over, that he allowed himself to be transported to a little hut he occupied in the camp, and there the surgeons first examined his wound. They at once pronounced it mortal, for the ball had passed through the lungs.

When the fatal news was known, there was a universal cry of lamentation, for this brave and excellent officer was more than ordinarily beloved. He possessed qualities of the most attaching kind, and the intelligence of his impending fate rang like a death knell throughout the ranks.

For his part, he remained tranquil and firm throughout the night. His first care had been to ask for the Aumônier, and having fulfilled his duties, he awaited his end with the calmness of a Christian warrior. He seemed to recognise his last moment more readily than those about him, and taking the hand of his aide-de-camp, he said, "All is over. Say that my last thoughts were for my wife . . . . my mother" . . . he paused as if overcome; but immediately recovering himself, he added, . . . "for my country." He then feebly asked for a last absolution, and closing his eyes to open them no more, he whispered—"Domine, in manus tuas," . . . and expired with the solemn dedication unfinished on his lips.

General Canrobert—*tout général qu'il fût*—was not ashamed to acknowledge his trust in the God of battles, and was not on that account the less admired as an officer by his brother officers, nor the less respected as a superior by his men.

"What this valiant commander—this good, simple, and yet truly great man—was to the army, during the fearful Crimean campaign," says one of his men, "I cannot describe, but every soldier understood and felt it." During the whole of the siege he won them by his sympathy and his abnegation, sharing their life, encouraging them by his own privations to bear their hardships—not of necessity, but voluntarily, and in order to reconcile them to their lot, affable, ready to listen to every one; always to be seen everywhere; in the trenches; at the hospital; recalling to the

whole army, by his example, the fact that elevated minds draw their energy and their endurance from the only source which can sanctify their courage. Every Sunday, during that frightfully severe winter, did the General attend mass in the miserable shed of P. Parabère, open to every wind, without flooring, without chairs, and exposed to discomfort of all kinds; yet he assisted at the divine sacrifice with the utmost devotion and piety.

We must go back a few years in the history of the French army to record an interesting instance of heroic devotion on the part of a subordinate towards his superior officer.

In the month of March, 1814, when the report of the return of Napoleon from Elba suddenly alarmed the Royalists, the flower of the French nobility rushed to arms to defend their Sovereign's cause. The campaign was not a successful one: at the fatal engagement of Helette, occurred the episode to which we allude. The royal troops, surprised in an ambuscade, were on the point of being overwhelmed by superior numbers. The unfortunate Barberini, who commanded them, was about to be taken prisoner, when he would inevitably have been shot.

Suddenly a young volunteer, of pale and delicate complexion, but with an air and gait which bespoke dignity and high birth, might be seen advancing under the fire, and placing himself before his Commander, surrounded him with his arms, determined

to carry him out of danger, or to fall with him. But the result was destined to be a struggle for generosity between the heroic chief and his equally magnanimous protector. His more experienced eye told him that the feat intended by his youthful friend was beyond possibility, and impelled by the extremity of the moment to an act of desperation, he succeeded in disengaging his right arm, and shot himself through the head.

It was only when the youth became conscious that he held a corpse in his embrace, that he could consent to abandon an attempt which now uselessly imperilled his life; and covered with the blood of his lamented Colonel, he reluctantly retreated. This generous and spirited young soldier was no other than Gustave de Ravignan, afterwards so well known to fame as the modern apostle of France.

The same spirit may be said to animate the pontifical volunteers of France at the present day; though for the most part young men, and seeing fire for the first time, they boldly followed General Lamoricière to Ancona, and repeatedly snatched him from imminent peril. They are said to have made no fewer than eighteen charges to arrest the enemy in pursuit of their General.

A priest, writing from the battle-field, tells us that on the eve of the engagement of Castelfidardo, Generals Lamoricière and De Pimodan, and almost all the officers and soldiers who were to fight next day, prepared themselves for the event by repairing

to the tribunal of reconciliation. "Many of them," he writes, "having asked me to hear their confessions, I obtained the permission of the Bishop of Loretto, and I thank God for having permitted me to take a share in the solemn event, and to give the assistance of my sacred ministry in this critical moment to the noble and saintly sons of France. On the Tuesday previous, from dawn of day, began a succession of scenes worthy of the most glorious epochs of the crusades. As a priest, and as a Frenchman, I derived the most unspeakable consolation from all that I witnessed. At four o'clock, de Lamoricière, de Pimodan, all the *états-majors*, the *guides*, the Franco-Belgians, the German legions, the foreigners, the artillery, received the divine Body of Our Lord in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist. I saw the greater number of them with foreheads prostrate on the pavement of that basilica which so many pious feet have trodden. I remarked amongst others M. de Bourbon-Chalus, who remained long in that posture. The devout bearing of the two Generals had something in it so grave and solemn, that I was unable to command my emotion. All around me, in this interesting military group, I saw faces which gave evidence of tears."

Of one of the distinguished Generals mentioned in this simple recital, we may say that his career, which we will briefly sketch, is one proving that religion still lives in the hearts of 19th century

soldiers, not only of the lowest, but of the highest rank.

When the French soldier is a serious man, his religion is followed out in earnest; it forms an integral part of his life, and he is not ashamed of his belief, which is indeed essentially practical.

Georges de la Vallée de Rarécourt, Marquis de Pimodan, was a noble character, and was marked by all those attributes which make a man truly great. He was born in 1822, and was consequently in the prime of life when he fell gloriously at the battle of Castelfidardo. A descendant of the Crusaders, he seemed conscious, while yet a child, that the blood of his brave ancestors flowed in his veins. He was brought up with care, and was from his earliest childhood inspired with a veneration for the religion of his fathers. His education, commenced under the close but judicious superintendence of a pious mother, was finished at the College of the Jesuits at Fribourg, which he left with a mind richly endowed and highly cultivated, and with tastes so elevated above the ordinary level of worldly youths, that he was never tempted to pass the precious years of incipient manhood in frivolous pleasures or dreamy inactivity. Unselfish to a degree which was remarked by all who knew him, he seemed to thirst for opportunities which should call him to sacrifice his inclination and his will. Passionately fond of arms, the pursuit of military

avocations seemed to offer a vent to all his generous impulses, and, excluded by a feeling of honour and delicacy from the ranks of his native country, he sought service in the Austrian army. Nevertheless, always mindful of the land which had given him birth, he only entered a foreign service on condition that he should be permitted to withdraw in case of any hostilities against France.

In the campaigns of Italy and Hungary, in 1848 and the following year, he acquired considerable renown, and performed some brilliant actions, which obtained for him the cross of Marie-Thérèse, a distinction so rarely conferred, that in itself it is sufficient to establish a military reputation. Neither was this honour undeserved; Georges de Pimodan had all the attributes of a soldier; he has been known to make ten successive onslaughts in the midst of a shower of grapeshot, and each time to return unharmed from the charge. He had faith, he used to say, in Providence, who protects the courageous. With a bravery which sometimes amounted to temerity, he possessed singular presence of mind and an unusually accurate eye.

One day, during the campaign of 1849, while carrying important dispatches, he was arrested in a small town at the time in a state of insurrection, and carried by a tattered mob to a house where the self-constituted authorities were sitting. Eight or ten individuals, in black coats, were assembled round

a table. One of them said in an insolent and ruffianly tone, "We must have a Republic, and equality for every one." The mob had invaded the hall, their looks were anything but re-assuring, and de Pimodan began to feel his position was becoming critical. He was surrounded by a majority of men in rags.—"What!" said he, "equality for all, and *you* are wearing respectable coats, while these poor fellows are utterly denuded of necessary clothing?" These few opportune words threw the preponderance on his side; the crowd received with acclamation the sentiment they conveyed. He took advantage of the confusion to rise from his seat, and walked towards the door in a perfectly easy and natural manner; the people made way for him instinctively; he found his horse, and started off at full speed.

On the point of being promoted to the grade of Colonel, M. de Pimodan considered himself obliged to renounce advancement which he could only obtain by merging his nationality, since the Austrian law requires that all officers above the rank of Lieutenant-colonel shall, if not already Austrian subjects, be naturalized. To a man of such honourable principles and loyal feeling the title of Frenchman seemed to take precedence of all others; he resigned his promotion, and returned to his native land.

Once, while in Hungary, and when not more than six-and-twenty, he was taken prisoner by Kossuth. Expecting to be shot, and awaiting his sentence in

prison, he remembered that he still wore a diamond ring, the only resource by means of which he could transmit his last thoughts to his mother; he removed it from his finger, and wrote on the window of his cell these few but touching words—

"Adieu, my dear parents—I am about to be shot; I am tranquil and resigned, and, above all, my faith is firm and my hopes bright. Dear mother, my only sorrow is yours." Then sitting down on his bed, he passed in review all the early recollections of his life, and recalling the details of the death of Lord Strafford, whose heroism had always filled him with admiration, he promised himself to show as much courage and firmness on the scaffold.

From this danger, de Pimodan, however, escaped, and he had passed some happy years in France with his wife, who was of the blood of the Montmorencys, with his mother and his young family, when he learned that the Sovereign Pontiff had appealed to the devotedness of his sons, and claimed their aid for the defence of the Holy See.

De Pimodan did not hesitate an hour; he flew to place himself under the orders of General de Lamoricière, who, judging what he was, at a single glance, named him at once his *chef état-major*, with the rank of General.

Some days after, at Grotto, a small town situated on the Tuscan frontier, the new General opened the

campaign energetically, by utterly routing a whole band of Tuscan insurgents. He was then placed at the head of one of the corps of the pontifical army. At Castelfidardo, Lamoricière confided to him a glorious mission—that of charging the centre of the Piedmontese army, and stationing a portion of his forces near the position of the enemy's troops, while he himself should proceed with the rest to attack the citadel of Ancona.

This plan answered his expectations, but de Pimodan and his brave companions fell victims to its success. After three terrific charges, which the Piedmontese will long remember, they fell like heroes and martyrs at the feet of an enemy numerically ten times their superior.

It was at the head of his division that the General received his first wound. As the blood streamed down his face, one of his aides-de-camp said to him, "General, you are wounded, withdraw, and get your wounds dressed."—"No, no, it is nothing," replied he; "my duty is to be here:—forward!" and he made a fresh charge. Struck a second time, he still continued to encourage his men by giving them an example of coolness and intrepidity, and he led them for the fourth time to the charge, when he received a ball in the middle of the breast. This time, he staggered on his horse, and pronounced these words, which were the last his attendants could catch: "Renneville, I am dying; go quickly,

rally our Bersaglieri." A few minutes more, and he had rendered up his soul to God.

"But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?
A thousand warriors by his word were kept
In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,
'Go,' and he goeth; 'come,' and forth he stepp'd.
The trump and bugle till he spoke were dumb—
And now!—nought left him but the muffled drum!
And they who waited once and worshipp'd—they
With their rough faces thronged about the bed,
To gaze once more on the commanding clay,
Which for the last, though not the first time bled."

Historically considered, we are retrograding when we refer to the campaigns of Africa: we cannot, however, afford to pass them by, for they form one of the most interesting and picturesque episodes in the annals of France, and the army which won its laurels there, furnishes a race of heroes whose fine qualities would perhaps never have been brought out but for the incidents of this characteristic warfare.

Among other occurrences during the African war which cannot be perused without interest, is the tragical death of General Damrémont. This brave officer had seen no small amount of service, having commanded the "*grande armée*" in Dalmatia, in 1806 and 1809; that of 1811 and 1812 in Spain and Portugal; and finally he had led the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. He had commanded a brigade of infantry in the African expedition of 1830, and had been named Lieutenant-general on the 13th December of the same year; on the 15th September, 1835, the King

had named him peer of France, and had on the 12th February, 1837, nominated him to the governor-generalship of Algeria.

On the day of his death, 12th October, 1837, he was in the midst of a negociation with Achmet, who, however, held out with so much oriental astuteness and pertinacity, that the Count was rather out of spirits, as he saw his hopes of coming to terms with the wily enemy, dying away. "On that day, instead of pursuing our ordinary route," writes an eye-witness, "and turning away to the left, towards Tunis, after passing the Rummel, we turned to the right, and followed the declivity of the hill which faces the town. It was almost a challenge to the skill of the artillery of Achmet, which was not more than five hundred metres distant from us. Our long file of horses remained, however, intact; every ball passed over our heads, for the Turkish gunners had not had time to correct the aim of their large pieces. When we had rejoined the road to Tunis we alighted, and General Damrémont, having on his left the Duc de Nemours, and near him Generals Rulhières, Boyer, and Perregaux, advanced slowly in the direction of the old battery. I was walking immediately behind him with Capitaine Pajol, who was attached to his staff; other officers followed us. A party of soldiers at work on the battery, on seeing us coming towards them, called out that the fire of three pieces, situated on the right of the gate of Bab-el-oued,

swept the road on which we were advancing, and they persuaded us strongly to bear away out of their reach. Their counsel was not heeded; indeed, we came to a halt just at this spot. It was nine o'clock; General Damrémont was looking through a field-glass towards the town, at the same time talking to the Prince, when a ball, which rebounded from the ground a few paces before us, struck him in the left side, just above the heart. We heard the muffled sound of the projectile as it hit the unfortunate governor. He immediately fell dead; the ball had passed through his body!

"The army felt their loss deeply; I was myself profoundly affected by it. The Comte de Damrémont was very brave; he exposed himself fearlessly every day like a common soldier; his mild and agreeable manners had won the hearts of the officers who served under his orders.

"On that day the General did not wear his officer's hat as usual; he had on an African képi, and wore over his uniform a brown burnous. He fell as if struck by lightning, and died the death of the brave: but this was not the only disaster we were to experience.

"General Perrégaux, overcome with the keenest grief, had thrown himself on the inanimate body of his brother chief; at that instant a ball struck him in the forehead between the eyebrows, and at the same time an artilleryman had his arm broken by a spent ball. In the first moment of horror and sur-

prise, the body of the unfortunate officer was carried away, and we hastened from this ill-fated road, which the balls from the battery of Bab-el-oued continued to furrow all day."

There is no doubt the African war has served as a school—and perhaps one of no little severity—to the French army. It has contributed to form a body of men and a staff of officers which, but for the incidents and experiences of these campaigns, would never have existed. The novelty of its character, indeed, would have deterred most European nations from attempting a task which presented so many difficulties, and so small a chance of success.

Obstacles, apparently insurmountable, seemed opposed to their efforts, whether in the nature of the territory itself, or in that of the foes they had to encounter; perhaps the first of these was not the less formidable. The soldier engaging in war has mostly before him the perspective of a victory, after which the pillage of some opulent city is to reward his efforts, and crown his anticipations.

In an expedition against the Sikhs, the English soldier sees himself surrounded by a land fragrant with aromatics, and a plain studded with populous towns; even the Russian soldier is led on by the hope that, after the arduous fatigues of a campaign in the Caucasus, he will range over the rich fields of Tauris; the soldier of Algeria, on the contrary, has nothing before him but the desert—literally, "*le pays de la*

soif," as he expressively calls it, and he knows that his repose after one victory will soon be cut short by the new privations attendant on a fresh attack. When starting for an expedition, ten days' rations are allowed him; that is to say, an insufficient supply of biscuit, three hundred grammes of meat, sixty grammes of rice and a portion of coffee as a substitute for wine. This is generally consumed by the end of a week, and then, unless a *razzia* occur to help them out, the men must needs have recourse to the provisions of the desert—rats, serpents, tortoises, herbs and roots! Happy indeed if the desert be not too grudging in these gifts, and yet more lucky if they find on their road any fragments of dead wood, which they may pick up on the march, to enable them to dress the meagre pittance of their company.

Such are the hard conditions which the nature of the country imparts to this war; let us now see what are the enemies they have to contend with. The Arab lives by marauding and pillage; that is to say, he is warlike in his disposition, and nomadic in his habits. He carries his tent on the pommel of his saddle, and drives his flocks before him across the desert, which is his domain.

When once he has hidden his corn and his barley in the *silos*,* he gives the reins to his horse, and gallops whithersoever his instinct of destruction drives or carries him. Temperate and indefatigable,

* Underground depôts.

he is here, there, and everywhere present, alive to ambuscades and surprises, always impregnable, and proof against attack. Rapid as a bird of prey, he hovers continually round every station.

Hardly is an encampment raised, before he may be seen in the forsaken bivouac, ferreting and searching even the graves of the dead. Occasionally a band of horsemen appears in the horizon, and decoys the soldier in its pursuit; but as soon as he seems to approach them, the Arabs evaporate like a cloud. They will soon be discovered, but ambuscaded behind a copse, or at the bottom of a trench, watching for isolated foragers, or a stray laggard who has dropped behind, exhausted by the fatigues of a forced march. Their *ruses* are countless, and their fanaticism is indomitable. Prisoners are out of the question; it is a war of extermination on either side. It would require two French soldiers to guard an Arab prisoner, and to conduct him to a distant depôt. When an Arab holds out his gun to you in token of submission, you may expect he is going to fire it into your body. His surrender is never anything but a lure, or an armistice which he takes advantage of, to escape when he finds a favourable opportunity.

An amusing anecdote of one of their stratagems, and its defeat, which reads like a page of the "Talisman," is given us by the Comte de Castellane, when engaged in the African campaign under General Changarnier.

"During the night," he writes, "we had an alarm, and two of our horses were missing when daylight broke. According to the custom of these cunning marauders, they had stripped naked, and smearing their bodies with grease, so as to slip through the fingers of any who, being alarmed, should lay hold upon them, they were prepared to glide in and out between the tents like serpents. When they arrived near these two fine chargers, which they had determined to appropriate, they cut the tethers, leapt upon the backs of the animals, and off they started full gallop, surmounting every obstacle, and bowed down upon the manes, so that if shot at by the advanced sentinels, the balls might pass over their heads.

"An hour or two later, another of these plunderers, emboldened perhaps by the success of the previous attempt, presented himself in another and perhaps even more ingenious way. The sentry on duty observed on his right, as he walked to and fro on his beat, a small clump of dwarf palm trees. A short time after, on turning round, the clump had changed its place, and stood on the left. The sentry at once said to himself—'There must be some trick in this;' and without appearing to notice anything, he loaded his gun, and continued on the look out. The bush moved, but moved very slowly, gaining ground little by little. Suddenly it came to a stand-still, when a Kabyle leapt out of it upon the soldier with a drawn

poniard in his hand. The Frenchman was, however, prepared for his adversary, and charged him with his bayonet; the thrust was mortal, and the moving bush stood still for ever."

Would you be curious to follow one of these African expeditions?—Here is a body of men just ready to start. The desert is before you, without shade and without water. The soil presents neither shelter nor resources; provisions even of the simplest kind are altogether wanting. Calculate well your rations and your distances, or you cannot fail to perish by hunger, thirst or fatigue.

You are going, we will suppose, to reduce to submission, or to punish a distant tribe, and you have only taken with you ten days' victuals—of necessity—parsimoniously doled out. Are your waggon-trains complete? Are your mules well shod, and so laden that their packs cannot injure them? Are they in good condition? If not, remember you must abandon them on the road, and all that they carry, with them. Beware you forget none of these precautions; all are important, and the least mistake, or the least negligence, entails fatal consequences. The word of command is given, and the three columns set forth on their march, the baggage and special convoy of arms in the centre, the cavalry in advance, in order that the passage of a ford or a defile may not arrest the progress of the column. Behind the rear-guard marches a squadron, either to pick up stragglers,

or to put to flight the Arabs, who will make every effort, as they keep closely in the wake, to carry away all they can take, whether men or property, and to make a trophy of their booty, with a view also to retard the march, by forcing the rear-guard to stop and turn upon them. If the troops advance resolutely, they conceal themselves; but no sooner do these hesitate or retrograde than they dart upon them, overwhelming them with the violence and suddenness of an unexpected storm.

Once in marching order, the soil will be found parched and cracked by the burning action of the sun, or else soaked by torrents of rain. Between an intolerable heat, accompanied by a dust which blinds and suffocates the traveller, and an icy cold, during which gusts of snow envelop him like a winding-sheet, there is no medium. Besides this, it is impossible to bivouac at night, for the march must be concealed from the enemy.

At the risk, then, of losing their way in the dark, and with the certainty of doubling their fatigue by loss of sleep, the troops must march, for their only chance is to take the Arabs by surprise. Foreign troops cannot, like the natives, have their relays and stations always prepared in the desert. Although, however, there is no resource with the Arabs but stratagem, it is most difficult to track them; no indication is suffered to betray them. Indigenous scouts are put in requisition; dressed and accoutred

in all respects like the Arabs, they set forth to hunt out their intended captives: they mix among the nomad tribes, and if they find a stray individual they pounce upon him and secure him: if, on the other hand, they fail in their attempt, they light telegraphic fires to give notice to their employers.

The turns and windings of the desert, which generally form the hiding-places of the Arabs, are next scoured, and the French auxiliaries who are employed in the service, return to the main body of the army, when a sham-fight commences. The troops, as if taken by surprise, fall back at the report of fire-arms, and at the sight of the dust which is raised by the outbreak, the Arabs, till then scattered and concealed, run together and show themselves. If the *fantasia* be well executed, the Arabs are deceived, and while rushing forward to take part in the fight, fall into the snare and are secured.

At length, after much fatigue, many disappointments and the most discouraging privations, attended with dangers of all sorts, the object of the expedition is attained; behold the men arrived at the seat of the insurrection; they are on the spot on which the rebel tribe has planted its tents. The French soldiers are in the camp half-an-hour before daylight, at the very moment when the Arabs are about to make their ablutions, and this period is not chosen without design; were they to attempt their inroad at any earlier period, it would be giving to the enemy

time to escape by favour of confusion and darkness; at a later hour it would be to declare themselves, and consequently to give their foes time to avoid them. The only mode is to carry off the victory with the bayonet, and without answering the enemy's fire. The regulars of the surprised tribe draw all the opposing force to one side, they expose themselves bravely to the blows which assail them, resist the attack for some time, and feign flight in order to decoy the troops after them. As soon as daylight renders the result visible, it is found that the *douar* or *smala* has disappeared, and it is impossible to follow its track. It was in this way that the *smala* of Abd-el-Kader slipped several times through the fingers of the French troops.

When these latter find themselves thus left without any spoil beyond the abandoned territory, they begin to remember the *silos*, or bread-stores; for their mules and horses are sinking for want of barley. But the *silos* are empty! The French soldier is not yet discouraged, however; he searches for the *barani*, or *contre-silos*. But the difficulty is to discover them. The only expedient is to send scouts disguised as Arabs to the neighbourhood of the ordinary *silos*: arrived at the spot, they call together a council after the manner of the Arabs themselves. The *Tammar*, or guardian of the depôt, deluded by their appearance, discovers himself, and approaches them. The spies seize him, and the desired information is obtained.

It was thus that the garrison of Mascara, unprovisioned, and deprived of all communication with the other outposts, was enabled to subsist during five months of a trying winter.

It very often happens, however, that these *coups de main* are unsuccessful. The tribes, warned of the approach of their enemies, fly to the desert, destroying all that they are unable to carry away. Provisions fail, ammunition is exhausted, the hospitals are full, they must retrace their steps. It is then that the moral courage of the soldier is put to a severe test, and that the responsibility of the General becomes heavy. It is in vain to accumulate cavalry upon the flank of the column, whether for the purpose of transmitting orders, or for maintaining the regularity of the march. The misapprehension of a command, or an inadvertent delay in the execution of an evolution, is of itself sufficient to produce inexplicable confusion, of which there is equal danger if the supports march too slowly or too quickly, or take a wrong direction. If once there is solution of continuity in the column, it is almost impossible to rally the men in this broken ground without any distinctive features. The separated corps is nearly sure to fall into the ambuscades of the Arabs, always on the alert, and hidden in all directions like wild beasts on the watch for their expected prey.

It is obvious to what severe trials the French soldiers must be exposed in Africa, when we learn

that out of ten who visit those uncongenial climes, it is computed that one only falls under the fire of the enemy. The men, nevertheless, start on an expedition with songs and jests, although they know they have before them ten days of consecutive march, at the rate of twelve leagues a day. On one occasion, when in pursuit of Abd-el-Kader, the Zouaves marched as many as twenty-one leagues a day, and Zumalacarregui's volunteers have exceeded even this. It is thus that they reach the *pays de la soif*. If the reservoirs be empty, it is necessary sometimes to make a prolonged march, in order to discover where water can be found by digging. They march by day, and they march again by night; they close their ranks in order not to stray. They sleep without shelter, always half awake to catch the slightest sound, and ready to start off or to fight at the first signal.

This life may last one, two, or three months: the men—that is, the survivors—return to the garrison, their uniform in tatters, begrimed with sand and dust, their feet bleeding, their eyes dimmed, and their health broken. A day's rest, however, seems to renovate their spirits; in a short time all is forgotten, and they are ready to begin again, with a smile upon their lips, stirred by a fresh spirit of adventure and enterprise.

Courage, and zeal, and endurance, it will be seen, were needed to persevere in the conquest of the Algerian colonies; but these alone would not have

sufficed—it was also necessary to discover the secret of attacking, resisting and finally of vanquishing these modern Parthians, and this was not the affair of a day.

In 1836, the expedition against Constantine was regarded—and well it might be—as an act of unexampled temerity; and yet in 1849, that of Zaatcha, which presented difficulties, fatigues and perils ten-fold as great, surprised no one; but, between these two dates, the French army had produced a true soldier, and this was Maréchal Bugeaud. Previous to the advent of this General, there had been, it is true, brilliant engagements and heroic actions in Algeria; but there was no system of warfare. Notwithstanding her victories, France as yet only held disputed possession of the littoral; under him she carried her conquests into the depths of the Sahara.

We are persuaded that our readers will peruse with pleasure all that we can relate of the brave and beloved Maréchal Bugeaud, who was not only idolized by his men, but was popular with the whole nation. Naturally considerate and benevolent throughout his career, this distinguished officer not only became towards the close of it practically religious, but avowed his belief with the same noble openness and firmness of character with which he announced his views and opinions on matters military and political. His integrity was proverbial, and as he had a just and generous heart, he never hesitated to testify his

regard for the ecclesiastical authorities by every possible demonstration of reverence. The army chaplains, and even the humblest priest with whom he had to deal, were always treated by him with the respect due to their sacred office..

When in Africa, he made no secret of his regard for religion and her ministers, and intimated to the officers his desire that, on arriving at the camp, they should always pay their first homage to the Bishop of Algeria.

This excellent man entertained at one period of his life a strong prejudice against the Jesuits; and as, although a perfect gentleman in feeling and in manners, he had a blunt way of speaking his mind, he one day disclosed his opinion, and was led to modify it under somewhat curious circumstances.

It was after the battle of Isly, that having invited the army-chaplain, le Père Rigault, to his table, at a banquet given at Algiers on the return of the expedition, he proposed the health of those who had survived the day, adding that he was proud to think all had gallantly done their duty, and turning to the *Aumônier*, he said—"Et vous, Monsier l'Aumônier, tout le premier; car je vous ai vu à l'œuvre, et vous y avez mis tout autant de courage et de dévouement que nous autres hommes de guerre. Et, voyez-vous Messieurs, je trouve ça bien beau, moi; J'aime les prêtres, et je les respecte, . . pourvu," added he, "qu'ils ne soient pas Jesuites."

"Je vous remercie, Maréchal, de votre politesse

en voulant bien boire à ma Santé," replied the priest,—"Je vous assure, cependant, que je n'ai fait que mon devoir, et je suis persuadé quil n'y a pas un de mes confrères, qui, à ma place, n'en aurait pas fait autant: . . mais, Maréchal . . Hélas! il faut que je vous l'avoue—cette terrible vérité . . . *Je* suis Jésuite, tel que vous me voyez."

"M. l'Aumônier! Impossible! vous Jésuite! mais comment donc! . . Ah ça, on m'a donc trompé: Eh bien, je n'en demande pas davantage. Qu'on dise encore du mal, devant moi, des Jésuites! Ce sera à moi qu'on aura à faire;" and from that time forward the name of Jesuit was always a passport to his favour.

When the good Maréchal took up the defence of the Jesuits, he meant what he said, and it was not long before he had an opportunity of demonstrating the sincerity of his asseveration. Some meddling friends came one day to reveal to him the mysterious discovery that the head of the Algerian orphan institution was a Jesuit, and this at a moment when the Jesuits were pointed at, in France, as the *bête noire* of society. There were many in Algeria who shared this opinion, and these malicious denunciators made no doubt they would meet in the Maréchal a willing hearer. They were, however, utterly disappointed in their expectation, for, with characteristic simplicity and dignity, he replied, "If I do my best to turn out these priests, will you promise to supply their place and carry on their charities?"

It is needless to add that this answer at once surprised and silenced the adversary.

Marshal Bugeaud was the type—the impersonation of all that a French soldier loves to believe exists in his superior officer.. To great simplicity and generosity of character, he added sound good sense and acute discernment.

His rural tastes, nurtured in early years by the circumstances of his birth, accompanied him through life; and we find him at the same time exerting himself with that energy and intelligence for which he was remarkable, in military tactics, diplomatic measures, and agricultural improvements of no mean character.

The French are justly proud of their General, and look back upon the page marked by his name in the history of their army, as one worthy of the most honourable remembrance. He is the Cincinnatus of France, and we respect the noble modesty which prompted him to select as a motto—"Ense et aratro"—which, while it recalled to himself his humble origin, proved to all others that he had no desire to conceal it. It is difficult to say which of these two instruments became him the better; and certain it is, that if he handled his sword with that skill and intelligence which have exalted him into one of the modern heroes of his country, his brilliant reputation was never suffered to eclipse the recollection that he once laboured for his honest and frugal livelihood by "driving his team afield." So far from this, an anecdote is

told of him, as riding one day over some ploughed ground, when he saw some clumsy fellow at work, who was wholly inadequate to the task he was attempting—"Halte là," exclaimed the General in a voice of command, which had now become natural to him, but which made the countryman turn round and stare at his interlocutor. In the twinkling of an eye he had dismounted, and bidding the rustic hold his bridle, he proceeded to trace a furrow which made its fellows cut a sorry figure, so accurately was the line pursued. Having administered the lesson, and doubtless enjoyed this little experience that his hand had not "forgotten her cunning" since the day when he earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, he seized the mane, resumed his seat in the saddle, and galloped off before the ploughman had recovered from his surprise.

Although attached to the royal family, yet owing to a misunderstanding between King Charles X. and Général Bugeaud, he refused to serve under him; and during his reign retired to his Château de Goberti, giving himself up to the occupation which, after that of arms, was most congenial to his tastes. Settled in his remote province, *procul negotiis*, and away from all the attractions of a city life, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his *paterna rura*. Up at early dawn, he superintended and directed all the farming operations on his extensive lands, and introduced into the agricultural science of his country many very valuable improvements.

It was under Louis Philippe that he was appointed Governor-General of Algeria, and there acquired his brilliant reputation for all those qualities which should characterise a Commander. To the soldiers he endeared himself as a father, and, indeed, was known among them by no other title than that of "Le *Père* Bugeaud." His consideration for others was proverbial; and to show to what minutiæ his thoughtfulness for them descended, he would fill his pockets with lozenges and oranges, and give them to the sentinels as he passed them at their posts, unsheltered from the parching heat of the African sun. This great man was peculiarly tender in his affections, and was no less exemplary in his private life than in his public career. To his wife—herself a pattern of virtue—he was devoted, and his mother, though of humble rank, he always treated with the greatest love and deference. To her, indeed, he owed much, for if she had been unable to give him secular instruction, or to cultivate his mind, she had herself educated his heart—she had sown in it those seeds of religion which made him through life a brave, a just, an honourable, and a benevolent man; and which, moreover, were destined ultimately to ripen and develop into fruits of piety. Even at the time when Général Bugeaud may be said not to have been a *practical* Catholic, he at least *never* scoffed at religion, nor sought to disparage it in the esteem of others, or to hinder any from following it; on the

contrary, he approved and encouraged it in his men, always as we have said treating ecclesiastics and sacred things with reverence, and never attempting to conceal the respect in which he held them.

Thus, on one occasion, when at table, a Bishop being present, and remarking that it was a great pity the officers did not give more support to the clergy, both by precept and example, for that their position was one of great influence, and conveying his animadversions under as polite a form as he could adopt, to soften their asperity, he added, "Malheureusement, Messieurs les officiers, vous êtes si préoccupés de défendre notre patrie contre les ennemis du siécle, que vous ne vous mettez guère en garde contre celui qui cherche à nous priver de notre héritage éternel."

"Monseigneur," replied the Maréchal, who waited patiently till the Bishop had finished, "je vous prie de ne pas nous juger si sévérement; il yen a, j'espère, beaucoup parmi nous qui possêdent des sentimens réligieux; quant à moi, je vous avoue que je voudrais bien m'occuper davantage de tout cela; cependant pour vous faire voir que j'honore ma réligion et que je ne l'oublie pas, voilà la medaille de la Sainte Vierge, que je tiens de ma bonne mère, et qui ne m'a jamais quittée;" and he drew from his breast a small silver medal, which he exhibited, regardless of the astonished gaze of his brother officers, and reverently kissed it as he restored it to its hiding-place.

We have said that the Maréchal's wife was an amiable and a pious woman, and that his veneration for her knew no bounds. This was one of the most attractive points in his character, and the happy *ménage* of the illustrious pair rendered his domestic life a perpetual sunshine. One day at a grand banquet given by him to some distinguished personages at Algiers, nothing would satisfy him but the removal, from the centre of the elegantly-decorated table, of a magnificent silver vase of fruit and flowers, because it intercepted his view of Madame la Maréchale, whose face he said was the most pleasing object he could look upon, and far more agreeable to him than the most blooming *bouquet*.

The Maréchal, when in Algeria, was very desirous of giving his support to all charitable institutions, and among others, greatly favoured the Orphanage of Ben Aknou, the superior of which — a Jesuit priest, P. Brumont — used often to be invited to the government house. One day he received from the superior of this institution a present of a gigantic cabbage, a great curiosity of its kind, and grown in the Orphanage garden. "Dis donc, ma femme," said the Maréchal, recollecting himself, as the vegetable which had been shown to him was being carried away, "ne manquez pas de compter les feuilles de ce chou." "Et pourquoi donc, mon ami?" replied the lady, astonished, but suspecting some implied mischief on the part of her husband:

"N'y vois tu pas clair? c'est que le P. Brumont ne nous a pas envoyé son chou pour rien; il va me faire payer pour chaque feuille un billet de banque."

A few days after, in effect, in walked the Supérieur. "Eh bien, mon Père, qu'y a-t-il de nouveau?" said the Maréchal, with his usual *bonhomie*, and a sly encouraging smile, which showed he was prepared for some request; upon which the Supérieur opened the recital of his troubles, and told him that they were in a deplorable state of distress at the Orphanage, owing to the rations they had always been allowed having been suddenly stopped without any reason. "What!" said the sympathising General, "are these children without bread?" "Indeed they are, Excellence." "Hola! Quelqu'un!" exclaimed the General, calling for his secretary, "write an order at once for——how many rations were you allowed, mon père?" "120, Excellence."—"For *one hundred and fifty* rations," continued the General, still dictating, "to be sent into the Orphanage at Ben Aknou till further orders." And no more was heard of the suppression of the rations, for the Maréchal was feared even by the King, and the government found it the wisest policy to ratify the order.

Some officious persons, aware of the Maréchal's quondam antipathy to the Jesuits, but unconscious that he knew the Superior of the Orphanage belonged to that order, thought to curry favour

with the veteran by a confidential communication of the fact.

The Marshal, however, turning to his miscalculating informant, contented himself with asking him, "And you, who are *not* a Jesuit, will you undertake to provide for two hundred abandoned orphans?"

It was pleasing to observe the smile which lighted up the good Maréchal's face when his aide-de-camp would sometimes say to him, as he left him at night, "Maréchal, I commend you to God—the God who is worshipped at Excideuil!"

This was the name of his estate in Perigueux, then in the occupation of his wife, mother, and children.

It was when in the midst of his successes, and in the zenith of his popularity, that Louis Philippe, suddenly and without any previous notice—intending ultimately to replace the Maréchal by his son the Duc de Nemours—sent over one of his Generals to take from him, in the first instance, his post in Algeria, as governor of that province, and Commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. An aide-de-camp preceded him, and presenting himself at the Maréchal's quarters enquired when his master could have the honour of an interview to arrange with him for assuming the command which he was to relinquish. "Go and tell your master," said the Maréchal, with dignity, "that *I* alone command here,

and that, by virtue of my position, I forbid him to land; and tell him, moreover, that if, after this warning, he sets foot on shore, I will have him shot." The envoy retired in double quick time, duly reporting the answer, which had the effect of producing a retreat, and no more was heard of displacing the Maréchal, who very justly observed, "A peine si on chasserait un chien, de la sorte. Je vaux bien qu'on me prie d'envoyer ma démission."

Some waste land at Slaouen, in Algeria, having been conceded to the Trappists, the Maréchal sent them a detachment of soldiers to help them to bring it into cultivation; he also distributed to them a share of the *razzias* taken from the enemy. In short, by his justice, humanity, and urbanity in all his dealings, his bravery in the field, and his genius and intelligence in whatever he undertook, he so greatly endeared himself to all who came in contact with him, that, when finally recalled from the settlement in 1847, his departure occasioned a general and sincere mourning. Deputations presented themselves from every side to take leave of him, and to express the universal regret which his loss occasioned. Among others came all the children of the Orphanage whom he had petted with paternal interest; he made a very touching address to these little ones, exhorting them to persevere in the principles in which they were brought up, and to look upon their excellent Superior, and above all, upon their exem-

plary bishop (Monseigneur Pavie) who was present upon the occasion, as replacing the parents who had been removed from them. He was deeply affected at these farewells, as the little children came crowding round him, kissing his hands and even his garments, and testifying their gratitude for the notice he had taken of them.

The peasant boy of Dordogne, who, to the glorious rank of General—acquired not by purchase, but by distinguished merit—added that of Maréchal de France and Duc d' Isly, was as distinguished in diplomatic as in military tactics.

Abd-el-Kader had long said, and with reason, "My throne is the saddle of my horse, my ramparts are the mountains, the desert is my fortress, and the sun my artillery." All this glory, however, was destined to pass away as a dream and an illusion. His boasted advantages he could not hold, in presence of an army filled with the spirit of its chief, whose *fantassins* had acquired a rapidity of action never attained by the Arabs themselves, and who, by virtue of a power of endurance peculiar to the French soldier, were better able to support the heat and variations of climate than even the natives. No extremities of weather deterred the French soldiers, they went everywhere, and at all seasons. The most scorching heat or the heaviest rain was the same to them, and during epochs when the Arabs thought it impossible they could be attacked, they suddenly

found the enemy down upon them without chance of escape.

It was in the month of June, 1837, that Marshal Bugeaud sought and obtained his famous interview with Abd-el-Kader, so important in its consequences to the history of the French arms in Algeria, known as the "Treaty of the Tafna," and interesting us here, in so far as it forms the closing scene of the first period of the African war. Moreover, it brings into each other's presence those two great types of their respective countries, who were destined to signalize the second epoch of this memorable struggle.

Abd-el-Kader was of the powerful tribe of the Hachems, looked upon as the hereditary and traditional guardians of Mascara, "the Holy City;" but, the child of a family of Marabouts, he seemed born to be a man of peace. The prophecies, however, adroitly spread throughout Maghreb by the Zaouias —a religious association, of which his father was chief—decided otherwise. At the age of twenty-two he had already made two pilgrimages to Mecca, in order to escape from the Turks, who had always persecuted his family; so that when the French succeeded these latter in the possession of Algeria, Abd-el-Kader only changed enemies. At the call of the Marabouts, who were preaching a crusade against the infidels, the tribes assembled in 1832, on the plains of Zégris, to elect a chief. Mahiddin

presented to them his son Abd-el-Kader, already announced by the voice of prophecy as the man created to lead them to victory.

This predestined youth was proclaimed Emir by the tribes, and, mounted on a richly caparisoned Arab steed, Abd-el-Kader made his triumphant entry into Mascara. He was twenty-six years of age, a magnificent young man, with "snow-white feet," and truly patrician hands. His countenance was at once masculine and refined, and while illumined by an almost inspired expression his radiant physiognomy seemed to indicate that consciousness of superiority which science often imprints, as a seal, on the brow of her chosen disciples; he appeared adapted rather for politics than for warfare, and in his diplomatic dealings he contrived to exercise all the stratagems of oriental subtlety, and to bring to bear all the resolution of an ambitious mind.

Such was the man who, vanquished at the Sikkah by General Bugeaud, was destined to see his fortunes restored by the hand of his triumphant adversary.

The account of their interview reads like a page from the annals of the crusades; and the contrast between those two impersonations, which have since become the property of history, as they met in that singular and characteristic encounter, forms a picture worth studying.

The French General arrived at the place of meet-

ing, surrounded by his artillery and his cavalry, and accompanied by six battalions. Abd-el-Kader was not punctual to his appointment. Bugeaud, at length, lost patience, and, notwithstanding the advice of those who taxed him with imprudence, followed only by his *état-major*, marched out to meet the Mussulman Chief.

His track lay through a country unknown to him, and interspersed with narrow gorges and mountain defiles. Towards evening he arrived in front of the Arab army, encamped in the depths of a valley, and scattered over the surrounding hillocks. The arms of the Africans glittered in the departing rays of a glowing Algerian sunset. Abd-el-Kader advanced, surrounded by two hundred Arab chiefs, richly attired and armed. He was mounted on a superb black charger, caparisoned with all the costliness of oriental magnificence. As soon as the Emir was in sight, Bugeaud, leaving his followers behind, started off at a gallop to meet him, and placed himself boldly in front of him.

The two chiefs dismounted and seated themselves side by side, and then the fine and delicate features of the Arab-chief might be observed in singular relief when compared with the severe and manly countenance of the blunt and brave French negotiator. At the conclusion of their conversation the Maréchal stood up, alone in the midst of the 200 Arabs, and, as the Emir did not seem disposed to

follow his example, the man of the north, vigorous in muscle, quick and frank in gesture, seized the white and delicate fingers of the oriental Emir in the honest grasp of his hand hardened by the use of arms, and raising him, said, "When a French General stands up before you, you ought to stand up also." The Emir, graceful in his language, elegant in his gestures, talked much but said little, and smiling in his assumed weakness, reserved within himself the secret of his strength; nevertheless, the intrepid coolness of the French General seemed to produce a profound impression upon Abd-el-Kader, who concluded the interview by promising to the representative of France all that he exacted on behalf of his country.

We will not dwell upon other remarkable, because, doubtless, well-known incidents in the life of this great and good man—the victories and successes of the soldier of Austerlitz, of Tortosa, of Tarragona, of Isly, the conqueror and peacemaker of Algeria—we will hasten on to the 10th of June, 1849, when, at the age of sixty-four, he closed his brilliant career on earth under circumstances which it may be appropriate to record here.

It was left for the cholera, that scourge alike of the strong and of the weak, to cut short that life which the sword and the bayonet had so long spared. The illustrious warrior lay on his bed of

suffering, parched with thirst, but denied a draught of water by the strict orders of his physician.

"François," said the General, beseechingly, to his valet, who had been left to watch him, "only one little drop."

"Maréchal, I dare not; the doctors have forbidden it."

"Obey me instantly."

"I cannot."

"Then go and ask permission." The man unguardedly left the room, and no sooner was the patient alone, than, crawling to a buffet, on which stood a caraffe, he managed by an almost superhuman effort to pour out and quaff with trembling hand, perhaps, the most delicious draught he ever tasted; but he paid dearly the price of his imprudence; the attendant returning found him in bed, but seized with a shivering fit which no skill could overcome. He soon felt his case was hopeless. His life had been exemplary; his death was truly Christian.

The Emperor—at that time President of the Republic—heard of his fate, and came in haste to visit the dying veteran.

"I am glad to see you, Prince," said he. "You have a great destiny before you, but I shall not see it fulfilled. God has called me away from this world."

"All is not lost," said the Prince, mournfully,

"and, indeed, I trust there is yet hope, for we need you much."

The Prince soon retired, promising to return, and from that moment Marshal Bugeaud occupied himself exclusively with thoughts of the next world. Monseigneur Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, came to him. With him he fulfilled his Christian duties with faith and simplicity, composure and firmness.

In death the crucifix was found firmly grasped in his hands, and the cross remains associated with the sword and the plough, to illustrate his honourable career in the recollection of those who loved him.

Each of these emblems may be said to represent a phase of his devoted, active and simple life.

In the minds of the "people," however, and, above all, of the army, never will the memorable *casquette* be forgotten, and their posterity will long cherish the memory of a beloved patron and a great General when they sing their favourite refrain,

"As-tu vu la casquette—la casquette;
Oui, la casquette—au Père Bugeaud?"

The origin of this popular distich may be related here, for all our readers may not, perhaps, be acquainted with it.

It was in the month of February, 1843. The French army, under the command of General Bugeaud, had taken up its position in the midst of the Kabyl tribes, which had been invited by Abd-el

Kader to revolt against the domination of the French. Their task was to subdue and repulse this indomitable chieftain—at once "priest and soldier" —whose matchlock may be said to have been rammed with the pages of the Koran.

Whirlwinds of hail and sleet had enveloped the brave "fantassins." It was night, and the men, bivouacking in the mud, rolled up in their cloaks, which were soiled and torn, had sheltered themselves under the intertwined branches of olives, aloes, oleanders and broad-leaved tropical plants, which formed an aromatic bower over their heads. The position, however, was at best an uncomfortable one; nevertheless they slept, for soldiers, like monks, know how to dispense with soft cider-down and silken quilts, and the soldier in his damp bivouac, or the Carthusian in his chilly cell, often reposes more sweetly than the self-indulgent worldling in his "perfumed chamber" luxuriating, *et cœnis et plumis Sardanapali.*

General Bugeaud was slumbering as soundly as his men, when suddenly was heard "a deep sound" which none recognized. The sentries are roused—it is repeated—and then all are awake in the twinkling of an eye; the command is given, the bugles sound, the drums roll:—

* * * * "Arm! arm!
It is—it is the cannon's opening roar!"

The Kabyl forces have taken the French by sur-

prise. In another minute every French soldier is equipped. The General, albeit aroused so unceremoniously, is there, mustering and encouraging his troops: he wears all his accoutrements, and none would guess how expeditiously they had been donned; there was only one detail of his nocturnal toilet which in his haste he had omitted to modify, the "*casquette à mèche,*" that ludicrous finish to a gentleman's toilet; there it was, erect on the hero's head in all the *candor* of its unmitigated simplicity!

We all admit that no man is great in the eyes of his valet-de-chambre; but if there be one accessory which alone suffices to make a great man look ridiculous, it certainly is the conical, not to say comical, white head-gear, with its pert, obtrusive tassel. We always admired the neatness and comprehensiveness of Johnson's repartee when questioned by Bozzy upon this ticklish point. The Doctor did not reveal the fact to his inquisitive admirer, and the consequence is, as himself predicted, that "posterity has never known" whether the great Samuel ever cut the ridiculous figure under which the Maréchal appeared on that memorable February night.

As he sprung upon his horse, the Maréchal caught the eye of the attendant who held the bridle. There was an arch mixture of surprise, amusement, and respectful awe which checked the man's first impulse to tell his master of the circumstance, but his hesitation did not last a minute; the General immediately

raised his hand to his head, felt at the same moment the texture of its covering and the absurdity of his appearance. He tore it from his head, for it would never have done for a French General to be seen by the foe thus "decorated;" and shouting frantically "*Ma casquette! Ma casquette!*" rushed on to the field. The soldiers took up the novel war-cry, and threw themselves on the Kabyls, repeating, "*As-tu vu la casquette, la casquette, as-tu vu la casquette au Père Bugeaud?*" It was to the music of this extemporized chorus that the enemy was put to flight, pursued, and finally routed. The engagement was desperate and bloody, and the day was a memorable one in the annals of Algeria. The French General's horse was killed under him, but he rose triumphant; the newly-invented distich became the refrain of a hymn of victory; and as it recalls one of the glorious days of the French soldiers under a chief so popular and so worthy of being beloved as Maréchal Bugeaud, it will long be one of the favourite military airs of France.

A modern French writer, named Ducuing, has furnished us with a well-drawn *apperçu* of the Maréchal's character.

"Maréchal Bugeaud," says he, "was born to be a soldier; the characteristics which exalted him into a chief were destined only to distinguish him as he grew older. We cannot look upon him as one of those ready-made heroes and warriors whom history pre-

sents to our admiration, already matured in the first page of their biography. He was perhaps fitted less than any other to dispense with the lessons of experience, for he was slow of conception, and tenacious of his preconceived notions, but at the same time experience was calculated to produce the best results upon him; for his mind was singularly characterized by a power of analyzation and a quick perception of the real, which alone can reduce all questions to practical laws.

"Those who were nearest to the Maréchal, and had the best opportunities of observing him, were almost all mistaken as to his mental organization. They considered him prompt, active and intelligent because they never saw him hesitate, and they attributed to him an initiative he did not possess, because they often saw him change his ideas and projects, with the progress of events: but it was rather to his will than his intellect that he owed his rapidity of action. The cause of these changes did not proceed from exuberance of invention, but because he knew how to profit by experience, and he would nobly retrace his steps even to pursue a project opposed to the one he advocated the day before.

"If he fell into error through want of deliberation, he had the good sense not to persist in it, for his honesty of purpose always in the end led him back to the truth, and a fault once committed served as a useful lesson to him on all subsequent occasions; thus,

with every appearance of being headstrong, he was, in fact, less obstinate than any one. We have seen him take upon himself the responsibility of the treaty of Tafna, which, if it did not amount to the abandonment of Algeria, at least greatly restricted its occupation; but no sooner had the event proved he was wrong, than instead of proudly resisting the evidences laid before him, as so many others would have done, he pursued with equal audacity the unlimited occupation of the desert and the complete possession of the Kabyl territory, until his efforts were crowned with triumphant success.

"Were we to search history for a man to compare with Maréchal Bugeaud, we should fix upon Blaise Montluc, that well-known hero whose brutal manners repulse, while his genuine benevolence attaches with irresistibe force. During an expedition the Maréchal always asked the opinion of his lieutenants, discussed it, and then gave his own, but it was very rarely that his own did not prove the best. It was a pleasure to hear him spoken of by the officers he had contributed to form, and above all to listen to the praises of the soldiers, whose needs he knew so well, and whose health and well-being he studied with such fatherly solicitude. It is true, he imposed upon them more fatigues and labours than any General who had preceded him; but by taking to his own share half their trials, he discovered how to make his men forget them. Thus he lived of their

life, and these brave fellows felt it, for they gave him, perhaps, the most gratifying evidence of their consciousness of it when, as by common consent, they named him the "*Père* Bugeaud," a touching appellation, forgotten in our army since the days of Catinat.

"This solicitude for the soldier and the reciprocal affection which it engendered are proverbial; and it is with unfeigned gratitude that a multitude of ingenious alleviations of the fatigue of a march and the privations of a bivouac are attributed to his intelligent benevolence: for the soldier knows that it was not the result of a calculating policy, but of a paternal vigilance.

"It was a sight worth beholding, when in the evening, after dining off the same rations as the men, he would seat himself on the ground, and taking up his favourite topic, was wont to discourse eloquently on the duties which the peasant owes to his country and the advantages his country affords him, without growing weary in her benevolence or complaining of the cost; and when he spoke of this reciprocal dependence, of perfect disinterestedness, of simple courage, of unremitting service, all listened with breathless attention, for it was the father of a family who felt proud of possessing such children.

"His life was one of continual self-sacrifice, but of which from habit he had become wholly unconscious. When he had succeeded in the most difficult under-

takings, it was to an exhaustless vigour of constitution, sustained by an indomitable will, that the result might be traced. When residing in a town the Maréchal rose at three in the morning, and had despatched all his office business when the clerks were beginning their day's work. During a campaign we may almost say he dispensed with sleep, making in his own person the first trial of all those privations to which the men were subjected.

"In order to employ all the beasts of burden in transporting ammunition and such provisions as were necessary when sojourning far from the coast in an enemy's country, he had reduced the officers to the smallest minimum of baggage, and all his own was carried on a single mule. He used no tent, and at his advanced age slept on the ground in the open air like the meanest soldier. How could his men complain when they saw their chief so utterly indifferent to his own comfort?

"Although war, with a view to the acquisition of territory, formed the chief pre-occupation of his mind in Algeria, the Maréchal was not less ardent in pursuing the interests of colonization; but his colonization was that which called into being fields, and not wine-shops. He was impatient to sweep away the guinguettes and drinking-booths, which seem, mushroom-like, to spring up in the neighbourhood of a camp, but which he knew to be morally fatal to the soldier, and fain would he have seen them replaced by thriving villages and farm-

houses, where the veterans of the army might bring up their families upon the produce of the land they had conquered and cultivated.

"He caused the roads to be cleared, tracts of land to be disafforested, trees to be planted, and boundaries marked out. He traced with his own hand the plan of his darling hamlets upon sites he had chosen for purposes both of defence and cultivation, with the experienced eye at once of the General and the agriculturist. He urged all the superior officers to induce their men to till the ground, not only for the sake of healthful exercise, but also to increase the resources of provisions and forage. It is, therefore, to the genius, the foresight, the activity and the patriotism of this great General, that Algeria owes these results of a war which has proved so beneficial to the newly-acquired territory. It may be said to have planted more than it has rooted up; and this torrid land, so lately a desert, may now be considered in a fair way to become a flourishing country and a vast agricultural colony, though, with the great natural disadvantages of soil and climate, it seems doubtful if it will ever repay the expenditure of human life sacrificed in its conquest, or the drain of gold necessary to bring it into and maintain it in subjection and cultivation."

Of the coadjutors of Maréchal Bugeaud, formed by the fortunes of war in the fierce school of African arms, there are two, eminently distinguished, marked by a peculiar physiognomy and bearing the stamp of a special character.

We would speak of De Lamoricière and Changarnier. The former is the man of *razzias* and brilliant engagements, the latter of escaladed precipices and of mountain combats.

General Lamoricière astonished the three provinces of French Africa, successively, by his valour, and in each the Arabs gave him a distinct and a suggestive surname, believing it impossible that the same man should be found sufficient for exploits so varied in character. He may be said to be the impersonation of intelligent temerity and intrepid activity. We find him landing alone on the coast of Bougia to reconnoitre the place; then, his plan once decided upon, he welcomes the balls with which he is received as a salute of honour, and starts off to Toulon, to hurry the embarcation of expeditionary corps.

At the assault of Constantine we hear of his leaping over a mine on the point of exploding; at the pass of Mouzaia he surmounts a precipice which separates him from the place he is about to storm. He passes from the use of one weapon to that of another, as he would pass from Constantine to Oran —from the littoral to the desert—ready for every emergency, present everywhere. He stops nowhere, not even at Mascara, where the winter and the enemy overtake him, and where out of a blockaded garrison he forms a column of active operations.

He gave up the direction of an Arab bureau to assume the command of a regiment; but in the

meantime contrived to familiarize himself with the language of the Arabs, in order the better to understand their character—and above all, to possess himself of the secret of their ruses and stratagems.

As to Changarnier, Marshal Bugeaud, who understood him well, surnamed him *le montagnard;* and the Kabyls, who perhaps knew him still better, called him *le dompteur.* Danger seemed to be his element, and he lived in the midst of perils, as the fabled salamander in the flames.

His plan was always—let his circumstances and position be what they might—to take the initiative in attack. In directing the retreat of Constantine, surrounded and pressed by crowds of Arabs, he considered the contest equal, though his three hundred men were opposed to three thousand of the enemy; and forming his battalion into a square, gave the command to "fire" as if he had been exercising a squad of recruits. At the pass of Mouzaia he felt no embarrassment in presence of a battery raised upon an earthwork fifteen yards high. In the *Bois des Oliviers* he started a handful of soldiers against thousands of Kabyls, who occupied the whole plateau, and regarding it as a disgrace that his decimated ranks should have been repulsed five times without being able to penetrate the compact mass, he resolutely commanded a sixth charge, till his men, seeing that he would never give in, though all should perish, rushed on and took the fatal plateau with the energy of desperation.

At Oued-Foddha, he engaged, without hesitation, a column of twelve hundred men in a narrow gorge, three leagues in depth, in the midst of the murderous fire of Kabyls assembled from all the Ouérensénis. The men knew—because their General had said so—that they must traverse victoriously the interminable gorge: this daring assumption of responsibility on the part of Changarnier was never foiled by want of success.

If every thing appeared possible to General Changarnier when attacking, nothing could stagger General Cavaignac when on the defensive. It was for him to overcome those long military hardships and trials, on the rough soil of Africa: when some distant garrison, whether Tiemcen or Cherchel, had to be relieved from blockade, it was the energetic figure of General Cavaignac which always appeared at the head of the liberated troops.

Generals Lamoricière and Changarnier are heroes by the gift of nature; it was from his appreciation of duty that General Cavaignac was elevated to that exalted rank.

"His name amongst us," said an old Caid, speaking of General Changarnier to a French Officer, "signifies 'Subduer of Enemies,' 'Destroyer of Pride,' and he has earned that appellation." Then, pointing to the long line which bounds the Misidja, from the Chenouan to the Bay of Algiers, he continued with animation:—"When a storm rages, the

lightning darting round all these mountains in the twinkling of an eye, fathoms all their intricacies:—his glance is not less rapid and unerring in searching out our hiding-places, and when he has discovered us, his resolve is as fatal as the aim of his weapon." The Arab chief was right; the attribute which, above all others, distinguished General Changarnier in war, was a rapid and unfailing judgment and an indomitable energy. He possessed the talent of knowing how to command. In time of danger his courage seemed to acquire new strength. His determination at such a moment inspired others with vigour and foretold success. His triumph at Constantine testified to his pre-eminent qualities, and from that day this great General has never once disappointed the expectations he then raised.

Among the Generals occupying a distinguished place in the history of the African campaigns, there is another well worthy of mention—General Bedeau. "He is," says a contemporary military writer, "pre-eminently the man of military organization, and incontestably the most capable of all—especially when second in command: this was his forte."

Of General Bedeau it is related that when in Africa, on the eve of a desperate contest with the Kabyls, he observed to the officers who surrounded him, "My friends, we shall have hot work to-morrow; the enemy are nearly three times as numerous as we, and many will rise to-morrow morning

who will go to rest but once more in this world. I do not know what you mean to do, but I have no objection to tell you that I intend to fulfil my duties this very night, and whether we fall or survive, those who follow my example will not repent of having balanced their books."

A very similar anecdote is told of the Commandant Becdelièvre, on the occasion of the recent engagement at Loretto. We read in a letter from M. du Bourg, addressed to his mother, that this brave and excellent soldier said to his officers, before the battle:—"My dear fellows, I have always been candid with you, and I announce to you to-night, that which many would shrink from communicating. We shall have a desperate struggle to-morrow; take my advice, and get your accounts made up for eternity; I have settled mine, and I assure you I don't regret it."

We omit, from obvious motives, the name of a gallant Colonel of Zouaves—now living—as exemplary in the practical discharge of his religious as in the conscientious fulfilment of his military duties. This brave soldier, who has seen service in Africa, and has honestly earned his promotion, goes weekly to the tribunal of penance and to holy communion, besides observing, with the same devout regularity, every festival of the church.

Arriving at Paris one morning, at five o'clock, ast Autumn, before retiring to rest he went straight

to the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, heard mass, communicated, and then only sought repose.

Having considered these officers, let us examine the corps they have originated. The rise of the Zouaves and of the Chasseurs d'Afrique dates from the earliest days of Trans-Mediterranean conquests.

By common consent of all who have had the opportunity of seeing them at work, these two corps, respectively, the one of foot and the other of horse, are unrivalled in Europe. The Zouaves, or Voltigeurs of Africa, form one single regiment, four thousand strong. It was in the first instance for the most part formed of indigenous soldiers, and thus the men adopted the Turkish costume, while their officers have preserved the European uniform. The Zouaves have reflected a lustre on all the Colonels who have commanded them—de Lamoricière, Cavaignac, Ladmiraut, Canrobert.

As to the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the Arabs have compared their irresistible charges to the lurid haze, urged by the impetuous simoom. Neither mountain nor desert—nor, indeed, any known obstacle arrests their progress, neither can any description convey an idea of the perfection of their manœuvres. There is nothing to punish them for, unless it be that courage which they carry to a fault, for it often bears them beyond the limits of prudence imposed by discipline. The isolated exploits of the Chasseurs d'Afrique are

innumerable. This corps of cavalry forms four regiments. Our next chapter will be devoted to the history of these original and extraordinary troops.

END OF VOL. I.

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